GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN
PUBLISHER & PRINTER
BY HIS GRANDSON
VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

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GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN

VOL. I.

Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

Mary Somerville

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN

PUBLISHER AND PRINTER OF LEIPZIG

1752–1828

BY HIS GRANDSON

VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

IN TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOL. I.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
1903

PRINTED BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the public a life of my grandfather, Georg Joachim Goschen, a German publisher of a hundred years ago, I am well aware that I am embarking on a bold and hazardous venture. A man of striking originality, of irrepressible energy, of great intellectual powers, and of fortunes so varied that he rose from the position of a destitute orphan boy to the summit of fame in his craft as a publisher and printer, the friend and counsellor of far-famed writers, to be brought down, under the crushing pressure of wars and political convulsions, to the verge of ruin — might not in himself evoke adequate interest among the readers of a later century, saturated with contemporary biographies. But my grandfather lived amongst remarkable men, in remarkable times. He was in close touch with the greatest heroes of the Golden Age of German literature. He published the first collection of Goethe's scattered writings; he was for a time the house-mate of Schiller, and for years one of his most intimate associates; he was the bosom friend of Wieland, once the patriarch of the German world of letters; he was in constant correspondence with many other stars

in the brilliant Weimar constellation, and with the famous scholars of the University of Jena. Gifted with a striking and often picturesque pen, his letters throw interesting side-lights on the celebrated personalities with whom he came into contact, not only as a writer but as a man.

I wish that I had been more competent to travel in his company through the vast field of literary topics involved in the life of a publisher whose business activity ranged over forty-three years. A busy political career has left me unable to explore sufficiently the mass of Goethe and Schiller literature which a century of devoted study and eager criticism has developed to an impenetrable bulk. Indeed, it has grown even while I have been engaged on these Memoirs. But if the materials which I have been able to digest, have been far from exhaustive, they have been absolutely authentic, and the fresh light shed on some of the topics which I have treated, has not shown any part of my narrative to be inaccurate either in spirit or in fact.

Upon the contents of the books which issued from my grandfather's press I have not attempted to comment to any extent. To have done so, even if I had possessed the necessary knowledge, would have swollen these volumes to impossible dimensions. A few exceptions will be found where I have thought that some idea of the works of an author, celebrated in his day but only known by name to the majority of this generation, might profitably be given, or where writings, scarcely noticed in histories of literature, seemed to throw special light on

phases of thought or on popular tendencies. Generally, I have adopted what I may call a more contemporary attitude towards the men with whom my grandfather was associated than is usually taken in literary criticism. Their position in their own circle, their successes and failures, popularity or neglect, in their own day, were the features which appeared to fit in best with this biography.

I have naturally given most prominence to those writers whose intimacy with my grandfather was the greatest. Of Schiller and Wieland I have written at considerable length, because both as men and as clients they played the most important part in his life. Wieland will be a comparatively new personage to English readers; but in the case of Schiller I have necessarily had to introduce some incidents, some matters relating to his works and his personality, with which readers of his many biographies are already acquainted; but parts of the story of Schiller's life bear so closely on my grandfather's fortunes, while they are in themselves extremely interesting, that I make no apology for recounting them once more.

It has not been my purpose to deal merely with topics of the literary world, or with my grandfather's relations to men of letters. The age in which he pursued his life-work saw the outbreak of the French Revolution, all Europe convulsed with gigantic wars, and Germany groaning for a time under the agony and despair of Napoleonic dominion and terrorism, to be followed at last by the splendid efforts which wrought her emancipation. The roar of artillery from the battle of Leipzig—"the battle of the nations," as it is called—was heard in my grandfather's country

house. Two of his sons bore their share in the bloody fray. He saw armies of all nationalities sweeping over the country around him. He experienced all the alternations of humiliation and triumph through which his Vaterland passed. Much of this he described with his own pen, and his letters furnish us with impressions and comments on historical events and political developments, not from the point of view of an historian, a soldier, or a diplomatist, but as they were felt by a simple citizen writing to his friends. But to appreciate the conditions under which, and of which he was writing, and the constant references to contemporary events, the reader should not be without an intelligent conception as to their nature and sequence.

Having been a reader, not a writer, of books all my life, I have sometimes felt a shade of resentment against the assumption on the part of an author that I was acquainted with a number of facts and dates of which I had the misfortune to be ignorant. I have utilized my own experience in this respect as a warning for my guidance. When an author relies too much on his allusions being generally understood, the conscientious reader is often troubled by the irresistible impulse to turn to reference-books, while the careless reader hurries on, missing the gist of passages which the writer desired him to enjoy. Accordingly, finding myself continually compelled to allude to the effects of wars, congresses, treaties, and political catastrophes, on the personal destinies of my grandfather and his group of friends and clients, I have not shrunk from giving in briefest outline, and, where possible, in chronological order, such European events as bore upon my narrative.

I have done this at the risk of sometimes recounting what "every schoolboy should know," but what, as a matter of fact, many educated people only know imperfectly.

The years in which my grandfather lived were, however, not only marked by the reconstruction of the map of Europe and the passing from an old political world to a new, nor only by the emergence of the intellectual giants who transformed the aspect of the republic of letters with a scarcely less startling development. The penetrating influence of the French Revolution, which respected no geographical frontiers,—the tumultuous attacks of the turbulent German reformers, the *Stürmer und Dränger*, on ancient social and moral barriers,—the bold advance of the *Aufklärung*, the creed of emancipated mind, into the domain of spiritual traditions and theological beliefs,—created an extraordinarily electric atmosphere in all regions of thought and feeling. How my grandfather bore himself in those stormy times, to what extent he allowed such influences to pass into his character and to affect the simple Christianity which he had inherited from his ancestors, will be brought out in the course of his life's story which these volumes attempt to tell. A glimpse, too, will be afforded of the interior of a quiet bourgeois family, of their domestic economy, their quaint festivals, their joys and sorrows; and, as I fancy that not much has been published in England descriptive of this phase of middle-class society in Germany a hundred years ago, I have quoted liberally from those letters of my grandfather in which with much *naïveté* he paints pictures of his family life.

From the foregoing observations it may be correctly inferred that, though engaged on the story of a simple publisher, I have written rather for the general public than for *savants* or literary experts. I have been trammelled from the first by the difficulty of deciding to what class of readers I should attempt to appeal; the materials at my disposal covered such varied ground. For instance, I have numerous letters relating to a reform of high value in Greek typography,—inaugurated by my grandfather in concert with most distinguished scholars,—as well as to disquisitions into other branches of printing, which might have attraction for the learned. Again, many contracts between publishers and clients have been under my eye, in which publishers and authors of to-day might find some entertainment; and, to many others, topics connected with the remuneration of brain labour have much fascination. The all-important question of copyright and of the suppression of book piracy never ceases to be interesting, and it occupied the attention of my grandfather to an extreme degree. I have gleaned in all these fields, but with the prevailing sense that it was biography, and neither bibliography nor business technicalities, on which I was specially engaged. If occasionally the general reader lights on a chapter which seems intended more for the professional man of letters than for him, I must ask the same indulgence at his hands as I hope the student and the expert may extend to me if they come across gossiping records, domestic details, or strange adventures in the outlying "spheres of influence" belonging to history, but not within its ordinary domain.

To my German readers I owe many apologies. I would fain hope that these volumes will contain much that may be of some interest to them. They will find many important letters which have not reached the public before, and they will, I trust, find scattered fragments brought together into a consecutive and intelligible story; but there must necessarily be very much which, though new to the English reader, and necessary in his case for the proper understanding of my grandfather's life, is to Germans familiar ground on which they have reaped rich harvests for several generations. I can assure them that I have trod that ground with a lively consciousness of my own shortcomings and limited knowledge, but I have been guided through many tangled places by my grandfather's safe hand.

It has been a constant gratification to me to find at all stages of my studies how highly his name stood and still stands in the German literary world; and, whatever judgment may be passed amongst his countrymen on the result of my filial labours, I trust the German reader will not refuse his sympathy to my attempt to pay a tribute to his memory by presenting a fuller and more adequate view than has been afforded hitherto of his fine, unselfish, and public-spirited life, in which a burning desire for the reputation of Germany in respect of typography was a most conspicuous feature.

In the analysis of my grandfather's actions and character, I have endeavoured to avoid any partiality. I may frankly say that I scarcely knew him till I began my preparations for this book. Unfortunately, I had not conceived the idea of writing it while my

father, who could have given me invaluable assistance, was alive. I have made the publisher's intimate acquaintance as I progressed with my task, reading countless letters to him and from him, and learning how he was judged by his contemporaries, but in large measure allowing him to gain my affection by what he wrote, did, and suffered himself. It will be my fault and not his, if he fails to win my readers' regard.

My grandfather's correspondence naturally provided me with the principal materials for this biography, but a fatality befell one of its most valuable portions. Some years after his death, the business passed by purchase into the hands of the celebrated rival firm, J. G. Cotta. During the process of transfer, whether by carelessness or dishonesty, a box or boxes, containing priceless autograph letters from his most distinguished clients, disappeared. Many of them subsequently turned up in the hands of dealers in autographs and of private collectors; many have drifted into public collections, and the admirable labours of the official Weimar authorities connected with the Goethe Museum and the Goethe and Schiller archives, aided by the business-like way in which these two authors managed their correspondence and their records, have resulted in the ingathering and publication of most of their letters, either from originals or copies. Of the letters to my grandfather from less famous writers I have been able to acquire a large number from dealers; others have been placed at my disposal by courteous strangers and friends, to whom I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks.

As extracts from letters form a very considerable part of this biography, I have bestowed the greatest possible pains upon their translation. I have long since learnt that in most languages there is much, the exact reproduction of which in another language is almost impossible; and the racier, the more idiomatic, the original, the more hopeless it appears to produce a happy equivalent. I have found my grandfather's letters most difficult in this respect. He did not practise the elaborate style of many of his correspondents, and private letters dashed off, sometimes under great excitement, sometimes in the rush of overwhelming business, are certain to be disjointed and occasionally obscure; but, nevertheless, they should be presented just as they sprang from the troubled brain. I have made no attempt to edit them.

The late Lord Acton, and Lady Blennerhassett—whose great knowledge of the period with which I am dealing is exhibited in her works on Talleyrand and Madame de Staël—have been good enough to glance through most of the historical part of this book, so that, though it must necessarily be in outline only, I feel sure that it may be relied on in respect of accuracy.

I have to make grateful acknowledgments for the assistance I have received in the compilation of these Memoirs from Herr Weibert, late of Stuttgart, who, when I commenced to write, possessed the copyrights, and was entitled to use the name, of my grandfather's old firm. He had himself collected much material for the chronicles of the firm, which I was fortunate enough to be able to purchase, and he gave me access to old accounts and letter-books.

And I am further greatly indebted to Mr. A. K. Connell, whose knowledge of German, clear-sightedness, and ability were employed on exploring many books and letters on my behalf, and in assisting me in the selection and arrangement of the matter they supplied. I am specially obliged to him in respect of Chapter II., dealing with the history of the town of Leipzig, and of Chapter VII., containing a description of Wieland's literary life up to the time when my grandfather won him as a client.

I should not fail to add that the Librarians of the Royal Libraries at Stuttgart, Munich, and Dresden showed me much helpful courtesy in my researches, especially Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Librarian of the Dresden Royal Library, the grandson of a distinguished artist of that name, who belonged to the most intimate circle of my grandfather's friends. I also received valuable assistance in Leipzig, including friendly information from Dr. E. Brockhaus, the present distinguished representative of a famous publishing firm.

My thanks are also due to Hofrath Dr. Peschell, of the Körner Museum in Dresden, for permitting me to have photographs taken of several portraits in his interesting collection.

If, in the perusal of these pages, a lynx-eyed reader should light upon some discrepancies in the spelling of proper names, I would inform him that many discrepancies are to be found in the manuscripts on which I have worked. Indeed, the spelling of many German words, besides proper names, was the subject of incessant controversy a hundred years ago. With my grandfather's own name I have taken

a liberty for the sake of English readers, by adopting the recognized English spelling, Goschen, instead of the German form, Göschen, as experience has shown me from my schooldays at Rugby that the unfamiliar modified vowel *ö* is a source of perplexity and of diversity of pronunciation in this country.

In conclusion, I would observe that a good many years have passed since I commenced this book. Twice, owing to my official duties, it has been suspended by interruptions, each extending over five years. The effect may possibly be traced in a certain want of proportion between the different parts, and here and there repetitions may be noticed owing to the same cause. On the other hand, the prolongation of my task may have enabled me to take a broader view of the results of my incursions into some of the literary and political phenomena of a deeply interesting age, while the revision of earlier portions of this work in the light of the greater experience gained as I went along, may not have been without advantage to an amateur pen. Long as the time has been during which I have sojourned among the materials collected for this biography, mine has been a labour of love of which I have never grown tired, and I commend its results, modestly but hopefully, to the indulgence of the public.

G.

November, 1902.

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GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN,

PUBLISHER AND PRINTER.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

1752–1781.

A LITTLE more than a century ago, in the year 1785, my grandfather, Georg Joachim Goschen, founded a publishing business in the city of Leipzig, then, as now, the famous centre of the German book-trade. The year 1785 falls within the greatest period of German literature, the golden age which counts Lessing, Klopstock, Wieland among its elder, Goethe and Schiller among its younger heroes. The great pioneer, Lessing, had now been dead just four years. Of the others, many of whose works subsequently passed through my grandfather's hands, Klopstock and Wieland were at the very height of their fame and honour, though neither of them was destined to exceed his past achievements in the years which were to follow. Goethe and Schiller, on the other hand, though they had already by some splendid performances won applause and excited expectation, had the days of their greatest glory and fruitfulness before them. The former, after astounding his fellow-countrymen at the age of twenty-four by his *Götz*

von Berlichingen (1773), and Europe by his *Werther's Leiden* (1774), had now, so far as the public knew, spent ten rather idle years at the Court of Weimar, giving faint promise to the outward eye of those supreme works which in the next quarter of a century were to raise him to the first place among European writers. But the following year was to see his journey to Italy, which broke the spell of apparent inactivity. Schiller, Goethe's junior by ten years, had, at the yet earlier age of two and twenty, created a sensation by his *Räuber*, which had spread like wildfire through all Germany, and he had followed it up rapidly with his *Fiesco* and *Cabale und Liebe*. In the first months of 1785 he was fretting his life out at Mannheim, weighed down by pecuniary troubles, in a fit of despondency which the sympathy and aid of Saxon friends were about to dispel. In this year (1785) Schiller and Goethe were standing on a kind of watershed, dividing the "Storm-and-Strain" period of their youth from the fuller thought and maturer style of their later years. It was a turning-point in the history of German literature. The age of preparation, of liberating and fertilizing criticism, lay behind. The short transition period of daring and multifarious but undisciplined effort was drawing to a close. The dawn of the great classical period was at hand. Thirty years before, German literature hardly existed. In the thirty years that followed, its greatest work was accomplished. The period of Goschen's activity as a publisher was almost conterminous with the second and more splendid half of this unequalled era.

My grandfather, born in April, 1752, was accordingly thirty-three years old when, in the year 1785,

he started as a publisher on his own account. He had served a long apprenticeship to the trade, for he had been placed in a bookseller's office when only fifteen. But even before that age he had learnt some of the hardest lessons of life. Though descended from a family, most of the members of which had been civil servants in various German states, or had belonged to the learned professions, he himself had been launched into the world as an absolute pauper.

The ravages of the Thirty Years' War, in which churches and their archives were ruthlessly burnt, have made genealogical researches extremely difficult in Germany, and those who are curious in such matters find gaps at that period which cannot be filled up. Thus, an industrious genealogist in my own family has failed to prove whether it is more than a romantic myth that our ancestors were originally settled on the Aar in Switzerland, where a ruined castle still bears our name; that one Goschen fell mortally wounded, fighting at the Battle of Sempach on the Hapsburg side; and that the remainder emigrated with others of the Austrian faction into Lower Saxony where a hundred and fifty years later many descendants bearing their name were to be found. The oldest ancestor who can really be traced was a worthy parish clergyman of the Lutheran faith, living in the year 1609 in the Principality of Merseburg, and bearing the quaint Latinized name of Joachimus Gosenius. His son, another Joachim Goschen, followed his father's footsteps, took orders as a Lutheran priest, and ministered to a parish for forty years. The succeeding generation left the Church for the Law and the Civil Service,

while in the next, two brothers became Doctors of Medicine. One of them studied with much distinction at the Dutch University of Leyden, and, settling in Bremen, obtained the freedom of that city in 1706.

The spirit of this famous Hanseatic town then seduced the family from the pursuit of the learned professions, and the doctor's son, Johann Reinhard Goschen, became a merchant of some position and wealth. But the times were bad, the wars of Frederick the Great had ruined business everywhere in Germany, and finally the merchant succumbed to a singular piece of misfortune which befell one of his ships in an age when no policies of insurance covered the risks of sea or war. Compelled to leave Bremen and seek his fortune elsewhere, he took with him his only surviving son, my grandfather, then a boy of thirteen years of age, and settled in Westphalia. He was at this time a widower, having buried two wives. But financial straits did not cool the taste for matrimony in this uxorious and imprudent ancestor; he married a third wife in the person of a widow with three children of her own. What happened afterwards shall be told in his young son's own words. I have in my possession the original of a pathetic petition which he addressed to his kinsmen in Bremen, and to some of the wealthy merchants of that town. It is in a boy's handwriting, and faulty in grammar and spelling, but the expressions have a quaint pathos which I am scarcely able to convey in the following translation :—

"Forgive me, most honoured kinsmen and compassionate friends, for that I, a boy of thirteen years, who am destitute of all means, poor and needy, beseech your protection and help. I am the son of

that Johann Reinhard Goschen who at one time lived in the Lange Strasse in this town, but some years ago married for the third time at Vlotho, and settled in business in that place. The duty of a child to his father bids me be silent as to the misery that I have suffered for some time; enough that, about ten weeks since, my father deserted his wife and four children, and amongst them myself, who am the grandson of the good Christian and worthy man whose industry and virtue will still be remembered here. After the departure of my father, whose place of abode we have not yet learned, there were found in Vlotho very many compassionate hearts, who of their kindness supplied us in our poverty—nay, in our starving state—with the needful sustenance. In the end, the kinsmen of my dear stepmother took to themselves two children of her first husband, and I was given journey-money and sent hither to Bremen. But my distress would be just as great here if I did not put my trust in the Father of deserted orphans, who cares for all, and lets none die of hunger; yea, my hope is strengthened when I persuade myself for certain that here, too, I shall find compassionate hearts, who will take pity on my poverty and show me their love through deeds. I pray you, therefore, most humbly in His Name, do not desert me in my years of childhood, and let one, who is indeed poor, and poor through no trespass of his own, taste of your goodness. The cry of the poor pierces through the clouds to God. My prayer, too, which I shall send from a thankful heart to the throne of the Highest, will not return empty. Prosperity and blessing will flow down upon you, health and all happiness will be the reward of your goodness, and the word of the Lord will be once more fulfilled in you and your honoured homes: 'He that hath pity on the poor and fatherless, lendeth to the Lord.'"

The boy's touching appeal resulted in the promise of contributions to the amount of eighty thalers (about £13), to be paid annually until he should be of age.

But this subscription was not the only aid which he received in Bremen. Fortunately more personal

and sympathetic help was given him, colouring his after-life with its influence on his character. He was adopted by a generous man of the name of Rulffs, of whom he speaks, in letters written twenty years later, in terms of unbounded gratitude.

A romantic account of the way in which the boy came to be succoured by Herr Rulffs, and of further incidents of this stage of his life, is given in a manuscript biographical notice of my grandfather, headed "Goschen at 46," written by one of his intimate friends, Böttiger, a literary man, and one of the Weimar set.* Strangely enough, Böttiger does not mention the petition nor its results, and gives a different version of the boy's journey to Bremen. He tells how—

"The poor boy applied for help to a gentleman from Bremen who was passing through a village near the place where he lived. The Bremener knew his family, and did not refuse to help. He took him with him in his travelling carriage to Bremen, but left him at the door of a rich kinsman. Here the boy saw the windows brilliantly lighted up, and a great supper-party going on. Afraid to enter under such circumstances, he ran to the market-place, where he felt the whole horror of his position, and burst into tears. A passer-by heard his lamentations, went up to him, and, drawing him to the light of the lantern, asked what was the matter. When the boy gave his name, it turned out that Goschen's father had saved this man's life. Accordingly, the next morning, he took the boy to the worthy merchant Rulffs, who adopted him as his son (*Pflegesohn*), and had him educated in the country in the house of Pastor Heeren, with the intention of putting him to the book-trade. The other Bremener who had found Goschen that night in the market-place, had written to the Orphan Institute in the town of Halle, and had procured him a free admission there, as Goschen's grandfather had been

* Preserved in the Royal Library at Dresden.

one of the greatest benefactors of that Institution. But Rulffs opposed the plan. 'No,' said he; 'the boy shall not become a fellow who hangs his head, and for a university career I have not money enough.' So he put him to the publisher Kramer, in Bremen, where he learnt the book-trade."

A little book, written by a certain Herr von Kamp, a well-known German writer for the young, called *The Ways of the Lord with Deserted Children: a Tale for Children,* confirms the main outlines of Böttiger's narrative. A pretty frontispiece represents the scene in the market-place, where the stranger takes the weeping child to the lantern and discovers in him the son of a man who had saved his life. But the story is written in heightened colours, and represents the boy as brutally repulsed by his rich uncle, to whose house he had come on that unlucky night, disturbing the festive gathering by a message of his presence and utter distress. The writer had heard the strange history from the lips of a brother publisher of Goschen's. It had been told and retold under such simple and genial surroundings of expansive sociability as the Germans love. Challenged as to its authenticity, Herr von Kamp wrote—

"It was on a fair spring day in the twenties that, on a visit to the late publisher Bädeker in Essen, I sat with him in a bower of roses in his garden, chatting confidentially. He told me he should much like me to treat a new story which he would relate to me, in a similar style to some others which I had published; and he assured me that he had heard this story *not once,* but several times, from the lips of Goschen himself. He had heard it on visits to the Leipzig Fair,* when the publishers met in the

* The nature of the celebrated Leipzig Messe, *i.e.* Fair, in which the book-trade played a great part, will be described later on.

evenings at some place of recreation and took their glass of wine. As the story had particularly attracted him, he had often begged Goschen to tell it once more, and the old gentleman always willingly did so, and that with deep emotion."

Herr von Kamp then assures his correspondent that he had deviated but in slight particulars from the narrative he had received. But it is very possible that my grandfather, who had a lively imagination, and, as will be seen by-and-by, was something of an author himself, slightly embellished the account of his first adventures in the yarns of his older days. The main point, however, of the narrative in the little book is that when the boy had grown into a man, and become a publisher of wealth and repute, he was able, at much risk to himself and against the urgent advice of friends and powerful clients, to requite the services rendered him by Rulffs, by saving his benefactor from even more terrible straits than those from which he had been rescued himself. This part of the story is not fanciful, but, as will appear in the sequel, represents an historical event.

"Saved by your gratitude" was the verdict of a mutual friend, when congratulating Goschen on his conduct to Rulffs for whom time had never weakened the intensity of Goschen's grateful and enthusiastic affection.

The strange incidents of Goschen's childhood affected his whole character very powerfully. In after days he took special pleasure in befriending poor and fatherless boys, and though he lived to have many sons and daughters, the number of his own household did not prevent his taking adopted children into his home, and securing them the means

RESCUED. [*To face p.* 8, *Vol. I.*

of livelihood. This sympathetic and even eager readiness to help others never flagged. The fiery ordeal through which he had passed as a boy, left an indelible mark on his soul. "A noble man, formed by conflict with poverty," so writes Böttiger of him—"'Ipse miser miseris succurrere didicit.'"

It is strange that in the same year (1765) in which my grandfather, in the direst straits, applied to friends for help, a will was made in his favour by an uncle, Johann Georg Goschen, living in a village not far from Bremen, and a very odd will it was, both in form and substance. Some of its clauses deserve to be reproduced as most quaint specimens of German testamentary thought and practice in those times; but I have hardly been able to unravel the sentences, covering about a page of foolscap each, much less to convert the extraordinary farrago of German and Latin, biblical and legal terms, into readable English. The will begins, "In the name of the Holy Blessed Trinity! Amen." It proceeds with the following "Whereas":—

"Whereas I, Johann Georg Goschen, having learnt from the sacred revealed word of my God how, after the sad fall of our first parents, all men were subject to death in time, but the mode of death and the time and hour are concealed from us; and whereas I have seen confirmation in daily experience that nothing is more certain than death, I have resolved, while contemplating the transitory nature of life and the certainty of death, in order that I may not be overtaken by it, to make my last will and testament."

The testator proceeds to dispose of what he stands "possessed of in terrestrial chattels in this transitory world through the mild blessing of my beneficent God, and through the trouble and industry applied

to them;" and after a page of further preamble nearly comes to the point. In the first place, he delivers his soul into the hands of his Redeemer; secondly, he bequeaths his deceased body to the earth, "which is the mother of all of us," and wills that that body "shall be buried in honourable Christian fashion, according to worshipful local custom, in the stillness of evening;" and finally, dealing with his earthly goods, after providing for his wife if she should survive him, he declares it to be his will and pleasure, in view of the very probable near decease of his wife, that his property should pass in trust to his nephew, Georg Joachim Goschen. But the will directs the future life of the heir in the most peremptory fashion. The trust fund is first to pay for the boy's schooling; then the will enacts that, after leaving school, he is to study "medicinam" (*sic*); then, at the close of his academic term, he is to settle in the testator's village, take over house and homestead, and "marry the daughter of my dear brother-in-law, Heinrich Paulman, that in this way the intentions of my dear wife and myself may be carried out." No provision is made for the case of the heir not falling in with the arrangements carved out for him.

A very ancient certified copy of this will has lately been found among some old family papers, but there is nothing to show whether it was cancelled, or whether any inquiries were made for the heir, or whether my grandfather ever took any benefit under the will. I presume not, for he neither studied "medicinam," nor did he take over his uncle's house and homestead, nor did he marry the girl allotted to him, nor does he ever appear to have received any assistance from any kinsfolk beyond what was

given him by the subscribers of the eighty thalers. Almost at the same time, when the rich uncle was disposing of the future fortune of the boy, apparently with the knowledge of the disappearance of the father (for otherwise why make provision for the schooling of the son?), the boy himself came to owe the preservation of his life and the foundation of his future career to a remarkable combination of wonderful accidents and very exceptional philanthropy.

Böttiger was not quite correct in stating that my grandfather was sent to be educated in the home of Pastor Heeren. Assisted by the fund subscribed by his kinsmen, he was sent to board with a schoolmaster in the small village of Arlbergen, near Bremen. But it is true that here, in singular anticipation of his future destiny, he became intimate with a boy who, in after years, was a great literary celebrity—the historian, Professor Heeren. The future professor's father was the clergyman of the village, and was kind to the poor orphan who had been placed with the schoolmaster. He found him keen to learn, and very industrious, and so allowed him to take part in the instruction which he himself was giving to his son. Professor Heeren recalls his joint lessons with Goschen in the "Autobiographical Notices," which he prefixed to his collected historical works. He writes—

"In this instruction in the country, and in my father's house, another schoolfellow took part, who, on a different road, was to ripen into a famous and highly meritorious man, my friend Goschen, in Leipzig. He was boarding in the village of Arlbergen, was my playfellow, though some years older than myself, and attended the lessons in our house. 'Tis but a short time since we renewed the friendship of our youth in his peaceful home near Grimma."

Goschen stayed between two and three years in Arlbergen, and, when about fifteen years old, was apprenticed to the bookseller Kramer in Bremen. Here he soon made his mark as a lad of unusual capacity, and passed through his apprenticeship with much credit. At the end of his time he found an appointment in one of the foremost publishing offices in Leipzig, that of J. L. Crusius, and during his service of nine or ten years* thoroughly mastered the whole details of the book-trade.

He was indeed most fortunate in the chief under whom he served, and his own estimate of what he owed him, found grateful and eloquent expression in the following dedication which Goschen prefixed to one of the earlier works issued by him as an independent publisher, viz. a translation by Meissner of a French work by Florian :—

"Will you forgive me, most honoured friend, if I follow the bent of my heart, and erect a little monument in my business to your great goodness to me, to your active philanthropy which much ingratitude has never weakened, and to your rare straightforwardness, by dedicating to you this work which I now publish? Your fatherly love and your wise counsels have led me to my true calling. Their influence will be shed over my whole life, and my gratitude can only be extinguished when the torch of my life is burnt out."

Such was the greeting sent by the enthusiastic beginner to his old master and friend!

I know little of the doings of my grandfather during the long period of his work under Crusius, and probably there is little to know. Böttiger

* Some authorities say thirteen years, but as it is certain that he left Crusius in 1781, this would throw back his arrival in Leipzig to 1768, and leave one year only for his apprenticeship in Bremen.

states that a few years after he had joined Crusius, it was arranged that he should go to Amsterdam, and, with the help of a rich citizen of that town, be put into the position of being able to found a German publishing business in that city, but that this project was frustrated by the death of the wealthy Dutchman. He further relates that Goschen ultimately became so necessary to Crusius, that the latter promised to take him into partnership as soon as he, Crusius, should have come into possession of a country place and complete independence by the expected inheritance of a rich old uncle. But I have found no allusions to such plans and prospects elsewhere. The chief point of interest of this part of Goschen's life lies in the friendships he contracted, because it was through them that, directly and indirectly, he afterwards rose to fame and fortune. Though a simple *employé* in a publishing firm, he became intimate with many of the principal families in Leipzig, and stood on terms of pleasant friendship with many notable young men. Amongst the houses to which he was admitted on a cordial footing was that of the Kunzes, who held a considerable position as prominent citizens and wealthy men. We shall afterwards find them amongst Schiller's intimates. It was through this family that Goschen made the acquaintance of C. G. Körner, father of the celebrated author of the collection of war songs, *Lyre and Sword.* A German writer comments thus on this acquaintance which exercised a vital influence on my grandfather's whole career—

"In the latter part of the seventies of the eighteenth century, Georg Joachim Goschen, a native of Bremen, a young man employed in the

well-known publishing business of T. L. Crusius, became acquainted with the son of J. G. Körner, a high ecclesiastical functionary and University Professor in Leipzig. Young Körner was a private tutor in the faculty of law, and the acquaintance between the two young men soon ripened into friendship. Körner's cousin, the merchant Kunze, is said to have brought them together, but, constituted as the two young men were, they were soon able to dispense with the help of a common friend. The poetical literary enthusiasms of the period of "Storm and Strain" (*Sturm und Drang*), the conviction that a complete reconstruction of men's lives was bound to be the issue of the literary movement, was alive in both young men, though in each of them it took a special form. And the transformation of German society had, at all events, advanced to this point, that it would no longer strike any one as peculiar if the young man of letters mixed in social converse with a cultivated and eager assistant in a book business, all whose expectations depended on his own powers."

The literary and social stir of those days was indeed breaking down traditions and scattering conventionalities in every direction. The *Sturm und Drang* period has been generally translated as the "Storm and Stress" period, but, to my mind, the word "Stress" conveys a wrong impression. *Drang* in connection with *Sturm* signified a forward active pressure, not "stress" in its usual sense. The period in question was the era of storming and capturing the citadels of custom, conventionality and orthodoxy in the realms of government, of social order, of literature, of philosophy and criticism. The young enthusiasts of the day were the *storming* party of men of letters, *straining* forward with a tumultuous and undisciplined rush to the overthrow of the pigtail system, which had

crushed out liberty, poetry, feeling and individuality throughout Germany.

The particular form which this unrest took in Germany is eloquently described by George Lewes in his *Life of Goethe*—

"It was a period of deep unrest in Europe—the travail of the French revolution. In Germany the spirit of the revolution issued from the study and the lecture hall; it was a literary and philosophic insurrection, with Lessing, Kant, Herder, and Goethe for leaders. Authority was everywhere attacked, because everywhere it had shown itself feeble or tyrannous. . . .

"The wisdom and extravagance of that age united in one stream: the masterly criticisms of Lessing, the enthusiasm for Shakespeare, the mania for Ossian and the northern mythology, the revival of ballad literature, and imitations of Rousseau—all worked in one rebellious current against established authority. There was one universal shout for Nature. With the young, Nature seemed to be a compound of volcanoes and moonlight—her force, explosion; her beauty, sentiment. To be insurgent and sentimental, explosive and lachrymose, were the true signs of genius. Everything established was humdrum. Genius, abhorrent of humdrum, would neither spell correctly, nor write correctly, nor demean itself correctly. It would be German, lawless, rude, and natural. . . .

"Nothing more typical than Werther's exclamation: 'There is storm enough in this breast. . . . I want a cradle-melody, and that I have in all its fulness in Homer. How often do I lull with it my raging blood to rest!'"

It was a writer of the name of Klinger, who, through a play entitled *Sturm und Drang*, first gave the name to the movement, and brought out the two sides of its character—"titanic" defiance and arrogance, which "bursts all bands, even the rose-chains of moderation and beauty"—and, at the same

time, a quiet and resigned conviction of the unworthiness of all men and things, the outward expression of which borders on the *blasé*,—what the Germans call "*Titanismus*" and "*Kraft-genialität*," combined with a hyper-sensitive lachrymose vein—a storm in one's breast, and a cradle-melody to assuage it!

The circle of friends with whom my grandfather lived in those days was in the full stream of this movement, but though both he and Körner were inspired with the keenest interest in the spirit of reform towards which the literature of that era was working with a splendid development, and though each of them, in different directions, was strongly affected by some of the characteristics of the period—Goschen notably by its sensitiveness and susceptibilities, Körner by its idealism—neither of them could be quoted as a special example of "Stürmer und Dränger."

Körner himself was so remarkable, and in many respects so typical of the finest kind of character which the emancipating literary influence of that tumultuous movement produced, that even apart from his very close connection with my grandfather as his friend and subsequent partner which claims a conspicuous place for him in this biography, the English reader may be interested in hearing some details of this notable man.

In Germany he justly lives in the hearts of men on account of the extraordinary services he rendered to Schiller. But for certain peculiarities of temperament, he might have taken a leading part as an author himself. Essentially an idealist from his youth upwards, yet his enthusiastic devotion to his ideals was tempered by much intellectual steadiness and by great

critical powers. With the self-analysis and those reciprocal confidences in which the idealist school so largely indulged, he sketched his own antecedents, and what he conceived to be his nature and aptitudes, in a long letter to Schiller. His notion of happiness was to enjoy the sensation of having effected as much good around him as lay within the scope of his powers and his circumstances; his notion of duty, "vitam impendere vero." His inclination had ever been to take his stand there where there was a deficiency of workers. The most interesting occupation lost its charm for him as soon as he was summoned by a more pressing call. So he flew from one branch of science to another. The classics first attracted him, and he resolved to edit authors. He heard lectures on philosophy, and resolved that search after truth should be the goal of his life. Theology would have charmed him, if philosophy had not sown seeds of doubt in advance, and medicine was spoilt to him by the unpleasant surroundings in which working doctors must live. Thus law alone remained. He chose it as a means of livelihood, but felt sick at the sight of the many-coloured webs of arbitrary propositions which had to be committed to memory notwithstanding their absurdity. He looked for the philosophical treatment of juridical questions, for the development of universal ideas, for a history of the causes and effects of single laws, and found satisfaction nowhere, except it might be in constitutional law, a branch, however, that he found least to his taste, as he had to thread his way through twenty miserable points of controversy in order to arrive at one fertile idea. Fertility, too—practical usefulness—was what he missed in philosophy, and so he threw himself into the study

of nature and of mathematics, and on their possible application to the wants and industries of men. There was something magnificent in the thought of thus broadening the field of these sciences in order to increase the power of man over his surroundings and to open up to him other sources of happiness. He was a fanatic for art, and an ardent believer in the power of art to improve mankind. But he felt disgust at any mediocrity in works of art. Hence the want of any stimulus to work himself. He felt how much effort it would cost him to satisfy himself, and the mere pleasure of working at art, without the conviction that he was serving the cause, did not supply the necessary spur to his activity; and when, later on, he felt some inclination to such work, the hope of success was missing. He felt within himself the preludes to happy ideas, but not the power to put them into words. And so, it would appear, it came to pass that his fine talents, his great acquirements, his pure style, his lofty teaching, his exhilarating aspirations, did not directly enrich the world by more than some fugitive essays, and that the intellectual equal of some of the giants of those days, is mainly known to posterity on account of his faithful, enduring, enthusiastic devotion to Schiller.

Little disposed by temperament to settle down, he gladly accepted an invitation to accompany a very notable and distinguished man, whose name will frequently occur in these pages, Count von Stolberg, on some lengthened travels through the Netherlands, England, and France, an experience which was an incalculable benefit to him, especially in an age when so few of his countrymen or contemporaries could enjoy that advantage.

Of course he kept a journal. What æsthetic, philosophic, thoughtful disciple of the school to which Körner essentially belonged, would have failed to perform this duty? But, as his biographer has been able to state to his credit, he was kept free by his straightforward, truthful nature from the morbid and mawkish moods which usually flooded the diaries of the travellers of those days with sickly-sweet effusions of exaggerated sensibility, and he came back with a splendid stock of solid acquirements.

On his return to Leipzig, he first became a private tutor in law, and announced lectures on "Æconomia Politica," and "Jus Naturæ," but pupils did not flock to his courses, and in 1782 he was appointed "Consistorial-Rath," or legal adviser to the ecclesiastical authorities. Two years afterwards, he was made "Rath," or legal adviser, to the "Ober-Consistorium" in Dresden. But he held another post at the same time, which accorded better with his tastes, namely that of assessor to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Commercial Commission. His income for the two appointments was two hundred thalers (£30) a year! Schiller at the same time was receiving three hundred florins or £25 as his salary as theatrical poet to the Mannheim Theatre! It will not be amiss that the reader should keep this scale of payment in remembrance, when the remuneration of literary work in this same period comes to be discussed.

With this income of two hundred thalers, it was clear that Körner could not venture on marriage, but his heart had been given very early to Minna Stock, daughter of the engraver Stock, the friend of Goethe in his student days. Minna and her sister Dora were prominent personages in the romantic drama which

culminated in Schiller's escape from his Mannheim troubles and his migration to Leipzig, which I shall presently have to relate, and they were destined to become his very dearest friends. It is an interesting coincidence that, as children, they had been petted, teased, and amused by Goethe when a student at Leipzig, in his gayest moods. Their father, the engraver, had with his wife and two daughters occupied the top floor, under the roof of a house celebrated as the residence, counting-house, and printing establishment of Breitkopf, publisher and printer, who made his home the gathering place of men of letters and of the votaries of science, music, and art. Goethe was fascinated by the music and the whole tone of the house, and speaks of it with grateful remembrance in his autobiography. The little maidens, Dora and Minna, with whom he played many merry pranks, grew up to be highly cultivated women, and, as they will play a considerable part in these pages, they need an introduction to the reader. Minna, the youngest, developed into a beautiful, feminine and winning girl, while Dora, the elder of the two, showed remarkable character, and became a very considerable artist. Her ready wit, her aggressive ways, her wonderful humour, her independence and whimsicalness caused her to be considered a very "Beatrice" among her friends. Dora, like her sister, had her lover. She had been wooed by Ludwig Ferdinand Huber, also a member of the literary fraternity, who had entered on authorship, as well as on love, at a very early age.

Huber's father was a talented man of letters who had long lived in Paris, and had published French translations of German works. Married to a Parisian, he

Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

L. F. Huber.

From a drawing by Dora Stock,
in the Körner Museum Dresden.

had left Paris, when his young son, Ludwig Ferdinand, was two years old, and became a professor at the University of Leipzig. Young Huber, though brought up in this essentially German city, was educated very much under the influence of his French mother and in the Roman Catholic faith. He inherited, however, his father's talent for languages, and no doubt, assisted by his French blood, performed the feat of giving the public a translation from the French, at the early age of fifteen. He had a ready pen, an enduring love for what was beautiful in art, a fine taste for the drama, and generally very considerable literary capacity, but no steadfastness of character. Körner and Schiller for a long time took great trouble with him, and, in the early days of Schiller's residence in Saxony, Huber stood in the front rank of his intimate friends. His engagement to Dora Stock kept him within the radius of the Schiller-Körner influence, but the tie was fated to be broken in a miserable way, and, in later years, shame and sorrow were all that was to be left to Huber as the sequel to the glad brightness, the ideal dreams, and the exceptional associations of his early manhood. For a career, he wished to enter the diplomatic service, but, unable for some time to obtain his parent's sanction, he plied his pen industriously, and, in the meantime, being one of Goschen's closest friends, figured amongst the authors whom the latter was able to announce on his first publisher's list.

Another intimate was the poet Jünger, a Leipzig man to the core, and a thorough representative of the Leipzig *belles lettres* of that day. He, like Huber, will shortly be found amongst the earliest contributors to the publishing business of his friend. He, too, belonged to the bright and genial circle which I have

described, and which constituted the nucleus of the first connection of my grandfather.

But, side by side with young enthusiasts, Goschen became acquainted with men of an already assured position in the literary world. Chief amongst them was Bertuch, honorary "Legations-Rath" at the Weimar Court—the translator of Cervantes, an active and shrewd man of business, a member of the Weimar set at its best time, and subsequently associated with my grandfather in some of the most important business operations of his earlier days. Bertuch, like many others of that circle, combined literature with official duties, and was specially interested in the periodical press. My grandfather kept up a lively and most intimate correspondence with him for some years, and these letters, kindly placed at my disposal by two grand-nieces of Bertuch, have supplied me with invaluable materials for my grandfather's "Life." These ladies still live in Weimar in the house which Bertuch inhabited in his later years. George Lewes, in his life of Goethe, tells how the Grand Duke of Weimar, the master of both Goethe and Bertuch, compelled the latter to sell a house to the former, and Bertuch then migrated to the pleasant habitation where I found his grand-nieces and their valuable store of letters from Weimar's golden time.

Bertuch was not a Leipzig man, but the connection between Weimar and that town was close, and Goschen doubtless had the opportunity through his position in a firm like that of Crusius, of making the acquaintance of literary men in other cities. Goschen left Leipzig for an appointment elsewhere between the years 1781 and 1785, but, as Leipzig was the centre of his activity throughout the whole of his subsequent

career, a description of the city and its relations to literature and men of letters at the time of which I am writing will show the surroundings amidst which he lived, the prejudices and difficulties which he had to combat, the advantages which opened out to him, and the general atmosphere which he breathed.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME OF THE BOOK-TRADE.

No more characteristically German town is to be found within the bounds of the German Empire than the Saxon city of Leipzig. It has never been what the Germans call a Residenz-Stadt, the seat of a royal or ducal court, nor has it enjoyed the imperial associations of Frankfurt. An inland city, it did not possess the commercial advantages of the great seaports, the Hanseatic towns of Hamburg and Bremen; but it has for generations preserved a special character of its own as a great and wealthy inland trading centre, and one of the chief branches of trade by which it grew and flourished, and by which it is to this day distinguished above all other towns, has been the trade in books. A great university exists in the midst of the busy hum of a commercial community, and scholars and publishers have ever taken high rank in Leipzig amongst the magnates of the city.

As early as the latter half of the twelfth century, Leipzig had risen to the position of a great trading emporium of Central Europe, with regular Easter and Michaelmas Fairs. Traders flocked thither from Bohemia and Poland, the Baltic and the Rhine, with their cutlery, furs, fish and wine, and Levantine merchants brought their Oriental goods, specially pepper,

which was sold in such great quantities as to play the part of currency! During the two ensuing centuries the commercial prosperity of Leipzig rapidly developed, but its essentially German characteristics may be said to have been impressed on it at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when it assumed the dignity of a university town.

The immediate cause of this important change in its history is to be found in the influx of professors and students in the year 1409 from the University of Prague, owing to the changes made in the constitution of the latter, whereby German and Polish professors were deprived of their majority of votes in the election of the rector. The reigning authorities warmly welcomed this important body of immigrants, whose numbers reached over two thousand. Public buildings were handed over as lecture-rooms, revenues were assigned, learned professors appointed, and finally the university was formally opened amid great rejoicings. For the future, the youths of Central Germany no longer required to go afield to Prague or Paris. A centre of illumination was formed in their midst, and its fame soon attracted students from every section of the German race.

In 1480, thirty years after the invention of the printing press by Guttenberg, the first press was set up at Leipzig by Saxony's first printer, Conrad Kachelofen, and it is an interesting fact, as typical of the commercial character of the town, that the first work that issued from his press was an account-book!

The three hundred booksellers and eighty presses of the present day are the lineal descendants of Kachelofen and his single press.

The celebrated Book Fairs of Leipzig date from 1514, but for some time they were chiefly attended by German traders, and were entirely overshadowed by those of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Favoured by its position for inland commerce of all kinds, the latter city became a great centre for the trade of books after their multiplication by the discovery of printing; and its attractions were still more enhanced when, after Ferdinand I., the coronation as well as the election of the German emperor took place at Frankfurt. In these early days of printing the publishers employed no middlemen, but sold their own publications at the Fairs and markets of the various trading centres of Germany, and if their enterprise led them to seek a wider market, they set up a branch business in some foreign city. But towards the end of the fifteenth century, a connecting link was formed between the publisher and the public in the shape of the bookseller of the present day. The publishers carried on their business with the booksellers only at the great Fairs, and it is after this date that we find those of Frankfurt frequented by purchasers from all countries.

This centralization of business was followed by a further convenient arrangement, invented by some of the leading men in the trade, viz. the publication of catalogues for the information of those who were unable to attend the market, and eventually the amalgamation of such separate issues developed into the establishment of a general Fair Catalogue, the appearance of which has ever since been awaited in Germany as one of the notable events of the year.

The supremacy of Frankfurt in the book-trade appeared to be indisputable, when the religious

movement of the sixteenth century raised Leipzig to the position of a formidable rival. The progress of the Reformation demanded an ever-increasing activity on the part of its Protestant publishers, but their activity was not unattended with danger. A publisher, by name Herrgott, who disobeyed the orders of the Government in publishing some of Luther's writings, was beheaded, and others had to fly for their lives. But within a few years the Leipzig press was again unmuzzled, Protestant faith and freedom re-established, and the new creed of its citizens openly preached at the evangelical service which was attended by Luther and Melancthon in 1539.

The brilliant part which Saxony played under Prince Maurice in the struggle against Catholicism and Charles V., raised it to a high pinnacle of glory in the eyes of the Protestant world. Leipzig especially made great progress. Its manufacturing enterprise was increased by the influx of Dutch artisans, driven from the Netherlands by the persecution of Alva, and its university vied with Erfurt, Wittemberg, and Jena in advancing with renewed vigour the cause of national enlightenment. The book-trade felt the stimulus of growing freedom of thought, and the publication, in 1594, of Leipzig's first Fair Catalogue is evidence of its activity. Its expansion was further accelerated by the decadence of its rival at Frankfurt. Various circumstances combined to injure the book-trade of the latter city, but the chief cause was to be found in the depressing influence of the Imperial Book Commission. Though nominally appointed in 1579 to protect the fiscal interests of the empire, it gradually assumed the authority of a strict Press Censorship, especially directed towards the supervision

of Protestant publications. Catholic Frankfurt now lost its attractions for German publishers, and at the opening of the seventeenth century Protestant Leipzig seemed likely to divert to itself the largest portion of their custom.

But war came in the wake of the Reformation.

For the next hundred and fifty years no city suffered more severely than Leipzig from the religious difficulties and political divisions by which Germany was torn asunder. The same central position which conduced to the growth of the city's trade, made it the battlefield of contending armies. During the Thirty Years' War the enemy were seven times quartered inside her gates; twice within the space of eleven years were the fields of neighbouring villages drenched with blood; and at Lützen, twenty miles to the south-west, was fought the ever-memorable battle between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein. After the Peace of Westphalia the city was blessed with a period of rest, and its prosperity grew with the influx of French refugees, who brought with them the arts of silk and satin weaving, and possibly paper-making, the latter very important for the expanding book-trade. During the first half of the eighteenth century, the town rapidly developed, and began to assume the familiar form of modern times.

But the Seven Years' War rudely dispelled the dreams of industrial progress. The Prussian system of requisitioning men and money, and of quartering troops, was carried out with the most merciless severity, and the Saxon currency thrown into terrible confusion by the issue of coins depreciated to about one-fourth of their normal value. By the beginning of 1763 Leipzig had drained its cup of

agony to the very dregs. Its trade had almost disappeared; the world-frequented Fairs had become mere local markets; many of the richest citizens had taken flight; while the surrounding villages were stripped of corn and cattle, and their inhabitants, chiefly old men, women, and children, were dying of starvation. At last, on the 15th of February, the city received the joyful news that peace had been signed.

But it was some time before Leipzig could forgive Frederick for the wounds which he had inflicted on it. Its population was sadly reduced; its municipal debt had become a crushing burden; its currency was disorganized; and its trade was hampered, not only by the mutually exclusive tariffs of Saxony, Austria, and Brandenburg, but still more by the imposition of heavy import duties on all foreign goods in order to meet the expenses of military reorganization. The outlook was so gloomy that the Saxon Government appointed a special Commission to investigate the incidence of taxation. The inquiry showed that Leipzig owed its wealth not so much to its indigenous manufacture as to its position as an emporium for foreign as well as home trade, which amounted in value to 18,000,000 thalers (£2,700,000). Any interference with the free course of the through trade was proved to diminish its quantity, and so ultimately to lessen the State revenues. The Commission declared emphatically for free trade, and the import duties were abolished.

Leipzig supplemented these efforts of its rulers by putting forth all its powers, not only to recover its old position, but to reach a still higher level.

All idea of remaining a fortified town was finally abandoned. The moat was gradually converted into

promenades; the bastions pulled down, and new sites for public buildings formed out of their ruins; picturesque gardens laid out in all directions; and the suburbs outside the old walls, up to that time insignificant in size, greatly enlarged. The ancient town, with its many-storied houses and its many-roomed warehouses, remained much what it had been for two centuries, though here and there it was beautified at the suggestion of Burgomaster Müller, and the visitors of to-day can here, as at Frankfurt, find many streets and points of view where the mediæval character of the architecture may still be discerned.

Trade at last began to recover from the blows it had received; the Bourse was again the scene of eager bartering; the old scales in the market-place were again busy with weighing bales of furs, wool, butter, and linen; the old hotels, especially the Auerbach, sung by Goethe, were again crowded with guests; and the famous Fairs thronged with traders whose numbers were now swollen by the addition of Russian and Polish Jews, who had hitherto frequented the markets of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, but who had deserted that city after the imposition of heavy customs duties by Frederick the Great. Leipzig not only secured these Eastern customers for her markets, but towards the end of the century succeeded in attracting French and English traders, and became the great Exchange of Central Europe.

One branch of commercial activity made special progress after the war. The book-trade developed marvellously. The times were especially favourable to its growth. In 1764, the famous Book Fairs of Frankfurt, which had been dwindling into local gatherings, finally ended, and the North German publishers,

who had been the last to desert them, turned their footsteps to Leipzig.

But more important for the book-trade than the downfall of Frankfurt was the dawn of the great era of German literature. The feelings of national pride, which had been excited by sympathy with the heroism of the Prussian king, sought expression in national language.

Goethe, in reviewing this period, wrote—

"The first real and higher germ of life entered into German poetry through Frederick the Great and the actions of the Seven Years' War. All national literature must be, or become, insipid, which is not based on the highest human achievements, upon the deeds of nations and their chieftains. Kings are to be represented in war and danger, wherein they appear as the first, for the very reason that they determine and share the fate of the very least, and become thereby much more interesting than the gods themselves who, after determining destinies, withdraw themselves from any participation therein. In this sense every nation, if it is to be worth anything at all, should be possessed of an epopee which need not necessarily wear the form of epic poetry."

It was two years after the withdrawal of Frederick from Leipzig that Goethe was enrolled as a university student; two years later Lessing came as a distinguished visitor; five years later Wieland passed through Leipzig on his way to Weimar; ten years later Jean Paul Richter, after seeking in vain for a publisher, spent his last groschen on a strange-looking pigtail, and fled from the town in disguise; and four years later Schiller, missing in Mannheim the necessary stimulus to poetical development, arrived in Leipzig to seek comradeship and inspiration among Saxon friends.

Of the social, intellectual, and artistic life of Leipzig during the last forty years of the eighteenth century, we have vivid accounts left us, not only by the great writers of the period, but by various travellers and correspondents. The chief characteristic of the city, according to their unanimous testimony, consisted in the variety of the elements which made up its existence. Lessing, in his exculpatory letter to his parents, pleaded that "here the whole world could be seen in miniature," and that he was soon tempted to leave the study of books for that of human nature.

Goethe, with his intense love of the natural, might at times express his disgust for the artificiality of Leipzig life; "for the dark-grey, stiff-coated, crooked, bewigged, dagger-tailed masters; the bedizened, old-fashioned, scraggy, priggish louts of undergraduates; and the strutting, coquetting girls." But as may be gathered from repeated passages in his writings and letters, he gave utterance to a real feeling of appreciation when he spoke of it as "the world in a nutshell," or compared it to "a small moral republic, because here no lord and master set a general tone,—each one brought to the light without any restraint his own personality, whether it was intelligent, learned, foolish, insipid, practical, good-natured, dry, or crotchety; while wealth, science, talent, property gave the place a fulness of life from which a stranger, who had no share in the passions and actions, the likes and dislikes of the inhabitants, could derive better profit and enjoyment than the inhabitants themselves." One has only to read through Goethe's dramatic works to feel how many pictures have been drawn from this bazaar of men and manners.

Actors, artists, poets, and philosophers, merchants

and men of science, authors and publishers, citizens and students ate and drank together in the hotels and coffee-houses, or took their exercise side by side through the Rosenthal, in the gardens and on the promenades, or made pleasant excursions to Gohlis, Raschwitz, and other outlying villages. "In the famous Richter coffee-house," says a contemporary writer, "the most distinguished strangers used to gather at Fair-time. Here was formed the first germ of the great union of German booksellers; here also met all the wits, all the political *quidnuncs*, all the adventurers and young sparks. It was a place in which one might spend much, but also learn much."

The period of peace and prosperity that intervened between the devastating wars of Frederick the Great and those of Napoleon gave a great impetus to luxurious living. The cosmopolitan character of its commerce, and the growth of wealth, unbalanced by any inspiring calls on its patriotism,—combined to make it a pleasure-loving place. All the sketches of the period agree in speaking of the lavish expenditure of the richer classes on dress and pleasures. The author of *Leipzig Sketches* writes—

"The chief characteristic of the people of Leipzig is that they are always only absorbed in the moment, and believe that they get rid of the troubles of the future by seeking to enjoy the pleasures of the present. I find a great similarity between their character and that of the French in similar circumstances, the same levity, the same inclination to enjoyment, the same tastes, the same cynicism, the same love of *éclat* —in a word, very similar faults.

'Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir,
Es ist ein klein Paris und
Bildet seine Leute.'" *

* *Faust.* Frosch in Auerbach's Keller.

The French colony appears to have set the fashion to society at Leipzig as at Berlin. The appearance of the Leipzig aristocracy when given over to the worship of musical Art is somewhat maliciously described by the author of *Leipzig en Fête.* After speaking of the substantial support given to the musicians, he contrasts the stiff costumes and solemn faces of the audience with the free movements of the artists.

"Nothing can be more ridiculous to the impartial spectator than to see ladies and gentlemen in all their finery and ornaments, decked out like heathen beasts of sacrifice, entering the room with dumb solemnity, their countenance wrapt in the silence of the grave, their eyes full of sacred terror, as on Good Friday at the tomb of the Redeemer, their gait measured like that of an undertaker leading a funeral procession; and, lastly, to see their method of taking their places like the reverent kneeling down of a Catholic peasant when the Holy Father gives his blessing. Picture to yourselves the ladies, loaded with masses of precious jewels and pearls in their hair and on their hands; in hats tricked out with silken ribbons, vests and most elegant clothes standing bolt upright like stone statues, and then surely you will run the risk of taking the former for pictures of the Madonna, and the latter for canonized Peters, Pauls, and Jameses."

Goethe writes very strongly of the social extravagance of the city. We remember that one of the reasons why he absented himself from polite circles was the necessity of playing cards, for which he had very little inclination. In his account of Leipzig University he also points out the great difference between its tone and that of the Universities of Halle and Jena. In the latter two places the student prided himself on his rough manners, his

physical strength, and general disregard of the amenities of civic life; whereas in Leipzig the most ill-mannered youths as a rule acquired a sense of good breeding. But it must be added that beneath the surface of courtesy and respectability social vices, bred of luxury on the one hand, and poverty on the other, were, according to the best witnesses, peculiarly rampant, and the knowledge of their existence drew sarcastic comments from such a hater of hypocrisy as Goethe, though he was not unappreciative of the sobering influence of the civic surroundings.

On the other hand, the joint influence of an active university, and of a very pronounced municipal spirit, furthered to a remarkable extent the progress of intelligence and education among the people at large, and there are not wanting striking instances of professors and men of letters becoming zealous municipal reformers.

Between the years 1745 and 1769 the Saxon poet Gellert secured a very remarkable academic and civic ascendency. His hymns and fables had won him such unbounded popularity that after his appointment as professor, not only students and professors, but townsfolk of all classes and ages, thronged to his lecture-room, and even princes and princesses came from a distance to drink in his wisdom. During the Seven Years' War many Prussian officers attended his lectures, and in 1760 he had been summoned to the presence of Frederick the Great himself, who had been sufficiently impressed to call him *le plus raisonnable de tous les savants Allemands*. The influence of his moral teaching survived his death in 1769, and wealthy citizens vied with each other in the work of educating and elevating the mass of the people.

Stimulated by the example of a wealthy citizen, Graf Hohenthal, and of a publisher, named Wendler, who had founded free schools for the children of the poor, the Town Council, in 1792, established an industrial school for boys and girls; and a little later, at the urgent appeal of Burgomaster Müller and other liberal-minded men, it opened the first free public school for poor children; while, in 1796, the Bürgerschule was opened for the children of parents able to pay for education, who had up to that time to content themselves with various private schools. Free education was supplemented by free libraries. Leipzig was rich in the latter. There was not only the Town Council's Library, with its 30,000 volumes, for the distribution as well as the reading of books, and the University Library, with 25,000 volumes, offering much the same privileges, but there were also various lending libraries with large collections.

The zeal of the citizens for instruction is particularly insisted on in the *Confidential Letters on Leipzig*, published in 1787. The writer says—

"There are few places in Germany where there reigns so much love of reading as in Leipzig. In other places only a small minority are readers, and even then they read stories of love, theft, and murder; here the whole world reads, from the first man in the city right down to the young girl and the artisan. Of course they read sensational novels of every sort and kind, plays and little trifling poems, rather than serious works; but I have seen Mendelssohn, Spalding, Robertson, and hundreds of the best works in the hands of ladies."

Side by side with the educational movement great progress was made in the reform of antiquated

religious ceremonials and services, and here again Rosenmüller led the way, and was ably supported by Zollikofer, a Swiss clergyman, and head of the French Reformed Church. Both of them by their practical sermons, and the former by his popular treatises, exercised a powerful influence for good on the domestic and social life of their day. My grandfather was a disciple of Zollikofer, and on his death sorrowfully followed him to his grave.

Nor was Leipzig less appreciative of art than of literature and science. The "Thomas-Schule" had for some time previously been a nursery for musicians, and the appointment of Johann Sebastian Bach as its director in 1723, had made it famous throughout Germany. The institution of an Academy of Fine Arts in 1754, the opening of the new theatre in 1766, the great concerts in the Gewand-Haus, inaugurated in 1781, and lastly, the formation of private picture galleries by wealthy individuals,—gave an astonishing stimulus to painting and engraving, the drama, the opera, and instrumental music. Oeser, the head of the Academy, and Stock the engraver, both close friends of Goethe; Weisse, the editor of the *Kinder-Freund;* together with Hiller, the restorer of the German operetta; Corona Schroeter, of theatrical fame; Schicht, Hiller's successor and the founder of the Musical Academy; Doles, the revered master of Mozart; Reichardt, the composer who set to music Goethe's and Schiller's songs,—were among the most celebrated Leipzig artists.

With the growing importance of the book-trade, the publisher formed a kind of connecting link between the worlds of literary, artistic, and commercial activity. The entertainments of P. Erasmus Reich

were celebrated for the assemblage of the wit and wealth of Leipzig, and by his splendid hospitality he earned the title of the Prince of Leipzig Publishers. Like many other wealthy citizens, he had a country house not far from the city, where he had his summer gatherings, and where he often welcomed the youthful Goethe. Other celebrated publishers of the day were C. F. Weygand, from whose press came, in 1774, the first edition of Goethe's *Götter, Helden und Wieland*, soon to be followed by *Clavigo* and *Werther*, and the Breitkopfs, later Breitkopf and Hartel, printers as well as publishers of musical works and songs—among others, of Goethe's earliest lyrics and Herder's first volume of poems—and inventors of an improved typography.

It was among these great publishing houses, in the midst of these social and literary surroundings, that my grandfather, in 1781 still a mere apprentice to the book-trade, was to carve out a fine career. Before ten years were over, he had become a successful competitor, not in respect of wealth, but in respect of the splendour of his connections, of the most famous firms. But while he busily took his part in the forward movement, the literary activity, the varied interests of the thriving city of which the book-trade formed so memorable a feature, the luxurious, pleasure-loving spendthrift side of its society, left him untouched. Contemporary records bear such unanimous testimony to the general extravagance of Leipzig citizens in those days, that their verdict can scarcely be disputed; but the story of my grandfather and his friends which I shall have to tell, and such of their letters as have been at my command, do not reflect such a condition of things.

In the earlier stages of his career as an independent publisher, it might be said that the pressure of necessity imposed strict frugality upon him as an absolute duty. But equally when he was well-to-do, he remained simple, thrifty, unostentatious. These qualities were deeply engrained in his character. They represented his ideal of life, and he succeeded to the last in living up to its standard.

CHAPTER III.

AN AUTHORS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

1781–1785.

Before Goschen passed from the subordinate position which he held in the counting-house of Crusius to that of an independent publisher, he went through a further course of valuable training. It was not improbably at the suggestion of Legations-Rath Bertuch, that, in the year 1781, he left Leipzig, in order to accept an appointment in a singular joint-stock association for publishing purposes founded in the capital of the little principality of Dessau. Its German title was the Verlags-Casse,—the "Publishers' Banking Company," as it might now be called. This establishment was closely connected with a sister institution called *Die Buchhandlung der Gelehrten* ("The Authors' Bookselling Agency"), a co-operative association, the outcome of a movement representing a revolt, or strike, against publishers.

Murmurings against the share extracted by publishers from their partnership with authors is not a form of dissatisfaction original to the nineteenth century. It was rife among German men of letters during the second part of the eighteenth, and

culminated in several interesting movements for emancipation and independence. A great change had at that time come over the intellectual life of Germany. Till then, the great majority of works issued by publishers were republications of classical and ecclesiastical literature, whether of the ancient or modern world. In the earlier part of the century, the editors of such works as a "Biblical Golden Treasury" or a "Biblical Concordance" were either content with receiving a certain number of free copies, or a small honorarium in addition in the shape of about a shilling per sheet of sixteen pages, partly paid in books and partly in cash. Later on, we read of well-known authors receiving for works on law an honorarium of four to six shillings a sheet. But with the middle of the century the creative power of the German mind had come into play. The pen had become an acknowledged means of subsistence, and as literature developed into a profession, the due reward of professional work was naturally expected.

Goethe gives a most vivid description of the development of this feeling, and of the change which had come over the poetical world with regard to accepting gross money payments for the inspiration of the Muse:—

"In earlier times the book-trade had mainly concerned itself with considerable scientific books on technical subjects, and with certain recognized works which were moderately remunerated. But the production of poetical writings was looked upon mostly as sacrosanct, and it was almost thought simony to accept an honorarium, or to bargain about it. Authors and publishers stood in the queerest reciprocal relations. Both, just as you chose to take it, appeared in the part of patron or client. The former who, in addition to their talents, were considered and venerated

by the public as people of the highest moral worth, enjoyed a spiritual rank, and felt themselves rewarded by the success of their work; the latter were quite content to put up with the second place, and enjoyed a considerable pecuniary advantage; but then his wealth placed the rich publisher above the poor poet, and thus everything was balanced in the most delightful equilibrium. Reciprocal generosity and gratitude were not uncommon. Breitkopf, the publisher, and Gottsched, the poet, shared the same house their whole life long. Trickery and knavery, especially that of pirating books, were not yet in vogue.

"Nevertheless there had been a general movement among German authors. They compared their own very moderate, if not poor, condition with the wealth of the publisher of repute; they reflected how great was the fame of a Gellert, and yet with what narrow conditions of domestic comfort a German author of eminence and popularity must put up, if he did not secure himself greater ease by some other profitable occupation. The more commonplace and inferior spirits also felt a lively desire to see their position improved, and to make themselves independent of publishers."

Contemporary pamphlets gave much coarser expression to this feeling. The publishers were represented as fattening on the work of poor authors, while, their pride growing with their paunches, they expected writers to lay homage at their feet. Nor had they need to be decently civil. The taxes they laid on the public and on writers made them absolutely secure in their position. As often as not, authors had to work for bare honour and a journeyman's pay. Protest in action followed on wordy abuse, and in the belief that no skill or knowledge of the trade, or capital, or credit, or experience were required, various attempts were made to give the go-by to the hated interposition of men who simply worked the brains of genius for their

own profit. Had not Pope in England published his "Homer" by subscription among friends? Surely in Germany, too, the middleman could be pushed aside. Still, when the day of trial came, it was found that the book-trade could not be entirely ignored. An effort was then made to secure co-operation on the part of publishers and booksellers for Selbst-Verlag, or "Authors' Publishing," but the trade revenged itself by denying its aid. Then a certain number of authors tried co-operation, seeking, just as men are attempting to do nowadays in other departments of industry, to secure to the producer a larger share of the profits which his labour creates.

The first serious attempt to secure to authors the full profits of their work, by a system of publishing and distributing without the interposition of the trade—was that known by the name of the "German Republic of Men of Letters." No less a personage in the literary world than the poet Klopstock himself gave the impulse to this movement, and personally undertook its direction. "Having," as Goethe says, "by his character and conduct, won for himself and other men of talent, consideration and dignity, he was, if possible, to render literary men the further service of giving them security and improving their means of sustaining existence." In June, 1773, Klopstock announced a plan for publishing by subscription, with a statement of the conditions under which the new association was to be formed and of the reasons for which the step had been taken. Nothing could exceed the minuteness with which the plan was elaborated. Subscriptions were to be collected in large and small towns, and agents for the sale of the works appointed, but these agents were to be

friends of the authors, not professionals, though a very slight percentage might be given.

Any author wishing in future to publish on this system, was simply to make a public announcement that he wished for subscribers on Klopstock's plan, and then to await the communications of correspondents. The shrewd publishers, as they read the scheme, probably pronounced the Republic of Men of Letters a mere Utopia.

Erasmus Reich, the most famous publisher of the day, attacked the scheme in an anonymous pamphlet, and his arguments throw an interesting light on the book-trade of that period. He insisted on the difficulties of publishers arising from the scattered character of the German reading public; the necessity of keeping a large stock, most of which must become waste paper; the frightful injury arising from a universal system of pirating books; and the necessity for large capital in the case of any extensive work. But the pamphlet was conceived, on the whole, in a conciliatory spirit. Incidentally it states that Germany could count up three hundred publishers at that time, but only fifty who commanded or deserved public credit.

Klopstock's undertaking opened brilliantly, notwithstanding Leipzig opposition, amid profound enthusiasm. Admiration for Klopstock, who was himself the writer of the first book published on the new plan, and which was itself entitled "The Republic of Men of Letters," secured a vast number of subscribers, among whom it was impossible to distinguish between the supporters of the principle and those of the man.

"Many high-minded men, some of them of great influence, offered to collect subscribers and encash the

price, which was put at a louis d'or (15*s.*),* because the word was passed that it was not so much the work which was to be paid for as that the author, on this occasion, was to be rewarded for his services to his country. Every one crowded to the lists. Young men and girls, who had not much to spend, opened their money-boxes; men and women, the upper and the middle classes, contributed to this sacred offering."

Lists were opened at more than 250 places, and more than 3600 subscribers gave in their names. The number of copies of the first issue was upwards of 6600. Illustrious names were found among the subscribers. The veteran Lessing; Dr. Goethe at Frankfurt (father of the great Goethe); the poet Gleim at Halberstadt; Wieland at Weimar;—backed the enterprise with their authority and their purses. The first part of the work was to appear on the 1st of February, 1774, but "unexpected chicanery" obstructed its publication, preventing Klopstock from obtaining paper, and involving him in a difficulty with his printers. The business machinery was missed after all. But at last the work appeared. Expectation had been at its height, and confidence was as great as possible. But, alas! the book disappointed the great public. Goethe tells us that the work had been, and was still, when he wrote, of incalculable value to authors and literary men, but that it could only be really useful in that circle. Consternation was general and profound, though high regard for Klopstock prevented open murmurings, and many fair enthusiasts passed on their copies, dearly purchased,

* So says Goethe; but the learned writer of an essay on "Co-operative Bookselling Associations in the Eighteenth Century," published in the "Archives of the History of the German Book-trade," states the price fixed for the first part of this book to have been one thaler (3*s.*).

though free from the gross taint of publishers' profits, unread and uncut, to their friends!

The second part of "The Republic," announced for the 1st of October, 1775, never appeared. The failure of the scheme, so far as the public was concerned (for the author had fared extremely well), destroyed for the time the possibility of reverting to the plan of publication by subscription. But the wish to be rid of the publishers was too deep-seated for the attempt not to be renewed in some form or other, and Klopstock's enterprise had, at all events, established the belief in the virtue of association.

Switzerland was at this period intimately connected with Germany as regards the book-trade, and it was here that the next experiments were tried. Associations were formed in Berne and Lausanne under the name of Typographical Societies, but could not boast of much success. It was in Dessau, in the centre of Germany, that the most famous, and, to a certain extent, successful, though also very short-lived, enterprise of that kind was tried and carried through.

"The Authors' Bookselling Agency" (*Die Buchhandlung der Gelehrten*), founded early in 1781, at Dessau, by a retired clergyman of the name of Reiche (not to be confounded with the great publisher Reich who was the avowed opponent of these schemes), was intended to be simply a distributing agency for passing on to the public books printed and published at the risk of the authors. Its statutes stated the motive for its establishment, the redress of the undue proportion of profits on an author's work which went into the publisher's pocket:

"It was certainly no exaggeration if literary men complained that an author was nothing more than a common servant, while the publisher was his master; and writers fared very much like horses, who work and earn the oats, but get very little or nothing of the oats themselves. For true it is that, much too often, a single man of letters has to such an extent raised the poorest bookseller to fortune, that the latter, through the two or three or even four thousand copies of the writings of the author, can keep the finest carriages, can build palaces, and bequeath country seats to his children, while the author has remained in the greatest poverty, and his wife and children languish in extreme penury."

The new agency was not founded for profit, but for the purpose of so distributing books that the author should receive a full two-thirds, *i.e.* 66⅔ per cent., of the price paid by the public. Of the remaining third, 6¼ per cent. was to go to the association to cover its expenses, the balance, about 27 per cent., as discount to the booksellers throughout all Germany. It was the publishers who were to be excommunicated, not the retail booksellers. But as the association was only to receive a very small percentage to cover all sale expenses, it could not face any risk. Consequently no credit was to be given. The author remained master of his work; no trade robbery was to mulct him of his gains; but he had to print at his own cost, advertise at his own cost, fix the price himself, and handicap the sale of his works by the refusal of all credit to booksellers.

But attractive as it appeared then (and as it would appear now) for the author to receive two-thirds of the retail price paid by the public, suppose he had no money for the printer, and suppose the public refused to buy! Capital must be found to aid necessitous

writers. Accordingly another institution was established, the "Verlags-Casse"* (Publishers' Banking Company), in which there were regular shareholders who put in capital, and expected interest in the shape of a dividend. This institution was to finance authors; to print, or to advance the money for printing, the works of authors who applied for its aid, and, in certain cases, to make an advance to them in cash on the prospective sales provided the works were approved. But for this financial aid the author must reduce his profits. If the cost of printing only were advanced, the author was to surrender $11\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of his $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the retail price to the Verlags-Casse. If cash was advanced besides, then a further percentage was charged.

A contract was subsequently made between the financing Verlags-Casse and the distributing Buchhandlung, to the effect that the former should only sell through the latter—an arrangement that proved ruinous to the Verlags-Casse.

Wieland (then at the height of his influence), Bertuch, and others of the Weimar set, were shareholders in the Verlags-Casse, and took a continuous interest in it, and it was in this establishment that Goschen served as one of the sub-managers. All the German biographical notices of my grandfather speak of him as having entered the service of the Buchhandlung, but his unpublished letters to Bertuch and others show conclusively that this is a mistake.

It further appears that the material or mechanical part of the business was under his care, including specially the printing arrangements. A

* A "Verleger" was a publisher; "Verlag" was the business of publication.

time was to come when Goschen's typographical achievements were to be extolled as equal to the finest productions which had issued from English or French presses, and as having introduced a new era into German printing. No doubt in his Dessau employment he acquired invaluable experience of all the many intricacies of the printer's art, taking indeed the keenest intellectual interest in all that pertained to it. But though it turned out to be an excellent preparation for his subsequent career, his position at the Verlags-Casse was irksome to him in the highest degree. He soon saw that the system was practically unworkable. The authority lay with Ducal functionaries, who understood little, and could not be got to meet at the necessary times, or to act on proper business principles. Capital was not forthcoming when necessary, and what there was, was frittered away. In a series of letters to Bertuch, which begin to reveal the energy and intellectual grip of the future publisher, he graphically represents the constant difficulties which the institution encountered with authors ; the mismanagement and the divided counsels which almost brought it to the verge of ruin. His ardent spirit fretted and fumed in a position where he was impotent for good. Thus, in April, 1784, when writing to Bertuch about a conference of local shareholders which had been convoked in consequence of a letter from Wieland, and at which explanations had been given why no dividend could be paid, he goes on to say, "Our sales must be increased; so much is certain. But how? That is the question which I should like to examine with you. I can do little more than advise. The soul of our business is in the Buchhandlung der Gelehrten."

"We are assured," he continues, "that their sales are good, but I can only convince myself of this at the Fair. And of what use would it be if I were to convince myself of it? The contract with them is tied in so tight a knot that it cannot be torn without chicanery. All I can do is to make some attempt to make our publications better known to booksellers and the public."

A phrase in another letter gives, in a few simple words, the key to the ideal which Goschen set before himself for the management of business. "If by a letter to all three directors you can call forth life, warmth, order, rapidity of decision, and friendly co-operation, the institution can be saved." * But the demand was too large, the ideal was too high for a joint-stock association. It was reserved to Goschen to realize his ideal when he had achieved an independent position. As regards the Verlags-Casse the management could not be brought into harmony and efficiency, and the institution was doomed.

Later on Goschen wrote with increased dissatisfaction to his "dearest Herr Rath." He explained at length the reforms which ought to be introduced, and finally broke out into the following exclamation:— "Weary of indecision and of proceedings contrary to common sense; vexed and angry at my position, in

* I may mention here that in reading the letters of my grandfather, I have been struck over and over again with the great similarity of his style of writing and modes of thought to those of my own father. The latter, in a letter written seventy years later, dashing off in a few telling words the cause of his success, and stating that after the first seven years of work in London, his firm had found itself just at the point where they had begun, explains that "in the end it went well with us after all; but it could not be done without perseverance, economy, activity, freshness, and vivacity." Vivacity was a favourite quality with both. It was one of my father's special characteristics.

which I ought to act, yet in which I am absolutely impotent to act, I have resolved to begin a business of my own, under my own name, after Easter" (1785).

Here we have the first indication of his intention to found a business of his own, an intention stimulated by the position of the sister institution, the distributing agency from whose entangling meshes they could not escape. Reiche, its manager, struggled in vain to ensure its success. The number of books which had been taken to it was large, but it soon became apparent that its ideal statutes could not be observed. Unless credit were given, the retail booksellers refused to take its books. Moreover the central position of Leipzig and the Leipzig Fairs rendered large establishments in that city necessary; supervision became difficult, and business annoyances of every kind ensued.

Change after change was made in the mode of conducting business, all in the direction of approaching more nearly to the customs of the trade, and Reiche, starting as the champion and representative of authors, found himself at last compelled to stand out for the customs of the book-trade against their inadmissible claims. Finally, disheartened and disgusted, he resigned, and his resignation practically involved the break-up of the establishment. He communicated with Goschen as to taking over its business, a step calculated to further the latter's plans materially, as the agency of the Verlags-Casse would be included in the transfer, and place a connection for the sale of its publications at his command from the beginning.

But while anxious to undertake this sale if his

directors would concur, he was determined not to compete with an establishment "whose bread he had eaten."

"Never shall they be able to say, that I have utilized in the slightest degree for my own purposes what I have seen in their business! If they will lend me their confidence, I will serve them to the best of my judgment by word and deed. But if I had remained here, I should have worked without doing any good, I should have slaved and worried without advancing a step, and should have been held to be either a lazy dog or a stupid fellow. This I cannot endure."

Long negotiations followed, both with the Verlags-Casse and the Buchhandlung. The tie between the two establishments was eventually cut, and it was settled that Goschen was to take over the whole business of the Buchhandlung, to encash its outstandings, to receive its stocks, and to enjoy the good will in respect of the clients who had utilized the institution. He was further to take over the agency of the Verlags-Casse. He seems to have been thoroughly roused by a sense of his own capacity, and felt that the turning-point of his life had come.

On the 8th of February, 1785, he issued a circular to the book-trade, dated from Leipzig, in which he announced that he had resolved to start with the commission business of the Buchhandlung der Gelehrten, and thus gradually to found a business of his own.

But though the circular was issued, the course was not clear. A formidable difficulty arose through a misunderstanding with Reiche. An agreement had been come to on all points, and a contract signed, when Reiche discovered that it did not square with his engagements to authors.

Goschen, who had loudly denounced the faulty system of the Buchhandlung which had kept its business down, was determined not to pledge himself to its continuation on that basis. Reiche himself was resigning because the conditions on which he had been working were impracticable; and now Goschen was to be tied down to continue them. He showed extreme anger, thinking that Reiche had deceived him. In writing to another friend, Zacharias Becker, he did not mince his words—

"Can you believe it? Reiche and I are asunder again! and that through a ——. By God! it is a hard thing to stand, when one wishes to spare a fellow, and not to call his proceedings by the right name. . . .

"I might have sued the man, but I did not care to expose myself to chicanery. Rather than that, I have given up the whole contract."

He concluded—

"And so, you see, I have been befooled. I have given notice to the Verlags-Casse, I have announced myself to the world as a publisher, and I must start, whether I like it or not. Doing the commission business of the Buchhandlung, I might have quickly raised my position by degrees, occasionally printing a good little book. Now, I must venture more; God will help me. . . .

"God protect you against wicked men. It is cruelly cold, and my fingers will no longer hold the pen. But my blood is cool too. Experiences such as these can give a man a shake with all the violence of a fever."

It may be doubted from the tone of the letter whether Goschen's blood was as cool as he told his friend. It breathes a rough fierceness which we shall

often find in his outpourings when he felt himself driven to the wall.

He wrote in equally strong terms about Reiche and his own extremely critical position to the great Erasmus Reich, whom he addressed in a friendly but deferential tone, as became an *employé* at a salary of 500 thalers writing to the head of the book-trade. To Reich he added the fact that he had already advertised a book as to be published by him. "So he stood committed." *

Thus the die was cast. Goschen left Dessau finally in April, and went forth to win an independent place among the many celebrated publishers whom Leipzig already numbered, without any capital of his own, but with plenty of friends, considerable experience, a clear head, and an unbounded enthusiasm for his vocation.

The Verlags-Casse did not long survive. In a couple of years the affair was in liquidation, and the great ones in Weimar lost their money. The Buchhandlung also came to an end. Some of its connections went to Goschen, but the works of other authors who had worked with it, appeared on the lists of other publishers. Co-operation had failed again. "The trade" had beaten the amateurs, the individual had triumphed over the shareholder,

* Another plan had, to a certain extent, been occupying his mind. The Elector Palatine of Mainz, a warm patron of literature, seems to have contemplated founding a printing and publishing Press in connection with the University of Mainz. The suggestion was that he was to advance some 6000 to 10,000 thalers, and that Goschen should either manage the business for the Government on a salary, with full powers—a point on which he was extremely keen,—or that he should conduct the Press under certain regulations on his own account, paying the Elector a fixed sum. But nothing came of the idea.

and a poor *employé* was about to succeed where a union between authors and capitalists had failed.

But we must now leave the co-operative movement, to follow the fortunes of the individual. In this case the individual was no capitalist. Yet capital was indispensable. The question was, how was it to be found?

CHAPTER IV.

GOSCHEN'S START AS A PUBLISHER—ADVENT OF SCHILLER —BUSINESS AND ROMANCE.

1785.

It was his friend Körner who came to the rescue, and advanced the sum which Goschen thought indispensable for a beginning.

The two men had already been associated in a publishing project, while Goschen was still in the Verlags-Casse. They had planned an edition of the Bible. Of the precise nature and origin of this enterprise I have no knowledge, but references to it occur in many letters. When Goschen made up his mind to start as an independent publisher, this joint plan, then on hand, and his knowledge of Körner's disposition generally, suggested the idea that his friend might join him altogether. He wrote to Becker: "The Bible must now be worked with energy. I have written to Körner to-day, and asked him whether he will now enter into a complete partnership with me."

Körner's father had died early in this year (1785), and his son inherited a not inconsiderable sum. Devoted to literature as he was, he conceived the idea that in no way could he employ part of his money

Graff. pinx.

Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc

C. G. Körner.

more to his own satisfaction than in the cause of letters, and in enabling so enthusiastic and capable an expert in the book-trade as his friend Goschen to start in a business of his own, in which he, Körner, would also have a share, with some opportunities of influencing the principles on which matters should be conducted and the choice of books for publication. He accordingly responded to Goschen's proposal with the utmost alacrity. "I hasten to reply to your letter by the first post. I do not hesitate to complete the sum of 2000 thalers, only at present I cannot command more than 500;" and a few days later: "If you can start a business with 3000 thalers, I am your man. More I cannot promise positively at present; but if we should have some new undertaking presented to us requiring more money, ways and means may probably be found." This was in February, 1785.

Such was the financial foundation of the new firm: a capital of £450, and such few savings as Goschen had been able to make during his service at Dessau.

The reader should not forget this fact, when, as any reader is certain to do, he takes sides in those controversies, bound to occur between publisher and author, from which no literary history has ever been free. In the vast correspondence between my grandfather and numberless authors of various degrees of position and notoriety, which I have had under my eyes, I have not come across one serious complaint of his having driven hard bargains with his clients for work done, a fact which, looking at the great divergence in a man's own estimate of the value of his writings and that of the outer world, is almost phenomenal; but occasions continually occurred where

he was compelled to decline business, to refuse advances, and to offend even friends by rejecting their proffered writings. So far as the early period of his career is concerned, it must be borne in mind that he was distinctly a man without means, commanding only borrowed capital. At the height of his career he was well-to-do, but he never made what, even in those days, would have been called a fortune. It will be strange if in the course of this biography, the reader, when introduced behind the scenes and witnessing the anxieties which a beginner, with more ambition and enterprise than money and credit, had to suffer, not only from the dilatoriness of printers, the vagaries of paper-makers and the inaccuracy of proof-readers, but from the unbusinesslike habits, the whims and the exigencies of even the best of authors,—does not now and then bestow a little sympathy on the struggling and harassed publisher.

Körner was anxious that the relations between Goschen and himself should be kept secret, as he did not wish to excite any anxiety on the part of his family who knew that he still had debts to clear off, and he was not very flush of money himself; but he encouraged Goschen with helpful words. "Be of good cheer, and count in any case on my friendship." At the same time he wrote about some literary work. "You will be surprised," he says, "not to have seen any manuscript of mine yet." If the young publisher felt any surprise of the kind, it was a sensation which must have yielded very soon to experience, for the gifted Körner proved one of the most dilatory authors who ever lived, though always full of excellent plans and intentions.

Körner's friendly letters about financial help relieved the great anxiety with which Goschen was embarking on his venture, and, in other respects, he could count upon some favouring circumstances. Not only had he a nucleus of talented, though young, writers in the friends whom he had made at Leipzig —at Dessau, too, he had increased his acquaintance with authors and literary men, and had been able to secure a few connections.

The terms on which authors were invited to deal with the Verlags-Casse were peculiar, so that some of them preferred the more ordinary routine. Thus Goschen, while still serving there, was allowed to do some business on his own account, and allusions and offers made to him personally, occur in various letters. Amongst others, a poet and playwright who wrote under the name of Anton Wall, but whose real name was Heyne, offered him some plays in an effusive and interesting letter as early as 1783. Dyk of Berlin, a famous firm in the book-trade, had published for Anton Wall, but Goschen seemed somehow to have won his regard, possibly by a fascinating manner which stood him in good stead with famous authors afterwards. The difficulty of making an offer to Goschen was that Wall required an immediate advance of 200 thalers (£30); and how could he ask the poorly paid Goschen to find it?

Dyk, he explains, had on one occasion advanced him nearly the whole honorarium on two volumes of his "Bagatelles" without having read a word; but "how could he expect any one who did not know him intimately, to do him such a favour? and as for the directors of the Verlags-Casse, they would justly think him half mad if he came to them with such a

proposal." As to the terms for the plays, they were set out in detail. The author asked three louis d'or (about £2 5s.) for every sheet, a demand which will be found to be extremely high when made by a playwright of no real position, and whose name is now omitted in most histories of literature, as compared with the terms conceded to the great authors of those days. But how much is a sheet? As the scale of payment in the case of most of the writers of those days was fixed at so much a sheet, the reader, unskilled in the mysteries of the trade, should be initiated at this early stage into these methods of calculation. A printer's sheet of paper is folded in various ways, and the number of pages which it will contain, is determined by the manner in which it is folded. If simply folded in two, we have a "folio," and the sheet contains four pages; if folded in four, a "quarto," with eight pages; if folded in eight, an "octavo," with sixteen pages per sheet. In the discussion as to pay between my grandfather and his clients, I gather that when reference was simply made to a sheet, a sheet of sixteen pages was intended. But, as different-sized sheets contained a varying amount of matter, it was usual not only to speak of "sheets" in "octavo," but frequently reference was made to particular books as standards of the size of the sheet which formed the subject of bargain.

Anton Wall's letter conveying the offer, like so many others of the period written by literary men, is a queer medley of business and gushing sentimentality, with a dash of genuine homeliness. The author invites the man of business to supper to discuss terms: "A poor country supper of a couple

of eggs and a salad, a jug of honest beer, and a kindly look on the face of your host will be at your service." And apparently, struck himself by the contrast between his genial effusiveness and the long list of conditions which he had drawn up, the author exclaims, "And believe me, in the ten clauses which I have put before you, it is Heyne" (his real name) "who is speaking, not Anton Wall; the lawyer rather than the poet." Whether the supper took place and resulted in business, I am unable to say; I rather think not.

A more valuable connection which Goschen owed to the Verlags-Casse, and which was of very considerable importance to a young publisher, was that with J. W. v. Archenholtz. The antecedents of the latter were, it is true, somewhat questionable. He had been a devil-may-care captain in the Prussian service, and had been cashiered on account of being too reckless a gambler. Leading a somewhat adventurous life, he spent sixteen years in travelling almost in every part of Europe, and at last, steadied by a fall from a horse, which broke his leg, he devoted himself to literature. Though without much learning, he was able to turn his knowledge of the world, his powers of observation, and his liveliness of style to such good account, that in a few years he won a considerable position, and exercised much more influence in the literary world than a man of his training and antecedents, in the then situation of German letters, could ever have been expected to wield. The foundation of his literary fame was his periodical, *Litteratur- und Völker-Kunde*,* but his most brilliant

* "Literary and Ethnological Intelligencer," a more formidable title in English even than in German.

success was a book translated into most European languages, *England and Italy*, in which German writers consider him to have shown "exaggerated bias as a partisan of England." Archenholtz was a client of the Verlags-Casse and the Buchhandlung in Dessau, to both of which institutions he caused endless trouble by his exacting demands; but, though privy to these controversies, Goschen must have been happy to be able to announce his periodical as one of his publications in his first catalogue.

Huber, an erratic, brilliant, but rather unsatisfactory member of the Leipzig set, was also in business correspondence with Goschen early in 1785 before the actual migration of the latter to Leipzig, and addressed letters to him, not as an *employé* of the Verlags-Casse, but as a publisher (*Buchhändler*).* He wrote about a play called *Ethelwulf* (a free translation from Beaumont and Fletcher), and also about a translation of Beaumarchais' *Figaro's Marriage.* Both these works Goschen accepted, and they figured in his first catalogue. He suggested another book. Would Goschen accept a translation of Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric?* Huber did not know the book himself, but had heard it was excellent. I think nothing came of this offer; but it will be observed that in the very earliest stage of Goschen's career two English books were offered him.

* It should be explained that the German word *Buch-händler* (literally "book-trader"), included both publishers (more technically called *Verleger*) and retail booksellers, the latter being specially called *Sortiments-händler*, "dealers in assorted books." All the great book firms in Leipzig were commonly called *Buch-händler;* but this term, when used by authors, did not signify an ordinary bookseller's business, but a publisher's.

Thus, when Goschen went to Leipzig in April, 1785, he had already several irons in the fire, and, though the time was extremely short, he appeared with a publisher's list at the Easter Fair of that year. *Sermons* by the elder Körner; the *Ephemerides*, which were to have been written by Körner, but which, owing to his excessive dilatoriness, were ultimately written by another hand; Huber's *Ethelwulf* and *Figaro's Marriage;* a school-book, which later on obtained some fame; and, above all, Archenholtz's well-known periodical — were the chief first fruits with which Goschen appeared in the market, and most of which were marked "Leipzig and Dessau," as if they still half belonged to his old sphere. He was able to announce, too, that all the works of Legations-Rath Bertuch, his staunch friend and backer at this time, which had till then been in the hands of the Buchhandlung, had been transferred to him. His list was modest, but his connection was good. I must not anticipate by hinting at the great contrast which his catalogue at the next Easter Fair was to show; Bertuch had confidence in him, and Bertuch was hand-in-glove with all the Weimar celebrities, many of whom, before a year had passed, were to add lustre to the active beginner's list; and Körner, Huber, and Jünger were at his side, encouraging him, backing him, and utilizing him, each for his respective aims.

But in the mean time an event was taking place of which the consequences were to be of the utmost interest to the literary world, and in which Goschen was permitted to play an important part.

Schiller appeared upon the scene.

full, as a specimen of the tone and language which prevailed among the chosen spirits, typical of that time, whose high-flown ecstasies were thoroughly genuine, and were proved by deeds as well as by words.

"At a time when Art is more and more condescending to play the part of the mercenary slave to rich and mighty voluptuaries, it does the heart good when a great man appears, and shows what mankind is still able to achieve. The better part of mankind, sick with disgust at the age in which it lives, in the thick of degenerate creatures, languishes for greatness, quenches its thirst, and feels an inward lifting power which raises it above its contemporaries, and influences which strengthen it on its most weary course towards a worthy goal. At such a moment it would fain press the hand of its benefactor, and let him see the tear of joy and enthusiasm in its eyes, so that he, too, might be strengthened if haply the doubt were wearying him, whether his contemporaries deserved that he should labour for them. This is the reason why I have joined three other persons who are worthy to read your works, in order to thank you and to render you homage. As a test whether I have understood you, I have tried to set one of your songs to music. As soon as I shall have shown that I, too, though in a different field from yours, belong to the salt of the earth, then you shall know my name; now it would be of no use."

But not only had Körner's music been invoked to do honour to the poet; Minna's needle worked a pocket-book, and Dora's pencil sketched portraits of the four friends. The gifts were sent in a packet, with four unsigned letters, on some day in June, 1784. How Schiller obtained the names of his friends is not known. It is conjectured that it was through Huber, possibly because it was to him that he sent an answer some seven months afterwards. The discovery,

however, must have been made soon after the despatch of the packet, for Schiller wrote an abounding and effusive apology for not having sent an earlier reply to a letter which "breathed such enthusiasm and good-will, and had shed such sweet light over an hour of his life." He then describes how their letters had affected him.

"If I confess to you that your letter and gifts have been the pleasantest incident which I have experienced in the whole period of my authorship, before and since; that this joyful apparition has indemnified me for the sundry harassing fates which pursued me in the season of my youth; that—I am not exaggerating—you, my dearest friends, may claim the merit of having made me revoke the curses on my poet-calling which the pressure of destiny was already extracting from my soul, and to feel happy once more;—if I tell you all this, I know that you will not repent you of your kind expressions to me. If *such persons*, if *such* beautiful souls, do not reward the poet, who does?"

But Schiller's letter does not close with a simple rhapsody. He sends his new friends something fresh from his pen—the advertisement of his periodical, *Die Rheinische Thalia;* and fearful, apparently, that the idealizing group might feel so prosaic an affair as a periodical, jar on their sensibilities, he adds—

"It may seem strange to you that I wish to play this part in the world, but the German public compels its authors to make their choice, not according to the drift of their genius, but according to the speculations of commerce. I shall devote all my powers to this *Thalia;* but I will not deny, that if my circumstances had allowed me to ignore commercial considerations, I should have preferred to employ them in a different sphere."

The quartette used the pen of Körner to reply,

Minna Körner née Stock,
from a picture by Graff
in the Körner Museum at Dresden.

and his bold self-respect shows itself in a confident tone. From the first he placed himself on an equal footing of friendship with Schiller, exercising to the full the privileges of friendship to criticize and controvert. He writes—

"We know that the first purpose of our letter is attained: we know that what we said made the impression on you which we desired, and we might now close our exchange of letters. If it is to be continued, we must be friends; otherwise it would in future give more trouble than pleasure to both sides. Please come to us yourself, as soon as possible; we know enough of you, after your letter, to offer you all our friendship, but you do not know us enough. . . . We regret that a man who is so dear to us appears to have sorrows. We flatter ourselves that we are able to remove them, and this renders your friendship necessary to us."

But Schiller was not to be let off entirely as to the *Thalia*. Friendship was bound to be candid.

"We look forward with anxious desire to your *Thalia*, but it would pain us if it should keep you from what appears to be your special calling. All that history supplies of what is great in characters or situations which Shakespeare has not exhausted, is waiting for your brush. Your work on the *Thalia* is, so to speak, work for which orders have been given. If from time to time you supply a certain quantity of this work, then may you afterwards revel in the enjoyment of your own ideas, then may you give free vent to your spirit and your heart, and those who are capable of grasping your thoughts will bless you even for the fruits of your hours of recreation; while, in the mean time, by greater works, such as one has a right to expect from you, you satisfy the demands of your age and of your country."

This second letter seems to have electrified Schiller altogether. His reply is an outburst of melancholy,

but ecstatic and tumultuous, passion. The most impassioned glow of a nineteenth-century lover writing to the mistress of his heart, pales before the fiery outpouring of Schiller's spiritual rhapsody to his unseen friends.

"It is no sacrifice which I am making to you, if the remembrance of you annihilates the whole horizon round me; it is real selfishness—it is the sweetest refreshment of my present joyless existence, that my soul can float around *yours*. Moments like the present, when all my sensations melt away in voluptuous mourning, when I step back into myself and revel in my own poverty—such moments when my soul soars from its shell, and, with freer flights, wanders through its Elysian home—such hours shall be consecrated to the friends of my heart. If, meantime, in the midst of the intoxicating distractions of your life, you are surprised by a sudden sense of soft sadness which you cannot explain, know from henceforth that in *that* minute Schiller has thought of you, that his spirit has knocked at your door.

"This opening, I fear, may look more like a burst of dreamy enthusiasm than my real sentiments, but it is quite, *quite* the mood of my feelings. For you, my good friends, I cannot wear 'rouge;' I have no knowledge of this resource of a cold heart. Since your last letter the thought has never left me—'you belong to those people, those people belong to you!'"

Sensible, apparently, of the extraordinary rapidity which his correspondents might see in the development of his friendship, he explains that—

"In the case of some people, nature tears down the tedious fences of fashion. Nobler souls hang together by more delicate ties which not seldom hold fast for ever. Great musicians often recognize each other by the first chords, great painters by the most careless stroke of the brush, noble people often by one single rush of feeling. Your letters,—and we were friends!"

Interrupted whilst writing the letter, Schiller thus resumes—

"During the last twelve days I have passed through a revolution which gives this frank letter more importance than I could have dreamed, and which marks an epoch in my life. I cannot remain longer in Mannheim. I write to you, my best friends, with a nameless oppression in my heart. I cannot remain longer here. For twelve days I have carried this feeling about in my heart as if it were the resolve to depart from this world. I have not one soul here, not one, to fill the emptiness of my heart—no friend, man or woman, now. From what might, perhaps, become dear to me, propriety and circumstances part me. I have given up my contract with the theatre. Thus, I am no longer bound by pecuniary considerations to stay in this place. . . . But before all else, let me tell you straight out, my dearest friends (and smile if you choose at my weakness), I *must* visit Leipzig and you. Oh! my soul thirsts for new nourishment, for better people, for friendship, attachment, and love. I must fly to you, and in nearer converse with you, bound up with you in the closest ties, learn once more to enjoy my own heart, and bring my whole being into a more vigorous swing. My poetical vein flows no longer as my heart is dried up for the circle in which I have moved hitherto. *You* must warm it again. In your midst I shall be twice and three times more than I have ever been, and—more than all this—I shall be happy.

"Will you receive me?

"Leipzig appears to my dreams and presentiments as the rosy morn on the farther side of the wooded hill. In all my life I never remember such a deep-seated prophetic certainty as this, that I shall be happy in Leipzig. But why presentiment? I *know* what awaits me there, and whom I shall find!"

Schiller looked forward with a paroxysm of joy to this emancipation from his Mannheim surroundings. Poor Charlotte von Kalb, a noble woman, unhappily married, deeply attached to Schiller, and fully capable

of understanding his genius, giving him rich sympathy with unstinted magnanimity—she of whom Schiller probably spoke when he alluded to "what *perhaps* might become dear to him but for propriety and circumstances," was less than nothing to him now in the exuberance of this outburst towards the new friends with whom he had fallen in love, not at first sight, but at first letter!

Nor will some readers be able to suppress a smile if they call to mind that at this moment there lived in Mannheim Margaret Schwan, the daughter of his publisher, whom he asked in marriage of her father in a letter written *one week after his arrival in Leipzig!* But his spiritual transcendentalism at this time blazed more fiercely than the ordinary passions of the heart. The beacon light of intellectual idealism, flaming up into a purer heaven, shone on him from the home of his unseen friends. Electric shocks of spiritual affinities flashed through his system from every sentence which they wrote. "Your letters,—and we were friends!"

Schiller concludes what he calls his "colossal letter" by coming very straight to the real point of importance—

"Thus it is settled that in three or four weeks I shall go direct to Leipzig. . . . Judge how insupportable the hours will be which will keep me a prisoner in Mannheim till March. . . . On some other matters I write to-morrow for certain to Huber."

Schiller's "for certains" were, in general, very uncertain. It was not till more than a fortnight later that the letter to Huber was written. While an enthusiastic and irresistible movement of sentiment carried Schiller in spirit to Leipzig, where he hoped

to find "better men and fresher nurture for his soul," business considerations could unfortunately not be set entirely on one side. Schiller had a postscript to make to what he had written before, but the business part is written to Huber alone.

"Whether I may be frank with you, is, I presume, no longer an open question. It is perhaps the first and most decided pledge of my extreme friendship. If besides my promise and desire to see you and your dear ones face to face and to live in your circle, I may bring into account another cause for my journey to Leipzig, it is this: partly to put my arrangement with the Duke of Weimar on a clear footing, partly to set my circumstances in order by the best possible utilization of my works. This latter consideration refers mainly to my *Thalia*, which I have resolved to transfer entirely to a publisher on account of the wearisome correspondence and bargaining business which are so extremely distasteful to me, even if I should lose a few hundred thalers in the process. I am as little fitted to be a merchant as to be a monk.

"You see, my good friend, what important reasons for my journey to Leipzig are supplied by my financial situation, without counting the wishes of my heart which decided the question earlier than all the others. But I cannot leave Mannheim without being obliged to chuck away at least a hundred ducats (three hundred thalers), and there are no subsidies for which I can hope, except the first number of my *Thalia*, which I hardly think can produce more than 100 thalers at the first outset."

Explaining the grounds on which it was impossible to look for help to his family, he continues—

"Now for my request. Would it be possible for you to procure me an advance of about 300 thalers from publishers or from other Jews?

"My plan is this. I would pay back out of the proceeds of my *Thalia* fifty thalers every two months, with the customary interest, till my debt is cancelled. But the repayments could only begin with the third

number. Making the most complete calculation I can, my annual income from the *Thalia*, after deducting expenses, amounts to about 800 or 900 thalers. If a publisher in Leipzig would take the whole publication off my hands, I should soon be out of these troubles; but this can really only be done by my actual presence, and this presence is an impossibility if I cannot obtain that sum. You have no doubt connections from whom you could fairly expect such a service which for me involves more than I could express. My whole journey to Leipzig hangs upon this, and on this journey, depend upon it, my future destiny. But what need, dearest friend, is there for me to lay lengthy declamatory sentences before you? Regard this frank confession as the decisive sign that the matter is of boundless importance to me. Write to me as quickly as possible, dearest friend, for in my yearning to leave Mannheim my feelings are just those of the Egyptians when the destroying angel was abroad.

"My best remembrances to Körner and our dear girls."

Such was the missive which Huber received. The destiny of the poet by whose genius he and his friends had been entranced, was at stake! The three hundred thalers must be found immediately. Huber, aware of the business relations between Goschen and Körner, wrote off to both post-haste, but his letter to my grandfather was certainly not that of a man off his head. Eager to serve Schiller, he still shows an anxiety not to cause embarrassment to "an older friend," and he is also keenly alive to the mutual advantages which may flow both to the older and to the new friend from the introduction. His letter is dated March 9th, 1785.

"I wrote to Schiller about his intentions with regard to the *Rheinische Thalia*. A week ago he replied to *us all*, and gave us the delightful news that he has given up everything in Mannheim, and hoped

to be here in three or four weeks. Yesterday I received a letter addressed specially to me, from which I will copy for you the important passages, as that is more to the purpose than telling you the story over again."

I have compared the passages which Huber quotes in his letter to my grandfather (of which I possess the original) with Schiller's letter to Huber (printed in the Schiller-Körner correspondence). Omitting all the sentimental points, he gives Goschen the business passages verbatim, with one diplomatic exception. Schiller wrote, "Would it be possible for you to procure me an advance of about 300 thalers from publishers or other Jews?" Huber drops the "Jews." Schiller had doubtless been irritated into the phrase by the conduct of his publishers, Schwan and Götz, to whom I have found many uncomplimentary allusions. Huber then proceeds in his own name—

"This is the position of affairs, and here are my ideas upon it. You will see from what precedes, that he is willing to sell his *Thalia* to a publisher. You see how high he rates it, and if it is the fault of his ignorance of business matters that he exaggerates somewhat, still the real value, when he is once here, can be proved by documents and can be further increased in such a place as Leipzig.

"Here, therefore, are two alternatives. Either he receives the 300 thalers, not as money lent but as an advance on the *Thalia* transaction, or it is reckoned as an advance for the surrender of the remaining copies of the *Thalia*, which have not yet been disposed of to subscribers, and on the privilege to publish *Don Carlos* (the tragedy at which he is now working, and which he will finish and have performed here, and through which he became acquainted with the Duke of Weimar).

"Let Schiller be allowed the choice of these alternatives. Now comes the question: Can you absolutely spare this sum in your present position? I know that Körner himself has an interest up to a certain sum in your business. Shall the 300 thalers be taken from this amount, and shall Körner thus also have an interest in this publication? You may believe me, that in my eagerness to aid Schiller, I should not like to bring an older friend, and one whom I know better, into danger; but to my mind this would not be the case here.

"This publication, and perhaps other things which Schiller would let you publish, would give a great lift to your establishment, and, so far as I can see into the matter, these transactions, while rendering thorough help to Schiller, would at the same time not be other than advantageous to yourself. As a publisher, and as living in the same place, you would urge him on and put him in motion, and you would have a preferential claim on all the fruits of his talent, a thing for which there will be many suitors in this place, since several editions of his works have already been quite exhausted. I am coming to the end. The matter must be managed quickly, for, as I see from his letters, *all* depends upon his coming here, and in his present frame of mind he is absolutely of no use in Mannheim.

"You will do me the favour to answer by return of post. Körner, to whom I have also written, will not delay in replying. Thus if both your replies agree in accepting my proposal, I shall consider the matter decided, and take steps accordingly. Further, as this advance from a publisher with whom he is unacquainted, might perhaps make him fear that he might be entangled by it in an unprofitable bargain from which he could not retreat (for he does not seem to have much cause to boast of the conduct of publishers towards him), it would be well for him to know that Körner is interested in it, for him he knows and loves. So I have asked Körner, if he considered my proposal suitable, to send me at once by the next post a letter for Schiller, of which I should only make use if you were of the same opinion. You

might, I think, also enclose a letter for Schiller on this business, for the same contingency and of like construction.

"Farewell, my friend, and answer me speedily.

"HUBER."

Körner, on his part, had no sooner received the letter which Huber had written to him, than he wrote to Goschen without losing a day, with even greater urgency.

"Now about a matter that admits of no delay. An opportunity presents itself of doing Schiller an act of friendship, and of winning him at the same time for our publishing business. Huber has written to you at length about it. My decision is to advance him the 300 thalers, but it must have the appearance of being done by you in order to secure the publishing of the *Rheinische Thalia*. I shall write to Schiller that I have capital in your business, and accordingly stand in account with you, but that it was only with yourself that he will have to work out the conditions with regard to your taking over the *Thalia*, that you will send him 300 thalers in any way that he desires, on receipt of a bond (*Schein*) which you would debit to me as cash paid in case you should not come to terms with him as to the conditions. He will thus see that there is no wish to extract a disadvantageous bargain from him. If you come to terms with him, as no doubt you will, I expect that none of his future writings will escape us."

The delicate way in which both Körner and Huber wish to put the matter to Schiller is noticeable; on no account is their unseen friend to be made to feel uncomfortable.

The 300 thalers were sent forthwith to Schiller. He shook the dust of Mannheim off his feet, and arrived in Leipzig on the 17th of April. It is Huber to whom he notifies his arrival, writing from an inn, The Blue Angel:—

"At last, here I am! A few minutes more, my good friend, and I hasten into your arms. Knocked up and bruised with my journey, I am not capable of being with you as yet, notwithstanding my earnest wish. But still I am with you, my dearest friend, within the same walls. Keep it a secret, to please me, from our girls that I am here. We will first plan a little hoax together."

But, as the editor of Schiller's correspondence with Körner states, Huber, Goschen, and Jünger anticipated him by playing a practical joke on him. The story was told after Schiller's death in the *Women's Magazine*, a periodical published by my grandfather in which the writers were *supposed* to be mainly ladies, and, though put into the mouth of a lady, is believed to have been written by my grandfather himself. It is interesting as containing a picture of Schiller's personal appearance as it presented itself to one who was his intimate friend, and as illustrating the boyish taste then prevailing for hoaxing people on first acquaintance, of which Goethe's disguising himself in the clothes of a shabby theological student on his visit to Sesenheim and his introduction to Frederika, is a conspicuous example.

The story tells how the lady had begged Schiller to call upon her on his arrival in Leipzig, and had prepared herself to receive him by the perusal of the principal scenes of *The Robbers* and *Fiesco*. Some little time before the appointed hour, "Herr Doctor Schiller" was announced. The lady was astonished at the contrast between her conception of the poet's figure and bearing and the reality :—

"'What? This pleasant, self-satisfied man! these lively and sparkling eyes! this satirical mouth! this elegant light clothing! this easy bearing! this polite condescension! this easy, mocking way of talking!—

was Schiller all this?' The reality had pleased her much, but not just in the way that she had expected. As she reflected on the interview, the servant entered and announced 'Herr Schiller,' and at once the mystery seemed solved—a stranger had played her a trick, and this was the real Schiller. The one who now entered was a perfectly different man! Scarcely of medium stature, of powerful, but not of stout build; large, candid eyes, full of intellect; an earnest mien, and rather severe and commanding glance—his words few, but incisive; his speech slow, impressive, and musical. As they talked of poetry and art, he commenced to criticize, and the more obscure he grew in speech, the brighter grew his eyes, and his hearer at least imagined that she understood his words.

"This visitor certainly answered more to the conception that she had formed; but once more the servant entered and announced, 'There is another Herr Schiller without, and he begs——' And, to her astonishment, a tall lean man, with large joints, very marked features, pale yellow complexion, deeply set but penetrating eyes; a somewhat fixed, but not repellent look; with somewhat negligent garments,—entered and said in a monotonous hollow voice, 'I owe you thanks for having given me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance.'

"This Schiller of course she believed to be a hoax, and matters were becoming rather strained between hostess and visitor, when once more the servant appeared and informed her that the two other Herr Schillers desired to speak again with her. Announced, they came up to apologize for the practical joke which they had played upon her, and the mystery was at once cleared up by Schiller recognizing in the two who had assumed his name, his friends Huber and Jünger." *

* I have found letters of Theresa Huber (the lady whom the luckless Huber carried off from her husband and subsequently married) written to my grandfather, in which she expresses her doubts as to the accuracy of the story. Goschen had sent her some numbers of the *Women's Magazine* and she replied, "The numbers contained much that is pleasant; but the anecdote of Schiller, Jünger, and Huber is certainly not true." She based her scepticism on the fact

Körner, the one member of the radiant circle who was to become, above all others, Schiller's life-long friend, stimulating the industry, criticizing the work, helping the necessities, calming the extravagances of the great poet, while constantly stirring the fire of his genius,—was detained by official duties in Dresden, but the warmest welcome was given to Schiller by the rest of the set.

One of his biographers says that he lived with Huber at Leipzig, but it cannot have been for a long time, for, in a very few weeks he sought a summer retreat in the little village of Gohlis, about half an hour's walk from Leipzig—driven out, his biographers say, by the bustle of the town—and following the stream of other Leipzig citizens who sought shady trees, green meadows, and rustic simplicity in that neighbourhood which was called "The Rose Valley." It was an oasis of gleaming meadows and waving woods. Otherwise the bound-

that Huber had never told her the story, and on its incongruity with Huber's character. But she was writing more than twenty years after the event. She explained—

"When I found Huber's name among the two false Schillers, I experienced a sensation which resembled an electric shock. I saw that undeniably the author must have known Huber, for the description is strikingly like. But how is it that Huber, who spoke with so much zest and sympathy of all that concerned Schiller, never told me this anecdote? Or have I forgotten it? And is it like the proud Huber, who distrusted himself so much, to play this trick with a strange lady—as the author gives one to understand, a young lady? For, droll as the incident is, and good-humouredly as it ends, I do not know any conditions in the world under which, in the lady's place, I could have forgiven it. But can such a story, which is so unimportant, be a simple invention? And do people invent anything so trivial with so much charm, and so much tact, while nevertheless there is an inherent *indelicatesse* in the affair? You need not write me a letter, as you seem to write as unwillingly as I do; but could you name the author to me by the next opportunity? He who describes my friend in such life-like colours is my friend, whoever he may be."

less monotonous plains in which Leipzig lies, must have been depressing indeed to a poet who had been nursed among the vine-girt hills and varied valleys which pour their waters into the Neckar, and who had come straight from the banks of the Rhine. In this little village of Gohlis, Schiller shared a modest dwelling with my grandfather. The cottage is still standing, unchanged from that day, and preserved by the care of the Schiller Association. Dora and Minna Stock also went to Gohlis, living in an adjoining house with their step-brother Endner, himself an engraver, like his step-father. Some authorities recount that Schiller lived with Endner; others, that my grandfather lived with Endner; but correspondence which has come later to light, proves conclusively that Schiller and Goschen lived in the same house. Indeed, it would seem from the following letter of my grandfather to Schiller, that the latter had almost been in some way his guest :—

"September 17, 1785.

"My dearest Friend,

"Your kindness puts me to shame! Much as I wish that my efforts to render your stay at Gohlis agreeable, might deserve such praise from such a man as you, yet my conscience tells me I must not appropriate it to myself.

"Alas, dear friend, folks like me have their wings clipped too close! If the Father of all Goodness blesses me, then visit me again in the same way after five years, and you shall see how I will care for you. Meanwhile I do not fail to recognize this fine point in your character—your tolerance towards your fellowmen, with your contented appreciation of what little they can do. I have long admired it in you, and it was this which lit the first spark of love for you in my heart. Since you have been away, I have not been again at Gohlis, which I loved so well before!

"Yet, the day after to-morrow, I shall go there

again, for there is one still living there whom I value. The remainder are nothing but stubble, stubble of which the living blooms and fruits have perished, if indeed they ever existed.

"Let me keep that friendship of yours which makes me so happy in solitary hours, and God reward you for it with the love of the best men who live on this earth.

"Ever yours,
"GOSCHEN."

It has always been a tradition in my family that Schiller and my grandfather lived together in Gohlis, but the nature of the relations between them at that time was not known to me till I became possessed of the letter just quoted.

While Schiller was still at Gohlis in the summer, Minna and Dora—"the girls" as Schiller constantly called them—with their step-brother, and Huber and Jünger, who came out from Leipzig, joined my grandfather and Schiller on many a merry evening. Körner's had been the only vacant place.

Here is a description from my grandfather's pen of Schiller's demeanour and influence over his companions in those early days. It was written to Bertuch in February, 1786, and will doubtless interest my readers, as sketched by one who knew the poet intimately, and who wrote of him before the aureole of his later fame was around his brow.

"For half a year I lived with Schiller in one room. He inspired me with the tenderest friendship and esteem. His gentle demeanour and the gentle tone of his spirit in social gatherings, compared with the productions of his muse, are to me a riddle. I cannot tell you how yielding and grateful he is to every critic, how he strives for his moral perfection, and how disposed he is to patient reflection. He knew that Moritz had reviewed him scornfully in the

Berlin paper. Nevertheless, when Moritz was here, he received him with such esteem and pleasing politeness, that Moritz, on going away, embraced him and assured him of his eternal friendship. With the greatest earnestness, with moving eloquence, with tears in his eyes, Schiller has often exhorted me, young Huber, Ober-Consistorial-Rath Körner, Jünger the poet, each to employ all his powers in his own vocation, to become men whom the world would one day be unwilling to lose. We have all much to thank him for, and I shall remember him with gladness even in the hour of my death. Pardon my friendship if it has chattered too much!"

Some of Schiller's biographers introduce my grandfather at this point when they became housemates in Gohlis. Palleske says—

"Soon the vivacious and energetic Goschen was included among Schiller's most intimate associates."

Another writes—

"This was the time when G. J. Goschen, supported by Körner's means, displayed immense energy and activity as a publisher. This clever, vivacious man had personally visited Weimar, and had secured authors for his business in Wieland,* Musäus, and Bode. It was natural that he should talk over his projects and undertakings and try to win the famous Schiller for his business which soon embraced the names of great leaders of literature of the day in beautiful and splendid editions."

I have quoted these passages characterizing some of my grandfather's qualities, in case too favourable a bias should be suspected in a grandson.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the extremely modest way in which Schiller and his circle lived, where were the means of subsistence to be found? The

* The writer is mistaken in stating that Goschen had at *this* time secured Wieland as a client (*vide* p. 90).

three hundred thalers had been "chucked away" at Mannheim to enable him to start, and the second number of the *Thalia*,* which was to contain the continuation of *Carlos*, was not nearly ready. Goschen, too, was living from hand to mouth, and his friends were aware that he was unable to make any more advances from his scanty capital. At this juncture, a meeting between Körner and Schiller led up to an arrangement between the two which extricated the poet from his worst embarrassments. The Leipzig and Gohlis party—Schiller, Huber, Minna and Dora Stock, and Goschen—fixed a tryst with Körner, for the 1st of July, at a village between Leipzig and Dresden, belonging to the family of the great Latin scholar Ernesti, and which had been styled the "Tusculum of the German Cicero." Of this meeting itself, the first between Körner and Schiller, we have no description. Schiller's grand "Lyric to Joy," published in the next number of the *Thalia*, may be regarded as the poetical expression of the exuberant ecstasies of that happy time. But actual eloquent echoes of that day, so memorable to both, also live in a letter which Schiller wrote to Körner two days afterwards on his return to Gohlis. It will be seen from that letter how, with not unnatural delicacy and reserve, Schiller, who had previously unbosomed himself to his friend in letters as to all that concerned him with the utmost brotherly frankness, had, on the occasion of their meeting, refrained from touching on his pecuniary straits. When he sat down to write, his letter commenced with the apotheosis of friendship, but the harsh facts

* Henceforward no longer *Die Rheinische Thalia*, but simply *Die Thalia*.

of life had to be faced, and it ended with a long discussion of business arrangements. Schiller, describing the journey back to Gohlis after they had parted from Körner, wrote—

"My feelings grew eloquent within me, and the others were touched by the electric spark. Oh, how beautiful and godlike is the contact between two souls who meet on their road to the divine heights of knowledge! Until now not a syllable had been said about you, and yet I read your name in Huber's eyes—involuntarily it escaped my lips; your eyes and mine now met, and our sacred purpose melted into our sacred friendship. It was a silent clasp of the hand, a determination to remain true to the feelings of that moment, to start for the same goal, mutually to warn and encourage each other, and not to rest content till the limit of human greatness was attained. . . . Kind Providence, who heard my softest prayer, has led me to you, and I hope also you to me. Without me, it would be as difficult for you to attain the highest possible happiness, as it would for me without you. The future perfection which we shall attain, shall and must rest on no foundation but our friendship. . . . .

"Our conversation had taken this turn, when we got out of the carriage, in order to breakfast on the way. We found wine in the inn. Your health was drunk. Silently we gazed at each other, a solemn sense of devotion filled our minds, and all of us had tears in our eyes which we forced ourselves to repress. Goschen said that he still felt this glass of wine burning in every limb; Huber's face was as red as fire as he confessed that he had never before tasted wine so good."

Transcendental emotion had changed the nature of the wine. In a further passage, Schiller described it as having a sacramental effect on himself.

Körner was not to monopolize the youthful poet's highly-strung devotion. In Huber, too, his

magnificent conception of the *rôle* of a true friend compelled him to look ahead—

"Huber's position concerns me deeply. If we are to be wholly happy, it is absolutely necessary that Huber should not be left behind in Leipzig. I hope everything from our union for his development, and it is one of my fairest dreams to help in guiding the crisis of his mind. You and I are indispensable to him if the revolution we desire in him is to be worked, and he will add largely to the happiness of our mental union. So make it a labour of love to set his affairs to rights!"

But now it was time to descend to the question of ways and means, and to discuss business projects—

"I have now to ask a few questions respecting your connection with Goschen. For instance, are your relations with him such, that *you* would be able to be the publisher of a book in his firm, which he would have only on commission? It is very important for me to know this, because then I could manage my dealings as an author quite differently, and should be inclined to undertake the publication of my things myself, after first coming to an understanding with you."

Schiller then opens up another idea. His first publishers, Schwan and Götz, had issued a new edition of *Fiesco* without vouchsafing a word to the author upon the subject, and Götz had actually made him pay for a few copies which he had taken for his own use. This "low act" released him, in Schiller's eyes, from all obligations to this firm, and justified him in taking measures for a new edition of his works himself.

And he desired such a new edition for another reason. His literary honour required him to repair the bungling mess which publishers had made of his pieces, and he felt confident that a more correct treatment of the *Robbers* and *Fiesco* would be interesting

to the public, and have an important result on his fame. He had no doubt about the success of the speculation. Explaining the reason for his pressing need of money, and urging, too, that Huber required help, he declared that if Körner could take a share in this publication through Goschen's business, the matter could be settled at once, either by Körner paying a lump sum, or so much a sheet—and—

"This I should leave entirely to your own calculation. The point is this, that this plan is not to your disadvantage or Goschen's, but for me it is of very great advantage—for hitherto I have been miserably paid for my three pieces, and I believe that the public does owe me some compensation. . . .

"Answer me in detail, dearest friend, but consider that Huber and I need money urgently, and if you agree to my proposal, you would do me a great favour if you could advance me a part now at once. I have not yet liked to say a word about the matter to Goschen.

"But enough of these business matters. I had still thousands of ideas to communicate to you, but soon we shall be together, and I will give myself this pleasure by word of mouth. Oh! my best friend, in what beauty the Dresden future lies before my eyes! how I begin now to delight in my life, because I intend to enjoy it worthily! I say, with Julius of Tarentum, 'In my bones there is marrow enough for centuries.'

"Farewell, dearest friend.

"Ever your,
"SCHILLER."

Körner replied to this letter in a noble fashion. He read between the lines that Schiller was oppressed and almost beaten by pecuniary anxieties. "Why did you not tell me straight out that you wanted money?" Such is the burden of his reply. He enclosed a certain sum in his letter, and made the magnanimous offer to bear all Schiller's expenses for

a year, to relieve him for a year from the care of working for bread. With regard to the publishing proposals, he agreed to the suggestion that Goschen should have what Schiller wrote, on "commission," and that he, Körner, would pay the printing out of other funds than those in Goschen's hands, making Schiller advances, if necessary.

Schiller, in a most characteristic letter, accepted Körner's brotherly offer of assistance for a year in the spirit in which it was made, not with any sense of humiliation or false shame, but with boundless confidence in himself and his friend, and with a prophetic feeling that it was a service to humanity that his great powers should have full scope.

"For your noble offer I have but one form of thanks—the frank joy with which I accept it. I have never approved of the answer with which the great Rousseau cut short the letter of Count Orloff, who, moved by spontaneous enthusiasm, offered the fugitive poet a refuge. Just in the degree that I feel myself a smaller man than Rousseau, I will in this matter act in a larger manner than he. Your friendship and kindness are making an Elysium ready for me. Through you, dear Körner, I may perhaps yet become what I scarce dared to believe I ever could become. My happiness will rise with the perfecting of my powers, and with you, and through you, I have trust in my ability to form them. Should I rise to be *that*, which I now dream I may become, who will be happier than you?

"Do not burn this letter. Perhaps you will read it ten years hence with a strange sensation, and even in your grave you will sleep gently upon it."

Notwithstanding Körner's help thus frankly accepted, Schiller was extremely pushed for money long before the year was out. After Körner's marriage, Schiller migrated to Dresden and lived there under

Körner's wing, and, to a great extent, as a member of his household. But debts had pressed on him from his very earliest days. In November we shall find him writing to Goschen, that he was surprisingly "hard up" (*en peine*).

As to Schiller's plan, of which Körner had approved, that the *Thalia* should be published on his own account, it fell through, and was abandoned for a direct arrangement with Goschen on ordinary publishing terms.

Goschen paid Schiller two louis d'or (£1 10*s.*) per sheet, always regularly, and sometimes in advance. Funds were often asked for by the editor and immediately sent him, even before all the manuscript for the current number of the *Thalia* had been received.

The other publishing projects discussed by Schiller in his long letter were not carried out at this period, and only a part of them was executed at all.

By the arrangement for the publication of the *Thalia*, Goschen came into regular business relations with Schiller, and the correspondence between them was conducted in a tone of intimate friendship, but, naturally, without a touch of that transcendentalism which marked the correspondence between Körner and Schiller. To appreciate the relations between Körner, Schiller, and Goschen generally, the previous training of each should not be forgotten. Romantic they all were — romantic to a degree which the present generation scarcely understands; but my grandfather was a romantic man of business, while Schiller was a romantic poet and metaphysician, Körner a romantic philosopher and *dilettante*. My grandfather was ten years older than the other two,

and of his life of five and thirty years a large part had been passed in severe business drudgery, not in rebellious authorship or attractive foreign travel.

How he had managed to sustain his imaginative faculties and his wonderful strain of sentiment, verging, according to our present notions, upon downright sentimentality, it is difficult to conceive. But so it was. When the publisher, having nearly reached middle life, working sixteen hours a day, and denying himself all but the necessaries of life in his ceaseless efforts to do justice to his rising but anxious business, came to courtship,—his letters breathe the romance of a boy of nineteen. His relations with Wieland, his great literary friend and patron, were throughout carried on in a vein of poetical sentiment; and in the dreadful times of Germany's sorest troubles, under the crushing incubus of Napoleon's despotism, while his letters sometimes breathed a spirit of almost poetic resignation, sometimes of an ardent hopefulness,—the figure of the stern man of business is almost lost to us in the interested spectator and eloquent critic of contemporary events. But his romance was not self-deception. It was not prone to any sort of illusion. When he sacrificed, as he often did, a publisher's profits to a publisher's ambition; when he embarked on enterprises intended to raise the fame of German typography, and strove to produce splendid editions which surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in Germany before;—he did so with no vain hopes that he might combine fame with profit. He knew that the latter would be small, but was content to accept it so. Still he had all the knowledge and all the capacity of a first-rate man

of business throughout, and so his literary companions, still more ardent, still more romantic than he, looked upon him as a steady-going man, who was with them, but scarcely of them.

To Körner especially any mercantile element was abhorrent. He was bound to recognize the obligation imposed even on a man who bought and sold literary works, to bear such terrestrial affairs as profits and the turn-over of capital constantly in mind; but the illusion that he himself could combine partnership in a house of business with the pursuit of the absolutely ideal, was destined to end in disappointment, and it will be seen by-and-by how the trade connection with Körner, which was of such invaluable service to Goschen at the outset of his publishing career, was dissolved after a few years in a friendly way to the satisfaction of both.

CHAPTER V.

A BEGINNER'S LIST—SUCCESSFUL, BUT OVERWORKED.

1785–1786.

MANY months elapsed before the publisher received Schiller's promised number of the *Thalia;* but he was not allowing the grass to grow under his feet.

On the authority of an unpublished letter to R. Z. Becker, to which I have not been able to find the clue, and the date of which I have thus not been able to verify, it has been stated that immediately after Goschen had settled in Leipzig, he started off in haste on an "author-hunt" to Weimar, and returned triumphantly with promises of works for publication in his pocket from many writers of eminence, amongst them from the veteran Wieland himself. But whether this journey to Weimar took place at this particular time or not, it is certain that Goschen did not see Wieland himself so early, for a year later he writes to Bertuch that the great author was anxious to make his personal acquaintance. As to the fact that Goschen was displaying extraordinary energy all evidence agrees, and Legations-Rath Bertuch and Hof-Rath Becker were seconding him with most efficient support.

Rudolph Zacharias Becker has appeared before as

the recipient of Goschen's confidences. He was a noted man in his day, and the cruel treatment inflicted on him by Napoleon, an incident to which I shall have to refer later on, made him a historical character.

A tutor in Dessau in 1782, he had settled in Gotha in 1783, where he acquired the title of "Hofrath." He has been described as "a cosmopolitan author for the people," and was distinguished above many more celebrated writers by an untiring devotion to popular literature, to books which would circulate among the masses and promote their well-being. Goschen and he were intimate friends, and had nearly become very closely connected. Tender passages occurred between my grandfather and Sophie, Becker's sister, but alas! as will be seen hereafter, one of the two parties drew back.

When Goschen was about to establish himself at Leipzig, Becker placed the plan of a *vade mecum* for agricultural labourers before him, and the publisher eagerly entertained it. Becker wrote a preliminary essay, which appeared on Goschen's list at the Michaelmas Fair of this year (1785) entitled, *Essay on the Enlightenment of the Agriculturist*, together with the announcement of a handbook for his use. The title of the handbook was as follows:—*A Little Book of Help-in-Need for the Countryman, which Teaches how One can Live a Cheery Life and become Rich with Honour, by a Citizen honestly devoted to the Peasant Class.*

Few works issued by my grandfather's firm were more curious. I have seen a copy of it at the British Museum, but this copy belongs to an "improved edition" published by the author himself at a later

time. Paper and printing and woodcuts are of a very ordinary kind, but the eight hundred pages which it contained were sold for the extraordinarily low price of eightpence! The handbook, properly so called, is introduced in the middle of a history of a village, which is headed, *An Instructive Story of the Joys and Sorrows of the Inhabitants of Wildheim, described for Old and Young.* Probably to attract attention, it begins with a sensational event, painted in almost gruesome detail—the discovery in a vault of the skeleton of the young squire's wife, who had been buried by accident while in a swoon, and was found with a baby in her lap, having got out of her coffin. The young squire later on obtained possession of the *Help-in-Need Book*, containing remedies against all the accidents of life, amongst them premature burial, and the moral is that the teaching of such a work would have prevented so frightful a catastrophe. Accordingly he caused it to be placed at the disposal of the village. This most fanciful beginning introduces a very practical book, the whole object of which is to improve humanity on practical and economic lines. Advice is given on every domestic question which would interest the peasant, as well as on his moral duties. Baking and brewing, cooking and cheese-making, gardening and farming, are all taught. The sanitation of cottages, watchfulness as to water, hints about wine and brandy, remedies against sickness, are dealt with.

Then follow precepts on marriage (with a primitive print of Adam and Eve), on the training of children in virtuous ways, on death-bed repentance, on honour, truthfulness, and conscience, all illustrated by homely little stories.

Turning to the second part of the subject, the author then instructs the husbandman how he may become "rich with honour." He explains how small holdings are to be acquired, and illustrates his teaching by anecdotes and statistics as to various parts of Germany, and their respective products and varieties of soil.

In a third part, more specific instructions are given as to how peasants can help themselves and should bear themselves in emergencies, in famine, and in war-time, or amid social disorders. Precautions are suggested against storms and floods and fire. Indeed, a fire-drill is set out with a catechism as to what would be the duties of young and old in the moment of peril. The husbandman is instructed when to bury his dead, and how drowning men can be brought to life. The art of growing old is set forth with a brief plan of life for the healthy, the sick, and the convalescent.

But the lessons would not be complete without some reference to the State. Thus at the close of the *Help-in-Need Book*, the history of the village is resumed. The young squire, who has been travelling, has been to Berlin and has seen Frederick the Great, whom he describes to the villagers as the sole, the boldest, the greatest friend of the peasants amongst all kings. He had "abolished lawyers," and shortened legal proceedings. He had laboured indefatigably for the material improvement of his people, he had advanced money for the establishment of factories, he had drained waste lands and banished famine for ever!

Such was Becker's book in broad outline, utterly different in tone and substance from any work of that

period with which I am acquainted. The enormous sale which it had speaks volumes for its popularity. Schiller at a later date ascribed this result to the energies of those who pushed it; but its success was due to deeper causes. Homely as was the advice given, it anticipated in many ways large social reforms, and contained a progressive programme, some features of which are still before us to-day.

Goschen's friends were charmed with the idea when the plan of the book was unfolded to them. Schiller wrote in high spirits about it, and promised to look up subscribers, while Goschen, as will be seen by-and-by, described this scheme as one of three which were the dearest objects of his life. Subscription lists were opened, and Goschen ventured on printing 30,000 copies, an immense number for that time. But this was nothing compared with its subsequent circulation. Writing in the year 1811, Becker himself stated that a million copies had been issued, and that the book had been translated into Hungarian and other languages.*

Though the appearance of the book was delayed for nearly two years, it was no trifle to get 30,000 copies ready. Goschen in a letter to Wieland in the year 1788, when discussing an edition of that voluminous writer's entire works, wrote—

"Just consider, that I carried on almost as great an undertaking in the case of the *Noth-und-Hülfsbuch*, that I ventured on twenty sheets,—30,000 impressions in six presses,—that I successfully carried it out, and

* The issue by Goschen of 30,000 copies, as mentioned by Schiller in a letter to Körner, seemed so impossible to the compiler of the correspondence between the two men, that he suggests that figure to be a misprint for 3000. But the large figure was absolutely correct.

then handed over to Becker at his request the whole profit of the succeeding editions. This I did at a time when I had not four groschen to call my own, and only 4000 subscribers."

In the course of this summer Goschen secured another valuable client in Jena, Dr. Gottlieb Hufeland, professor of law, and co-editor with a certain Professor Schütz, of the famous *Allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung*, a daily literary review of very considerable position and constituted on the interesting basis that no reviewers should be admitted to it who had not themselves won popular favour by a successful work! Schiller says of it—

"On this *Litteratur-Zeitung* about 120 authors are at work, and among them, as they allege, some of the most important in Germany. Schütz and Bertuch get an income of 2500 thalers from it, and they pay their *collaborateurs* fifteen thalers a sheet. I let myself be conducted through their establishment, where an enormous number of publications, arranged according to the names of the publishers, is awaiting its verdict; but, in reality, a reviewing association is a brutal and ridiculous institution, and I confess that I feel inclined to plot against it."

Hufeland's connection with this powerful association will give the measure of the satisfaction with which Goschen must have received proposals from the professor. The powerful co-editor of the *Litteratur-Zeitung* was a client whom any publisher would have been glad to secure; but as an author, too, Hufeland's was a valuable name to appear on Goschen's catalogue. The work now offered by him was an essay on *Natural Rights.*

Goschen might a little later on have secured the Leipzig agency of the *Litteratur-Zeitung* itself. It was offered to him by Bertuch, always on the look

out to serve and utilize his friend; but Goschen had as much on his hands as he could manage, and was particularly anxious to keep himself as free as possible from details. For, practically, he was doing all the work of the firm himself. He wrote in reply to Bertuch's offer—

"I have no retail business, consequently it is impossible for me to become the agent for the *Litteratur-Zeitung*. Indeed, I do not like in any case to undertake too much, that I may not rush into confusion.

"My own publishing business and the managing of the business of the *Academische Buchhandlung* (of Strasburg), the *Mercury*, etc., will give me enough employment. I do not yet earn enough to have assistants. Thus, my own head, my own hand, and the help of two apprentices to the book-trade, must get through all."

The allusion here made to the *Mercury* brings us to another important step in Goschen's progress. The sale of this well-known Weimar periodical had been secured to him by the indefatigable Bertuch. No one had more irons in the fire than Bertuch. He has already appeared as one of the chief shareholders in the Dessau Verlags-Casse, and as one of the proprietors of the Jena *Litteratur-Zeitung*. In Weimar he was co-proprietor and co-editor of the *Mercury* with the veteran Wieland. He took a warm part in the Drawing Academy of the same city, and with Kraus, who was at the head of this academy, he devised and carried out a *Journal of Fashion*. He planned a *Library for all nations*, a valuable collection of fairy stories in excellent translations, to which he wrote an introduction himself. He started a Geographical Institution later on, and corresponded with my grandfather on the establishment of a printing

press. Not content with all these enterprises, he ultimately became the founder of a considerable publishing institution.

Schiller did not like him. He describes him as having "a mercantile spirit," and it was true that Bertuch's activity constantly took the form of seeking for new undertakings. His restless practical disposition, setting in a literary direction and combining plans for intellectual and artistic development with an eye to the main chance, was repugnant to Schiller's and Körner's more transcendental spirits, and they resented my grandfather's intimate connection with him. But to the publisher his services were invaluable; and the combination of ardour and enthusiasm, which were not lacking in Bertuch, with practical business capacity, made him a valuable ally.

If it was Körner who first helped Goschen with capital, and Huber and Körner who introduced Schiller, it was Bertuch who secured him a most valuable connection in Weimar, who brought him into relations with Wieland, and, above all, as we shall see later on, who made him acquainted with Goethe.

It was no slight service which he rendered Goschen in placing the sale of the *Mercury* in his hands.

The *German Mercury*, as it was called, a title clearly suggested by the famous French *Mercure*, was at this time a joint enterprise of Wieland and Bertuch, the former being its intellectual father, the latter putting in the capital and looking after the business part of the arrangement. It was not sold to any publisher, but was disposed of for the benefit of the proprietors. The sale to booksellers was to be

given to Goschen, while, as was very usual, a certain number of subscribers were supplied direct through the post-offices.* The *Mercury* was to appear under Goschen's firm in the Fair Catalogue, and it was further stipulated that he was to take every possible pains to increase its circulation, and therefore from time to time to communicate his opinions and proposals to the editors! This part of his contract Goschen performed at once, for the ink with which it was written was scarcely dry before, as a candid friend, he despatched very unpleasant criticisms about the periodical to Bertuch.

"You must forgive me if I write to you frankly what I hear henceforward about the *Mercury*. The opinion is current here—whether rightly or wrongly I know not—that it has too little general interest. Pindar's Odes, they say, are not suitable for the *Mercury*. The essay in September about an Italian poet was insignificant. Ladies, men of the world, etc., are readers of the *Mercury*, not only learned men. This was the opinion of a man who had no idea that I had any interest in the periodical. This complaint made as little impression upon me as the judgments and plaints of the Venetian ballot papers on the lions into which they were cast."

Then follows a not unusual denunciation of the German public.

"The imperviousness of the German public is scandalous. Twenty people read, and only one buys. People are contented if they can only get the things after two months, and can so save the three thalers. Archenholtz's *Völker-Kunde* is read everywhere, yet my sale now is only 400."

Through the acquisition of the *Mercury*, Goschen had raised the number of periodicals over which he

* The sales to be made through Goschen were estimated to amount to 800 copies.

had command, to four. Schiller's *Thalia* and Archenholtz's *Review* were already in his hands, and the Fair Catalogue of 1785 mentioned another as published by him: *The Magazine of Philosophy and Belles Lettres*, edited by Professor Engel of Berlin. The *Mercury*, notably, was very important to him, for it contained criticisms on all new publications, and the influence over such criticizing organs as he acquired, not only furthered the sale of the books which he published himself, but enabled him to offer valuable consideration for services rendered to his authors elsewhere.

Thus in January, 1786, Goschen sent Bertuch a list of the publications of the Academische Buchhandlung of Strasburg and of his own, for the *Mercury*, and wrote—

"*Lorenz's Reader*" (a school-book which he was publishing) "is really good, and costs a great deal of money. Will you be so kind as to oblige my unworthy self by recommending this work to the famulus of the gods, and, to ask you an additional favour, will you kindly recommend this *Reader* to our friend Schütz" (of the *Litteratur-Zeitung*), "with a request to announce it as early as possible? In return you will find an advertisement of your *Journal of Fashion* in the second number of the *Thalia*, in the *Ephemerides*, and in Archenholtz's *Völker-kunde*."

While his connection was prospering, and his business increasing, it was not unnatural that difficulties should be besetting an ambitious and enterprising beginner.

Here is a glimpse of his own view of his position as described in a letter to Bertuch—

"My affairs are going on satisfactorily for a beginning. I must try to get on by degrees. If I

can only manage to get a few years behind me, I hope to own quite a pretty business. Were I only master of some six thousand thalerchen, then I should manage pretty well. Care and trouble from within; envy, disfavour, and contempt from without—well, that is the fate of all beginners. It is well for me that I have counted on all this, and am accordingly prepared for it. In the end, all will come right, I know, if only a man of standing makes up his mind to do something out of kindness for a young man who is determined to work his way through. I don't want anything as a gift. Let me only have a book to publish which would give consideration (*Ansehen*) to a business, and I will pay for it with as much generosity as Reich, the head of our profession."

Always Reich! This celebrated publisher was constantly held up to Goschen by his clients to stir his emulation, and not without effect. As to Goschen's wish that he might publish some book which would give consideration to his business, it was fulfilled within the year.

But the struggle of the young publisher with commercial jealousies and with the financial perplexities which closed in upon him most menacingly in these early years, failed to warn him off ground where he risked coming into collision with further antagonists in the shape of the authorities who wielded the despotic censorship. With his usual energy and enthusiasm, he did not shrink from bearding the Leipzig officials. The following letter from Zacharias Becker refers to a theological book which Goschen had in hand:—

"September 1, 1785.

"My dear Goschen,

"I am now leaving off in the middle of reading the *Researches on the Old Testament*, because I think it is worth the trouble to write you a word about it before the post leaves.

"I consider this work a masterpiece, so far as I have read. I shall review it in such a manner that the *greatest curiosity* will be aroused. But for your own bodily safety, pray take care that the whole issue be distributed among the booksellers—and, if possible, the parcels be already despatched from Leipzig—before it becomes known. You risk being arrested if Bursche and his fellows get hold of it. And if the row once begins before the booksellers are supplied, it will be pirated, and you will have the damage without covering your costs. I rejoice from my heart that you have not been deterred by any scruples from undertaking this work. It entitles you to the thanks of humanity, if only the parson's despotism does not find means of injuring the publisher. If I were the author and had only dry bread, I believe I should have placed my name on the title-page, and have thus made it more striking.

"P.S.—Could you not leave the principal stock of the *Researches* at Dessau? Or can I see about sending off a part from here?"

It is refreshing to see how at this time, even in Germany, the men of letters were backed up by their publishers in fighting on the side of freedom of thought, in the face of personal risks.

Goschen himself wrote to Bertuch, asking him to have the book advertised in the *Mercury*, and reviewed by a clever theologian. "It is said to be a masterpiece, but I shall be arrested if it is discovered that I am the publisher."

The book was advertised in the *Mercury*, but did not appear in the official Leipzig Fair Catalogue for Michaelmas, so probably, as suggested, Goschen published it at Dessau. Some of his books at this time were advertised as "at Leipzig and Dessau."

The Michaelmas Fair never had the importance of the Easter Fair, but Goschen was able to make

a goodly show at Michaelmas, 1785. Besides the books of Hufeland and Becker, the periodicals of Archenholtz and Engel, and the *Mercury*,—contributions from authors, whose connections with Goschen are not described in the correspondence in my possession, appear on his list; amongst others, the school-book by Lorenz, mentioned before and much praised in the *Litteratur-Zeitung* as a good, practical handbook. Educational books absorbed a great part of my grandfather's attention during the whole of his career.

One name was missing from this catalogue which, of all others, Goschen would have wished it to contain. Schiller had held out hopes that he would have the second number of his *Thalia* ready for this Michaelmas. But the autumnal glories of the Elbe and the delightful distractions of social intercourse with the Körners and with Huber who had also migrated to Dresden, had delayed the necessary concentration of effort.

"We revelled rather than worked," was the candid confession of the poet when speaking of these days!

A lady, connected with my family, who was in Dresden at that time, handed down the tradition that Schiller had to be bribed with bottles of champagne, or the promise of a Sunday jaunt, to shake off his moods of idleness, and to make those efforts of composition which his admiring and eager friends expected at his hands.

Körner, too, held out hopes of literary work, which proved illusory. Desirous of increasing his resources on which Goschen at this time, as we shall presently see, was anxious to draw, he asked his friend whether he could give him an English or French novel to

translate? But a further suggestion is more in his own style. "I have also a kind of periodical in my head, *Antisophist*, a refutation of harmful sophistries in a popular tone and in a miscellaneous dress, tales, dialogue, fables, letters, etc. Little volumes might come out singly, without tying ourselves to a particular time." This was just one of Körner's many dreams, never realized in fact.

With regard to his request to have translations given him, no reader of the literary correspondence of that period can fail to be struck with the very great part played by translations from the English and French. It will be remembered that Huber had translated Beaumarchais's *Figaro*. Goschen wrote to Bertuch on the subject, when sending him a copy: "Half a hundred translations of this play have appeared, all the work of less than a fortnight. Mine, too, would have turned out better, if it had been possible to bestow the necessary time upon it."

In the course of this autumn Goschen secured a very important client who put a translation from Fielding into his hands. Bode has been already mentioned as having recommended Goschen to Dr. Hufeland as a publisher. He now became connected with Goschen himself.

Christopher Bode, Hof-Rath in the Weimar service, had had a singular history. Beginning life as a labourer's boy, and called "the stupid Christopher," he had, with infinite perseverance, persuaded his family to let him learn music, and before long he figured in bands as a player of the hautboy. But while the hautboy secured him a livelihood, he hit upon a better key to fortune by learning English,

French, and Italian from some student, probably in return for musical instruction, and, untrained as he was in literature, except by his own efforts, he acquired the knack of first-class translation. It was in Hamburg that he first scored a considerable success by his translations from the English; but he did not neglect his music, and one of his pupils, a girl of wealth and beauty, gave him her hand and fortune. Her dowry enabled him to carry out a favourite dream. He started a printing establishment, and the first work which issued from his presses was Lessing's *Dramaturgy*. Then, with widening ambition, he planned a publishing business in partnership with Lessing. It was to be a kind of "Bookselling Association of Men of Letters," in the direction I have described in a former chapter; but neither Lessing nor Bode had business capacity or experience, and a large part of their capital was lost. Bode was then attracted to Weimar, where he settled down to translations and literary work with great zest and industry; and such services was he supposed to have rendered to literature, that three of the ducal dispensaries of titular honours to literary men, decorated him with the title of *Rath*. Meiningen made him a *Legations-Rath;* Gotha, a *Geheim-Rath;* and Weimar a *Hof-Rath*.

His importance was increased by his being a great personage among the Freemasons. Schiller describes his views to Körner, telling him how Bode had tried to make him a convert to Freemasonry. He was deep in the various controversies of Jesuits, Freemasons, and Illuminati, and it was this side of him which interested Schiller, but it was as a translator and an author that he was valuable to Goschen. Schiller advised Körner to be civil to Bode, when the latter

was about to visit Dresden, and to persuade Dora and Minna to exercise their charms on his somewhat susceptible nature, as "Bode was a good hand at blowing the trumpet."

Such was the man with whom Zacharias Becker had negotiated on Goschen's behalf for a translation of *Tom Jones*. The edition was to be of 1500 copies, and precautions were to be taken by a red title or otherwise to distinguish the authorized from pirated editions. *Humphry Clinker* had apparently been published by Reich for Bode, for the latter asks Goschen whether it was true that Reich had had that work printed for the third time before the last Fair? "He has not told me a word about it."

Becker wrote in a most appreciative tone to Goschen about Bode's translation of *Tom Jones*. He was astonished at the comic and lively descriptions, even at the effect produced by the very sound of words, and by the pathos of many passages; and especially he had been surprised to see, in reference to some low comic parts, how the obscenities of the original had been so blotted out or hidden away, that one seemed only to scent them from afar,—and how the translator substituted German for English wit, when the latter did not suit German soil, and had even tried to replace English puns by analogous ones in German. Goschen was delighted to secure the work, and forced its preparation on with such vigour, that it was finished by the Easter Fair, 1786. Bode was anxious to have it printed in Erfurt, nearer to Weimar than Leipzig, in order not to lose too much time in forwarding the proofs to and fro for correction. If this was done, it may explain how it was that Goschen succeeded better in keeping time with this

work than with many others. The Leipzig printers apparently could not get through all they undertook.

During the period between the Michaelmas Fair of 1785 and the Easter Fair of 1786 there is much evidence in Goschen's correspondence of his being overworked, and unable to manage all the business which was offered to him. Schiller and Körner were pressing him about the *Thalia*. Other friends complained of his leaving their letters long unanswered, a habit which seems to have been deeply ingrained in him. Indeed, it has struck me that possibly his obstinate silence on many occasions was adopted by him as a defensive policy whenever he was driven very hard; and I have often wondered how it was that clients of high standing who could not get an answer out of him, did not leave him in those early days, when they were conferring a greater favour on him than he on them.

Conspicuous amongst these cases was that of the two Counts Stolberg, to whom my grandfather was introduced by a friend of the name of Lock, an introduction peculiarly valuable, as it placed him in relation with another group of authors, the so-called "Göttingen Poets League," which lay entirely outside the Weimar and Leipzig set. The transition from the critical efforts of Lessing to creative originality had found expression in two groups of poets, one in North and one in South Germany. At the head of the latter, formed in the Main and Rhine regions, was Goethe. Shakespeare was its inspiring ideal, the transformation of the German drama its result. Among the members of this group was Klinger, the author of the drama *Sturm und Drang*. The University of

Göttingen was the home of the other guild, who, starting in their poetical efforts from Klopstockian Teutonism, endeavoured to impose its spirit on society. In 1782, under a "German" oak, the oath of the guild, pledging its members to "religion, virtue, sensibility, and innocent wit," was solemnly taken, and Klopstock chosen as the patron of the League. His birthday was celebrated as a festival, while a "*pereat*" was shouted for Wieland, the corruptor of morals, and his writings were burnt. The celebrated *Musen-Almanack*, edited by Voss, was their organ as regarded the outer world. They raged against "Voltaireism" and the tyranny of princes; they spent themselves in enthusiasm for religion, Vaterland, and virtue; they unearthed archaic poetry of the ancient bards; they held themselves together by the most romantic forms of friendship, calling each other by the names of various bards. Voss, who gave his countrymen famous translations of Homer and Virgil, and secured their love by many beautiful poems, was the soul of the league; and Bürger, the author of *Lenora* and of much popular poetry which is read to this day, was in close relations with it.

Of this group, Christian, Count Stolberg, and his younger and more famous brother, Friedrich Leopold, were important members. Professor Scherr, in his *History of Literature*, speaks of the older count as "quite insignificant as a man and a poet, whose youthful *Sturm und Drang* enthusiasm only rose into his empty brain for a short time, so that he delivered himself of some Teutonic and other bombast." Of Friedrich Leopold he writes: "More noise, and indeed, very much more noise, was made in the world by his younger brother, Friedrich Leopold, though

he is now entirely obsolete and forgotten, together with all his poems, his dramas, his dithyrambs, odes, ballads, satires, translations, travels, and historic-ascetic writings. Stolberg was the most furious of the Göttingen League in roaring out bardic songs, and many of his tyrannicide odes border on the insane." But Stolberg, whose talent Scherr does not deny, had committed an unpardonable crime in the eyes of this historian. "After having shown up more than any one else the hollowness of the Klopstockian Teutonism and liberalism through his bardic compositions, he went over with pomp and circumstance into the camp of the political reactionaries and the religious obscurantists." In politics, Stolberg when young had clearly been what we should now call a Tory Democrat. As to religion, his change of attitude was accompanied by personal sacrifice. In 1800 he passed over to the Roman Catholic Church, surrendering at the same time a number of high offices and honours which he had held.

An earlier writer, speaking of Count Friedrich's later lyrical effusions, declares, that "a lofty, bold swing, great and brilliant thoughts, a sacred zeal for freedom and the Vaterland, a blossoming fancy, and a happy versification, give to these poems, too, a high value." I do not presume to form a judgment myself between these conflicting opinions, but I notice that not only at the hands of German literary historians of to-day, but at the hands of contemporaries, all leaning to dogmatic belief brought down the severest scorn on the delinquents. Thus Schiller, writing to Goethe with regard to a preface by Stolberg to his *Platonic Dialogues*, speaks of "his aristocratic shallowness, his pretentious incapacity, his simulated—

plainly only simulated—piety, praising Jesus Christ even in a preface to *Plato*."

But whatever may have been the real merits of the Stolbergs as authors, and depreciated as they are to-day,* they held a position in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century which rendered them very important clients to a publisher who could secure their works. Generally, I may say that in the course of these pages, I have striven to present the men whose writings were published by my grandfather, not as they are judged by historians and posterity, but as they stood among their fellows and competitors. From some the voice of later times has removed the laurels which their contemporaries lavishly bestowed. On others the fainter halo of their earlier fame has grown into a brighter blaze. What I desire is to present them to my readers, not in the perspective of distance, but in the proportions, great or small, of their stature when they lived.

The Counts Stolberg, aristocrats to the backbone notwithstanding their youthful tyrannicide odes, cared little for the amount of an honorarium, but much for the appearance of their works. When Lock had mentioned my grandfather's name to them, early in 1786, Count Friedrich replied that on the special ground of his having "praised this man as a very honest and trustworthy person," he and his brother would choose him as their publisher. But Lock must spur on Goschen to make exceptional efforts: "Tell your friend that we have declined terms which Reich offers us, who is ready to pay almost the same honorarium, and to have a beautiful edition

* I understand that Friedrich Leopold Stolberg's writings are still much read and highly praised in Roman Catholic Germany.

of both works ready by Easter." Then the urgent count wrote to Goschen himself, and again thrust Reich's name on the attention of the young publisher. Indeed the preference given to the beginner over the veteran Reich seems almost to have been on the count's brain, for in a third letter he returns to the charge: "He should be doubly sorry if everything should not be carried out to his perfect satisfaction, as he had refused Reich, without doubt the first publisher in Germany." What a stimulus to acquit himself as the greatest man in his trade would have done!

The count had drawn up an elaborate statement of conditions. He laid little stress on the honorarium—six thalers per sheet—but of free copies he required the large number of fifty. He had a vast circle of distinguished friends to whom he wished to pay the compliment of a gift of his literary work. The legitimate vanity of an author of independent means to appear in a highly becoming dress, was revealed in the minutest instructions about type, titles, paper, and proof-reading. The count's horror of misprints was intense; but what he urged most was the early publication of his book. His original plays must be printed at once, so that they might appear at the Easter Fair, and a translation of *Sophocles* must be ready at latest by Michaelmas. This was the most difficult demand of all, and Goschen could not meet it. His backer, Lock, became desperately frightened at the responsibility put upon him, and wrote to Goschen in a state of agony—

"Should you by any mischance have changed your ideas and be unable to publish the smaller work by Easter, I shall get into the greatest mess in the world. The counts think they are doing me a favour

by giving you their works. Oh! pray print soon, accurately, neatly, good paper, new Latin type, I entreat you; oh, I entreat you!"

But neither the importunity of the friend nor the stately urgency of the literary count was of any avail. The Easter Fair came and the book did not appear, nor did Goschen, so far as I can see, send valid or, indeed, any excuses. He detested any form of exculpation. From one post-day to another Stolberg looked for a letter enclosing proofs. The end of June came, and the productions of the Fair had been sent all over Germany. He could not understand it. At last he learnt the truth. His book was not ready, but with pleasant urbanity he expressed his conviction that the delay had been as disagreeable to Goschen as to himself. He only suggested that the printing of his work should now be completed by Michaelmas. It would vex him very much if his plays and those of his brother should again be squeezed out "by the new swarm of worthless books in which the Fair was so rich."

The style of the letters of the count is that of a patron, and contrasts in an amusing way with the intimate tone of Leipzig friends and *bourgeois* authors, but clearly he behaved in a very gentlemanly manner; there were no recriminations beyond the mild reproaches which I have chronicled, and Goschen did not lose the connection.

As a matter of fact, nothing was ready by the Michaelmas Fair. Goschen had other fish to fry when this last letter was written. We shall find him at that time (6th of July) starting on a journey to arrange, not for any of "the worthless books in which the Fair was so rich," but for an edition of the Collected

Works of Goethe. But this is to anticipate. I have told the story of these Stolberg plays rather fully, in order to show Goschen's inability to finish the work offered him for the Easter Fair, even where every motive of self-interest was present to urge him on.

It is impossible to feel surprise that, pushed as Goschen was to manage the business which his great activity had built up so quickly, he should have been anxious to divest himself of any troublesome publications which were not very remunerative. One of them was the *Völker-Kunde* of Archenholtz. The latter had complained of carelessness and other faults on the part of the printer, and Goschen thereon suggested that their connection had better cease. But Archenholtz, though wounded in his author's vanity, was reluctant to sever that connection. He offered easier terms for his remuneration, and an accommodation was arrived at. But I fancy that it was the constant trouble entailed rather than the honorarium, which had cooled Goschen's zest for the publication. Yet it was valuable to him to keep Archenholtz on his list; for his name stood high in Germany.

Archenholtz's letters, as well as those of many other of my grandfather's friends, show the desperate difficulties with which German publishers had to contend. Their clients, scattered over all Germany and living in different States from their publishers, were for many purposes in a foreign country. No copyright existed between the different States. Hence the most widespread pirating of books. Custom houses opened packets which contained manuscript, lest they should contain smuggled goods. The postal

and parcel arrangements were not what they are now. The forwarding to and fro of manuscripts and proofs under those circumstances was no trifle, and the censorship and the constant bodily risk of incurring imprisonment completed the publisher's difficulties and worries. Most of these troubles my grandfather bore with some equanimity, but the pirating of his books almost drove him mad.

While Goschen kept himself as free as he could from business involving much detail, it is certain, from his letters to Bertuch, that he was working with extraordinary energy at many new things. Two writings, strikingly illustrative of the philosophical and religious controversies of that day, were in the hands of my grandfather between the Michaelmas Fair of 1785 and the Easter Fair of 1786. One was from the pen of an author of considerable position, and bore the title, "*J. F. Jacobi in reply to Mendelssohn's Accusations in respect of the Letters on Lessing and Spinoza.*" The book was small, but it was doubtless useful to the publisher as being a stage in a very notorious and bitter controversy of that day.

Jacobi was a poetical philosopher and a philosophical poet. He was a representative of the philosophy of feeling as contrasted with the philosophy of reason. He is scornfully called a *Gefühls-Philosoph* in histories of German literature, where little mercy is shown to such as opposed the destructive spirit of rationalism of the day, or refused to abandon every shred of belief in revelation. Jacobi belonged to the circle of the celebrated Princess Gallitzin, an ardent, enthusiastic, religious, proselytizing woman, who had even tried her hand on

Diderot when he stayed with her in her husband's Embassy at the Hague. But it was at Münster, where she subsequently lived, that she gathered round her a circle of German literary men who were poets, pietists, mystics, and devotees of the philosophy of feeling. Jacobi, one of her warmest friends, soon after Lessing's death had written letters on Lessing and Spinoza. On this Mendelssohn was up in arms, believing the tenets and teaching of Lessing to have been unfairly attacked. Mendelssohn, the enlightened Jew, the intrepid philosopher, equally attacked by his co-religionists for his philosophy, and by Christians for his Judaism, was one of the most intimate of Lessing's friends and admirers; while Lessing, on his side, erected a most beautiful monument to his friend in his drama *Nathan the Wise*.

Such were the actors in the fray.

Mendelssohn's reply to Jacobi, which took up the cudgels for Lessing, was couched in very strong terms. It was the last piece of work which came from his hand. A short extract from the final sheet of this pamphlet will give the reader a glimpse of the tone of the disputants—

"I think that under such circumstances discussion avails little, and it is therefore better that we part. May he go back to the belief of his fathers, and reduce stubborn reason to obedience through the all-conquering might of faith, put down rising doubts with authoritative and dictatorial sayings, and bless and seal his obedience with words from the pious, angelically pure mouth of Lavater! I for my part remain in my Jewish unbelief."

The picturesque author of *The Mendelssohn Family* tells how, on his walk to his publisher Voss, with the manuscript of the last word of the dispute in his

hands, Mendelssohn caught a cold, which seemed at first unimportant but became quickly worse. The death of Lessing and the ensuing quarrel with Jacobi had affected him too deeply. His health gave way, and a few days afterwards he died of an apoplectic stroke, the result of weakness. "He passed away with his usual friendly smile on his lips, as if an angel had kissed his life away."

Voss, the publisher, did his utmost to hasten the publication of the last words of his client. Jacobi was, however, not content to leave the matter as it stood, and wrote the rejoinder of which I have spoken, confiding its publication to Goschen. The latter took up the work with the greatest keenness. He wrote to Bertuch about it in a spirit of admiration for Jacobi's character, and of rivalry as regards Voss.

"Jacobi will send you from Düsseldorf two copies of his work against Mendelssohn. I, the publisher, have promised this quick-tempered but noble man to do all in my power to bring this work before the public. Lend me your aid by advertising it in the *Litteratur Zeitung* and *The Mercury*. You must take no part in the strife. Only a notification that the work has appeared, but not before it is in your hands. I beg you, dear Herr Rath, do not deny me this act of friendship. Voss arranged about Mendelssohn's work in three weeks, and I must surpass Voss."

The philosophical battles at this period were not simply raging between the disciples of "Illumination" and the champions of mysticism. There was a curious complication between the "Illuminati," the Freemasons, and the Jesuits. The Jesuits were said to have taken advantage of the Freemasons' lodges to make insidious advances, and, again, the relations between the Illuminati and the Freemasons were not quite clear. A very interesting book in regard to

secret societies was offered to Goschen under the auspices of Bertuch, and was accepted by him in the spring of 1786, with the stupendous title, *The System of the Cosmopolitan Republic Unmasked in Letters found among the Property left by a Freemason, probably published too late by Twenty Years for some Readers.*

Goschen, notwithstanding that he had told Schiller that he could scarcely hold a pen any longer, and was leaving many letters unanswered, certainly did indite long epistles occasionally when a book deeply interested his own mind or feelings. Writing on the subject of the above book, in which the relations of the Freemasons to the school of the Illuminati, or, as I should like to translate it, "the children of light," are discussed, he descants on what he considers to be the proper policy for a publisher. As in the case of the *Researches into the Old Testament*, he is always for spreading light, for exercising a useful influence on his generation.

The letter is rather obscure, but I gather that the book assailed both the Illuminati and the Freemasons, and that Goschen was strongly prejudiced against the latter, but regretted that the attack reflected also on the Illuminati for whom he had a sincere respect. "Yet the publisher must be impartial."

"The book has awakened many strange ideas in me. I am not a member of any society, whatever its name. I am a Christian, but nevertheless I love freedom of thought about the relations of men, about the Bible, and about the future. I hold such freedom to be a very great blessing. Upon this freedom of thought, and on the unrestricted liberty of imparting one's thoughts to other honest folk in order to comfort and instruct one's self, it seems to me that too much suspicion is thrown by the 'Unveiling of the System of the Cosmopolitan Republic.' Besides,

the author seems to me to speak much too generally. Some men I consider to be Illuminati, who in reality look for no other aim in 'illumination' than the happiness of mankind and their liberation from superstition and prejudice. These honest men will lose credit. I believe that these men, whom I take to be Illuminati, are the most zealous combatants of Jesuitism. Nevertheless the book must be printed. It will at least be seen that no clever honest man can now become a Freemason, and that the order has no other secrets than those which have been attributed to it by people who use it for their own private aims. I have long thought that the whole system of Freemasonry was nothing more than a ritual by which it was intended to hold a certain number of people together, to captivate the curious, to keep up the attention of the frivolous, to give food to the enthusiastic, and to employ the thoughtful, until at last, having tried its people, it could say to the wise: 'Our secret is that we bring men close together and tune them to a general love of humanity by working on their weak side.' I am still inclined to believe this; only I add that I am now convinced that the order can be used for all sorts of knavery by those cunning and clever heads who have systematically worked their way up in it, and for this reason I shall never become a Freemason. Thus the work has not come into the world too late for me.

"There is still something that I should like to confide to you. Those honest old men, whom I consider to be Illuminati, when I once made more particular inquiries about it, dissuaded me from entering the Freemason's order, and frankly said it was abused and distorted by evil-minded cheats. So much for the apology of these men, and on their account I do not put my name on the title-page. Perhaps they are befooled too, but they appeared to me to be too clever for that, to possess too much knowledge of the world and of men, and to have already learnt experience from having been hurt. And *au fond* I shan't really care if they recognize me as the publisher. The book-trader must be neutral, and he must consider it his greatest fame to have spread truth and light by his

impartiality. In such a position as mine, it is so easy to become entangled in special connections or to get into this or that set, and thus to encounter obstacles to real activity and general serviceableness to the public, that I am heartily obliged to the unknown author of this book for having made me safe for ever from all secret orders."

The reader will note the words "truth" and "light." It will be the biographer's fault if in the course of these pages it does not clearly appear that to spread truth and light remained through life one of my grandfather's most cherished aims, for which he was often ready to sacrifice prudential considerations. And, generally speaking, truth meant to him the truth of common sense—useful, practical, social, moral truth; and the light which he desired to diffuse was a genial light—a light to dispel the obscurantism which had lain like a cloud on his country for many generations, but without the fierceness of the glare which was soon to radiate over Europe from the torch of the French Revolution.

Schiller.
from a portrait by Graff.

CHAPTER VI.

A POET-EDITOR—FRESH CLIENTS.

Michaelmas, 1785, to Easter, 1786.

We have seen in the preceding chapter that in the early autumn of 1785 Schiller, absorbed by the delights of Dresden, had been so idle that the second number of the *Thalia* could not be brought out at the Michaelmas Fair, but that later both the poet and Körner had pressed Goschen about the production of that periodical. A happy change had come over the poet, and as the year 1785 drew to its close, he had at last set to work on the *Thalia* with real energy, both as editor and as chief contributor. It must have been with a sense of satisfaction that Goschen, towards the end of November, received the following letter from his most promising client:—

"At last, dearest friend, I send you the manuscript. You will get a fair idea of my reliability at the very beginning of our connection, as I have delayed the fulfilment of our contract by two months! But, my good fellow, you will have to turn Dresden into a silent den of horrors, and my dear friends into miserable companions, if you want to make me more industrious. Still, to speak seriously and truthfully, the causes which have led to this first delay will not

continue for the future, and now my affairs will proceed in perfect order.

"I would also send you at once the second act of *Carlos*, but you must leave it to me for a few days, as I should like first to submit it to some good judges. A week from to-day I will again send you fresh manuscript, so I beg you for both our sakes to commence printing at once. You can rely upon me that no further delay shall occur. . . .

"Above all things, my best friend, pray secure an intelligent proof-reader. If you think that it would be of use for me to write to some Leipzig scholar, name one to me, and I will do it at once, and pray set printer and compositor to work immediately.

"The poem, *An die Freude* ('To Joy') has been very beautifully set to music by Körner. What do you think of the idea of having the music printed as well? It only takes half a page.

"And now enough of this, dear friend, I hope that you are pleased, and you have my most cordial wishes for your success. Come soon, very soon to us, and be welcome in our circle. The Becker project (i.e. *The Help-in-Need Book*) has my warmest approbation, as well as that of all competent to judge such a work. I expect much from it. The plan will most certainly succeed. I, too, dearest friend, can point out some subscribers to you within a few months. . . .

"Remember me to your and my friends, and remain true to me!

"FRIEDRICH SCHILLER."

Goschen, intensely pleased at last to receive beautiful work from the great poet, answered by return of post, but it was unfortunate that the *Thalia*, which had been announced many months before, now found him overworked, with many irons in the fire, with engagements in many directions, and unable consequently to proceed as quickly as Schiller, at last thoroughly eager for early publication, could wish. He answered thus (December 1, 1785)—

"DEAR FRIEND,

"The manuscript which you have forwarded has delighted me intensely. I have not kept it by me for a single hour, and in spite of my keen desire to make the acquaintance of these children of your charming muse, I sent them off immediately to the tailor, without even a glance at them, to have them dressed in the clothes in which I wish to introduce them to the world. Pray send me quickly, dear friend, the Körner music to your song, *To Joy*. Certainly it must be printed,—good men will find in it a roundelay which will elevate their souls. You may be sure of the most ardent zeal on my side in hurrying on the printing. As regards both printing and correcting, I will take all possible pains. I have found a very handy man for the latter.

"I am angry with myself because my body can't stand more pen-work. I frequently don't take dinner until three o'clock. Directly I have got through the work, I shall come to Dresden to recruit myself in your company. As regards the 'prize essay'* in question, I am still of the same mind; as often as I think of it, I am all on fire with excitement. Indeed, I fancy that, if my life is preserved, my business will be quickly extended, and if I do not attain riches, yet I shall still take part in a fine piece of work. 'That thou doest, do quickly.' The Becker undertaking will anyhow open many a door that ought to introduce us to subscribers, and so increase our profits. I candidly confess that when this scheme and the Bible are completed, I am ready to die.

"Count on me for true friendship, heartfelt love, and thorough respect; and I am

"Yours,

"GOSCHEN."

Soon fresh manuscript arrived. Schiller's poetic spirit was now thoroughly alive. He followed up his splendid poem *To Joy* with other verses; while on *Carlos*, the dearest child of his Muse, he was

* I have not been able to discover what this prize essay was.

lavishing his highest powers. In the middle of December he wrote:—

"Here, dear friend, you find something to fill up the fourth sheet. But the contents of these first two poems suggest an important remark. It is possible that the Censor may object to allow them to pass, and I have very grave reasons for making these two poems known, because in another I entirely refute them. Thus, in case the Censorship should make objections, I beg you, for the sake of our friendship and for the fame of the *Thalia*, which must be as dear to your heart as to mine, at once to make different arrangements for the printing—even if only for this single sheet. Let it be printed in Dessau if it cannot be done in Leipzig.

"Do not be in the least afraid that I shall keep the compositors waiting; there will be fresh manuscript before Christmas. I ask you again for what I asked you in my last letter, best friend. I am amazingly hard up. Only send me something before Christmas, for I have payments to make in the holidays.

"With my whole heart yours! I have received the parcel. The printing is very beautiful.

"Schiller.

"N.B.—It is better in any case that you should make no inquiries at all of the Censor in Leipzig, but let the poems be printed at once in Dessau."

The two poems for which Schiller feared censorship difficulties were *Passion's Free Thought* and *Resignation*. The vagaries of the censorship hampered publishers very seriously, and it appears that the Saxon authorities were peculiarly strict. The singular situation of a Roman Catholic Court ruling over a Protestant people is said to have increased the restrictions of the authorities. *The Robbers* had been forbidden the Leipzig stage. But, on this occasion, the particular Censor who had to deal with Schiller's poems proved amenable and

reasonable. It was contended that the tendency of the poems might be represented to be an apology for immorality if read by the ignorant and intolerant, and the Censor asked Goschen to procure an explanation from the author showing the baselessness of such a charge. Schiller at once complied with the request (December 23, 1785)—

"I have fulfilled the wish of your and my Censor, dear friend, and send you the note you asked for. This, I hope, will silence the intolerant part of the public.

"Have the goodness to assure the Herr Censor (whose name pray give me in your next letter) that I consider myself fortunate in knowing my *Thalia* is in such discriminating hands. He has quickly grasped the point from which my two poems must be viewed; and how few will do that!

"I have received what I asked you for, and I see in your ready response a fresh confirmation of your friendship and brotherly sympathy.

"Farewell, dear friend, and continue to love me.

"Unalterably yours,

"SCHILLER."

The warmth of this acknowledgement by the great poet of my grandfather's brotherly sympathy for him, is very pleasing to his grandson.

The explanation for the Censor, appended as a foot-note to the poems, by Schiller as editor, was as follows:—

"I have made the less objection to the insertion of the two following poems in this place, since I can expect from every reader that he will be too reasonable to look upon an ebullition of passion as a philosophical system, or upon the despair of an imaginary lover as the poet's confession of faith. In the opposite case, it would fare badly with the dramatic poet whose intrigue can seldom be carried on without a rascal; and Milton and Klopstock would have to be rated the

worse men, the more successful they were with their devils.

"S."

I am not aware that the refutation of these poems by another poem, which Schiller had held out in prospect, was ever written; but I find that in Schiller's Collected Works, the sinning poem, *Passion's Free Thought*, appears as *The Struggle* (*Der Kampf*), and that out of the twenty-one stanzas of the original only six are reprinted. The original was certainly very "free."

The most important contribution to the second number—the continuation of *Carlos*—was not despatched by Schiller till January; but then, elated by the completion of this number, he suggested to the publisher that the third might succeed the second after three or four weeks, and the printing might then be continued without interruption during the whole year. Such was his sanguine view at the moment.

But Goschen, rejoiced as he was to have the second number complete, did not see his way to get on quite so fast. We, who are now behind the scenes, know the difficulties which were almost beating him. He answered Schiller thus—

"In spite of my scarcely being able to hold my pen any longer, I will write a few words. Dear friend, all that I can do, shall be done. That means going every day into the printing rooms and whipping up. But more than one number I cannot produce before Easter, at any price. This one number as soon as possible—I hope in four weeks time. I promise nothing for certain, that I may not be proved a liar.

"As a matter of trade, I do not think it would be advantageous to produce the numbers in too rapid

succession. But I fancy you must know that, in your case, my ideas are not those of a tradesman, when it is a question of satisfying your wishes. If the manuscript for the fourth number is in my hands by Easter, it shall be finished a fortnight after the Fair; for the presses will not be empty until after the Fair; and I shall then be the first to take possession of them.

"Yours,
"GOSCHEN."

Körner expressed surprise at the delay in the issue of the second number and confidence in the advantage which a quick succession of numbers would bring to their joint interest. The time was not very distant when the tables were to be turned, and the publisher was to be left in despair at the tardy arrival of manuscript. But, just at this moment, Schiller, who, by his own confession, had idled away months, was in full swing and delighted Körner by his industry. The latter assured Goschen that, "with Schiller's present diligence and the plan which he has laid down for his activity, the *Thalia* might become one of the most successful periodicals."

At last the long-looked-for moment arrived. Schiller received a copy of the second number, and was much pleased with its appearance. A race was now to follow between publisher and editor as to the completion of the succeeding numbers. Schiller wrote (February 23, 1786)—

"Now, dearest friend, mercantile policy and my literary *point d'honneur* require the third number to be hastened as much as possible.

"The *Thalia*, as you know, has hung fire for nearly ten months. It has almost been forgotten. Now it appears with twelve pages of *Carlos*, of which the first number contained thirty-six. Would it not therefore

be very advisable, my dear friend, if we could bring out the third part in three or four weeks? I give you my word that, within three weeks, I will furnish all the necessary manuscript. . . .

"Now, my dear friend, in knightly fashion, we will throw down the gauntlet and challenge each other, which of us two shall best reach the goal—who shall best keep faith!

"You speak of a few thalers which I have still to the good with you. I know of none, for whatever is contained in this number in excess of eight sheets consists of advertisements, for which it is to be hoped you do not intend to pay me. Rather, dear friend, you have forgotten to make a deduction for the outlay which you have made for me in the mean time, and I demand from your friendship to rectify this in our next settlement.

"And now, adieu. Success to the first issue and a prosperous harvest from all the following!

"Your sincerely devoted,

"Schiller."

Goschen, on his part, was anxious to leave no stone unturned to ensure this success. The *Mercury* must review the *Thalia* and insist on attention being given to it. On New Year's Day, 1786, when Goschen had begun to superintend the issue of the *Mercury* at Leipzig, he gracefully referred to his interest in Thalia the Muse, as well as in Mercury the God, and bespoke the favour of the latter at Bertuch's hands—

"In the name of the *Thalia* I contract with her heavenly cousin *Mercury*, that she shall put forth all her powers and all her feminine charms which have developed very beautifully since her first appearance —to recommend *Mercury*. Herr *Mercury* will on his side be equally gallant and seek to return the compliment."

But when the first number of the *Thalia*, for which

he was responsible, was about to appear, he wrote to Bertuch without metaphor in the most urgent way—

"And now a word about the forthcoming second number of the *Thalia*. You are Schiller's friend; therefore I can speak to you about his situation. His whole income is derived from the *Thalia*—thus he has cares enough. He is only striving to earn so much that he may diligently study medicine. If possible, dear friend, back him up by a notice in the *Mercury*, which will predispose the public in favour of his periodical, so that in this way it may become a genuine source of gain. He has often bitterly complained to me that nowhere was a criticism vouchsafed to the first number. Blame would have been welcome to him, but he was very much pained by the mere dry notifications of the contents without a word about worth or worthlessness. 'I have the consciousness of having exercised my whole intellect in my work,' so his complaints have often run; 'I feel that I do not belong to the herd of juvenile scribblers; but how am I treated?'"

After speaking of the influence which Schiller had on his companions—a passage which I have quoted before *—he begged Bertuch "not to let anything of all this be known to Schiller, especially as to the state of his finances, for he is extremely sensitive in this respect."

While the whole letter is interesting as testifying to the boundless faith Schiller's intimates placed in him, and which he placed in himself, it is also important as throwing light on the position which Schiller held at that time in the literary world of Germany. Notwithstanding the wonderful run of his first plays, we find a publisher of one year's standing, with a small borrowed capital, writing in a tone of earnest entreaty to bespeak literary patronage

* See p. 80.

in the Weimar periodical for the author of *The Robbers* and *Fiesco.*

Bertuch hastened to comply with Goschen's wishes, and the latter sent him his heartiest thanks for his interest in Schiller's welfare.

This second number of the *Thalia*, which had cost so much correspondence, ultimately contained the second act of *Carlos;* the song "To Joy;" the two poems about which the Censor had been troubled; an essay of Huber's on "Modern Greatness;" Schiller's tale, "The Criminal from Loss of Honour;" a translation of a Study on Philip the Second, interesting as allowed to appear by the editor side by side with his own treatment of a portion of the subject in *Carlos;* and some trifles, in which the poet Jünger bore his share. It will be seen how entirely the periodical depended on the coterie to whom we have already been introduced.

Of the success of this number of the *Thalia* there are no means of judging, beyond an expression of Schiller's regret that he had not proved a better source of gain to Goschen, but the interval between the first and second numbers must have damaged the sale. One act of *Carlos*, published in Mannheim ten months before, and then, only another fragment! The beauty of the verses and the novelty of the sentiments were sufficient to evoke the admiration of the cultured reader, but the dramatic interest can scarcely have been sustained.

Schiller's prose contribution, *The Criminal from Loss of Honour*, was a strange production. It portrays a man at war with society, taking refuge with a band of criminals as in *The Robbers.* It is preceded by an interesting preamble, in which, after some pro-

found remarks on the difficulties of writers of history owing to the immense distance and the insuperable contrast between the tranquil state of mind of an ordinary reader and the violent passions of the man in action of whom history treats, Schiller insists on the student of truth searching in the immutable structure of the human soul!

"But," he continues, "leaving out of account all the other benefits to be gained for the study of souls from such a treatment of history, there remains this one pre-eminent advantage, that it destroys the cruel scorn, and the proud certainty with which, too often, untried and still unbroken virtue looks down upon the fallen, and because it spreads the gentle spirit of toleration, without which no prodigal returns, without which there is never a reconciliation between the law and the man who breaks it, and no member of society who has once caught fire is saved from being entirely consumed."

These reflections are so characteristic both of Schiller's own mind at this period, and of the tolerant philosophy which was assailing the citadels of bigotry and introducing new forms of psychological study, that I have not scrupled to put them before the reader, though, as a rule, any comments on the works issuing from my grandfather's firm would swell the bulk of these volumes to an inordinate length. But I was unwilling to pass unnoticed this keynote to many of the struggles of the period, revolt against the cruelties of the law, a rising demand for toleration and mercy, and a new interpretation both of the duties of social life and of the obligations of a high-minded historian to contribute to social reforms.

Goschen was able, after all, to publish the third number in fairly quick succession. It contained a much longer portion of *Carlos*, and, in addition to

some verses by Jünger, only one other article, "Philosophical Letters," unsigned, but in fact the composition of Schiller and Körner.

While to us of to-day the story of Schiller's ascent to the highest plane of literary fame, exceeds in interest all that can be told of any of his contemporaries except Goethe, — to a publisher, in the year 1786, other authors might bring valuable prestige. A great name, the name of one of the leaders of German thought, was to appear on Goschen's list at the approaching Easter Fair, that of Superintendent-General Herder, Court Chaplain, the chief ecclesiastic of Weimar, the powerful preacher, the learned philosopher, the profound writer, the expounder of theology, the intimate associate of Goethe.

Goethe, in his autobiography, recounts that Herder had come to Strasburg at the time when he himself, still a comparatively young man, was living in that town, and he paints his appearance thus :—

"Just at the bottom of the steps, I found a man who was about to ascend them, and whom I might have taken for a clergyman. His powdered hair was tucked up into a round curl; his black dress also marked him out, but still more a long black silk cloak, the ends of which he had taken together and stuffed into his pocket. His somewhat eccentric, but, on the whole, pleasing appearance of which I had already heard, left me in no doubt that he must be the famous arrival."

An acquaintance was soon struck up, and Goethe was more and more drawn to him, though the portrait given does not seem specially attractive.

"A round face, an imposing forehead, a rather snub nose, a somewhat protruding but agreeable mouth, which had a charm and amiability quite of its own.

Under black eyebrows a pair of coal black eyes which did not fail in their effect, although one of them was generally red and inflamed."

His bearing was not wanting in gentleness. "But," he continues, "it did not take very long before the repellent pulse of his nature began to beat, and put me in a state of no slight discomfort." Goethe spoke to him of some of his hobbies, but was unmercifully snubbed. Still, by degrees he accustomed himself all the more readily to his scolding and fault-finding, "as he learnt daily to value more and more his fine and great qualities, his extensive knowledge, and his deep insight." The influence on others of this "good-natured rowdy" was great and striking.

Swift was the one man and the one author of Herder's hero-worship, and the Strasburg set whom he terrified with his powerful wit accordingly called him "the Dean." But his educational effect on his companions was most marked. Goethe confesses that in Leipzig he had accustomed himself to somewhat narrow and too sharply defined ways, and now, of a sudden, through Herder, he became acquainted with all the new aspirations and efforts, and with all the directions which they seemed to take. Herder himself had already become famous.

This imposing personage, this giant in the intellectual world, impressed Schiller, when he met him at a later date, much as he impressed Goethe, though without any suggestion of good-nature or gentleness. Schiller described his conversation as full of *esprit*, of power, and of pride, but added that his sensations consisted of hate and love!*

* Herder, in the course of a visit to Italy, formed a romantic

The overbearing character of this great ecclesiastical dignitary jarred on Goschen's sensitive nature, and we shall find him by-and-by using very violent language in regard to him.

How Goschen first came into contact with Herder I do not know. I have seen it stated that they became connected through Goethe; but that was not so, for Goschen's relations with Goethe had not begun in March, 1786, when Herder wrote to Goschen with reference to a translation of a collection of poems by Johann Andrea, a famous Swedish theologian, with the title, *For the Encouragement of our Age.* To this Herder undertook to write a preface. These are the terms of his letter to my grandfather :—

"I thank you, most honoured sir, for the confidence which you have displayed towards my preface to Andrea. As far as it may rest with me, such a good enterprise as the translation of this little work shall not lack support, especially as I see it in such hands as I would desire for a man of the worth and delicacy of Andrea.

"The way in which it has been rendered into German pleases me thoroughly, as it allows our age to enjoy the spirit of the author in a manner which enables it to seize it, and combines in very exquisite fashion lightness with appropriate choice of words.

"With distinguished respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"Herder.

"Weimar, 5th of March."

The little work graced Goschen's list at the Easter Fair, and was reviewed in the *Völker-Kunde* in June.

ultra-sentimental attachment to Angelica Kauffmann, one of those affections of the soul, like that entertained by Wieland for Sophie Brentano, in which men of any age were in those times allowed to indulge. Herder described his rapture in letters to his wife!

Evidently the name of an author of immense reputation throughout Germany must have been most valuable to a beginner.

About the same date I find a letter to Goschen from August Gottlieb Meissner, a very clever imitator of Wieland in the direction of poetical romances—an active but almost too garrulous author. He was preparing a translation of a French work by Florian,* announced in the catalogue of 1706 under the German title, *Novellen.*

The letter in question is interesting, both as illustrating the opinion held by authors of one of Goschen's special characteristics as a publisher, and as testifying to the difficulties under which authorship and correspondence were carried on in the German States at that period.

Meissner to Goschen.

"You have given me a real pleasure, my dearest Herr Goschen, by the readiness with which you despatched the proofs to such a distance, and a real pleasure by the whole tone of your letter. I hope, in case you find any enjoyment in my literary trifles, that in future we may be friends and helpmates in more important affairs than our present business; for nothing pleases me more than to hear the publisher speaking with literary men in a different tone from a semi-mercantile, often a completely mercantile tone.

"I will try to scatter your advertisements as widely as possible, but don't expect much of Prague. The

* Jean Pierre Claris de Florian was a very voluminous writer, poet, fabulist, play-writer, novelist, and historian. Anton Wall (*vide*, p. 59,) had translated two of his comedies. One of his works, the *Fables*, was translated into English, and published by the grandfather of the present Mr. John Murray about the same time that my grandfather published the work mentioned in the text.

pirates here destroy all genuine German book-trade. I shall also gladly look after letters in Prague, but enclosures in them cause desperate bother. They are at once broken open at the Custom House, if they are at all thick, and, besides, they won't let them pass. Indeed, it is incredible how, in the *Reich* (Empire), difficulties are thrown in the way of correspondence with other countries, and the closer neighbours they are, the worse it is.

"The number of Schiller's *Thalia*, for which accept my sincere thanks, is very excellent (*sehr brav*), and I have felt the scenes from *Don Carlos* arouse my envy and delight almost in equal measure.

"Jünger's praise of my trifles is very agreeable to me, for I esteem him much. Here in Prague his memory is affectionately cherished."

Nor had Jünger himself played Goschen false. This early friend contributed, besides his share in the second number of the *Thalia*, a free translation from the French, *The Whims of Cousin Jacob* (*Les lunes du cousin Jaques*). Thus lighter literature took its place on Goschen's shelves beside philosophy and the graver work of which he had obtained such conspicuous specimens. And when the Easter Fair came round, the master of the two apprentices, with his scanty personal resources, with his small borrowed capital, very disproportionate to his ambition and his aspirations, had become a publisher of repute. He might well congratulate himself on the result of a year's activity. Through the *Mercury* a reflection of the lustre of the Weimar celebrities, of Wieland above all, lighted up Goschen's list. Herder's name showed that the haughtiest of literary men had not disdained to lend his pen to a work issued by the youngest of Leipzig publishers. The glamour of Schiller shone through the pages of the *Thalia*. Jacobi represented philosophical controversy; Hufeland, men of science

under the aegis of the mighty power of the Jena group. The glories of the classical drama were introduced under the protection of the proud name of the brothers Stolberg. Zachariah Becker's *Help-in-Need Book* represented political economy in a genial popular form; his namesake, W. G. Becker, sported among *The Ephemerides*, Bode offered a British masterpiece to the German public, and Meissner and Jünger brought specimens from the French. Truly a goodly show of first fruits, besides a fair gathering from other less famous sources, for an opening career!

But Goschen's anxieties must have almost equalled his satisfaction. Authors did not wait for their honoraria, compositors for their wages, paper-makers for the cost of their supplies; and again the question must have been in his mind which he put himself a year before, How was capital to be got?

It will be remembered that 3000 thalers, to be furnished by Körner, formed the financial basis of the firm. Of these, 1000 thalers had been paid on the first of May, 1785, but no distinct arrangement had been come to as to the payment of further instalments, and, notwithstanding strenuous exertions, it was some time before Körner could disengage the remaining sum. His pen scarcely kept faith with Goschen, but he was determined, as far as in him lay, that his purse should not prove equally faithless. In September he sent a driblet, adding that money was scarce. But Goschen was in sore need. He had engagements to meet, and was in a torment of anxiety. His partner, however, rebuked him in the most friendly tone—

"Be ashamed of your timidity, dear friend. Have I not told you that you were to write to me at once,

if you had nothing to hope for from another quarter? I hasten to procure you 500 thalers at once. In the mean time, get something from Kunze. I will manage, too, about the 1000 thalers due at Michaelmas. My resource is my garden, which I will now sell as soon as possible. I have already had an offer of 1500 thalers."

He adds with his characteristic delicacy: "I am not selling the garden on your account; it was my intention before."

Before the end of October, Körner had succeeded in completing the promised sum of 3000 thalers, and Goschen was deeply grateful. But, before another six months had elapsed, the great development of Goschen's business created fresh anxiety both in the publisher's breast and in that of Körner, his partner, and Schiller, his friend. Ultimately, before the Easter Fair, 1786, that epoch in Goschen's fortunes when his grand list appeared, Körner proceeded to Leipzig to reconnoitre the financial situation, and Schiller wrote a pleasant letter, apparently to prepare Goschen for the probability of Körner's desiring to put their mutual partnership on a more regular footing, yet also to assure him that Körner felt the greatest anxiety for his welfare.

"As you are now again meeting Körner, I hope that you will be able to take some steps for the furtherance of your business plans. He told me some days ago that he must come to some arrangement with you; so I suppose he will speak to you about it. He takes the greatest interest in you, and he dropped the remark that he would not hesitate to secure you a credit with some banker in Leipzig. How greatly do I wish, dearest friend, that your hopes may be fulfilled, and I should be rejoiced if it were in my power to contribute to their fulfilment.

Count at least on my urgent co-operation, on my absolute friendship, if you see any opportunity of making use of them."

There is no evidence to show whether at this particular juncture any new resources were secured for Goschen. As to the partnership, some negotiations took place, but it appears from a letter of the following June, that no arrangement had been finally concluded at that date, and for four years to come the ardent publisher was never free from intense anxiety as to how, with his extended business and his limited means, he could make both ends meet.

CHAPTER VII

A VETERAN AUTHOR.

1786.

DIRECTLY after the Easter Fair of 1786 Goschen hurried off on a visit to Wieland. Before starting he wrote to Bertuch: "Wieland writes to me he would like to know me personally. I wish you were not separating yourself from him"—words which conclusively prove that, if an "author-hunt" had taken place in 1785, Goschen had not seen Wieland then. Yet they must have known much of each other. Wieland, being a shareholder in the Dessau Verlags-Casse, and being closely associated with Bertuch, would of course remember the energetic *employé* who had so clearly predicted its failure. They were also connected through the *Mercury*, in which Wieland and Bertuch were partners. One authority states that before Goschen's visit to Wieland, Bertuch had handed over the *Mercury* entirely to Wieland; but Böttiger, writing in 1796 from Weimar, and being acquainted with all the parties, tells the following story:—

"Wieland desired to secure the share in the *Mercury* hitherto held by Bertuch, for his son-in-law Reinhold. Goschen stepped in as negotiator, and managed, by means of touching representations, to

effect the immediate withdrawal of Bertuch. Goschen was the bearer of a note which Wieland naturally perused at once with the greatest eagerness in Goschen's presence. While Wieland was engrossed in the letter with his whole soul, the Hof-räthin (Frau Wieland) stepped into the room. The Hofrath, whom certain interruptions could throw into a fearful rage, started up with most evident impatience and showed his annoyance. His wife took no notice, but simply made a bow with a perfectly natural smile, and slipped away. 'What a noble wife you have!' cried Goschen enthusiastically. As quick as lightning Wieland started up from his chair, and seized Goschen's hand with the heartiest clasp. 'Young man,' he cried, with his face transfigured with joy, 'your keen discernment of the value of this woman makes you my friend for ever, and I will prove this friendship to you as soon as Reich is dead.'" (Reich was Wieland's chief publisher.) "Goschen," continues Böttiger, "accepted this outburst with thanks and with feeling, but attached no greater weight to it than he thought might be given to a burst of momentary kindness."

Gruber, Wieland's biographer, writing thirty-five years later, tells the first part of the story differently, but the *coup de théâtre* at the end is precisely the same. According to him, Goschen went to Wieland with the desire to capture him for his publishing business, and did not mention the *Mercury* at all. He represents Wieland as captivated generally by Goschen's spirit and intelligence, and the compliment to the Hof-räthin gave only the finishing touch.

"One day a young bookseller, who had a short time previously established himself in Leipzig, came to him, and in answer to his inquiries only received the reply, 'Reich is my friend, and so long as he lives I shall make no alteration.' However, the two got into conversation, and Wieland recognized more and more that the man before him was no ordinary publisher, but a man of mind and varied knowledge,

conscious of the dignity of his calling, and resolved to carry on the business of a publisher in precisely the same spirit as Wieland would have done himself, that is, for his own gain of course, but also for the honour of our literature, to the greatest possible advantage of the author, and also for Germany's fame as regards typography. The longer this conversation lasted, the more interesting it became to Wieland, and he was much annoyed when his wife entered and interrupted it by questions that might very well have waited. When so disturbed, Wieland could at times be very irritable, and he became so now. The young publisher was charmed by the sweet and gentle cheerfulness with which the wife at once withdrew, and he exclaimed, 'Herr Hof-rath, what an angel of a wife you have!' Wieland looked at him earnestly for a few moments, rose and approached him, saying, 'Young man, you are capable of discerning the worth of this woman; you have thereby won my heart. Here is my hand! When Reich dies, I will have no other publisher but yourself.'"

When Reich died, Wieland made Goschen his publisher according to the vow registered in this first interview between the two men, and they became fast friends. It will be seen how Goschen showed a more enthusiastic affection for Wieland than for any of the many friends and clients whom he acquired. They had many tastes in common. In both there was a certain domestic simplicity, both delighted in quiet country pleasures, both were in after years essentially family men, both bowed to the surpassing genius of Schiller and Goethe and admired these literary giants even whilst they were smiting down much that was dear to both Wieland and Goschen. In the whirligig of time their relations to each other became very different from what they were when the publisher first approached the then champion author, cap in hand. The day was to come when,

in Germany's most troublous times, the author was to appeal for the help of the publisher, not as now when the publisher sued for the patronage of the author. On more than one occasion the tempers of the two irascible men (for both were capable of considerable passion) strained their relations for a moment, but their friendship stood every trial both of fortune and of temper till Wieland's death in 1813.

The veteran writer whom Goschen had thus won over at an early stage of his publishing career, was at one time the recognized head of German men-of-letters, but, as even the educated public in this country has not that general knowledge of him which it may be presumed to have of Schiller and Goethe, some further account of his position in literature will not be out of place. He fills so large a canvas, too, in the history of my grandfather's career, that, while I cannot profess in this biography to give literary sketches of all his author-clients, I feel a special duty as regards Wieland.

He was born in 1733, four years after Lessing. He himself spoke of the ancient town of Biberach, an Imperial free city—ruling a small surrounding district in the upland country of Würtemberg—as his native place, but it was a neighbouring village, Oberholzheim, which had that honour. His ancestry had held civic offices in Biberach for generations, but his father exchanged service in the State for service in the Church, and after having been appointed pastor at Oberholzheim, where his son Christopher Wieland was born, was transferred to Biberach. At thirteen the boy was sent to a college near Magdeburg, where, under the charge of a clergyman, an enthusiastic

devotee, the pupils were projected into an atmosphere of religious and contemplative ecstasy. But this training did not exclude the study of the ancient classics and modern literature, especially French and English,—and religious emotions had a battle, and a rather unequal battle, to fight with the influence of much broad-minded teaching. The raptures of Klopstock's *Messiah* were not without some influence upon young Wieland, but Cicero and Horace, Bayle and Voltaire, Addison and Steele, we are told to believe, played a conspicuous part in moulding the boy's mind. It seems even more extraordinary to learn that a fine satiric humour was quickly developed in one so young. One side of the classical, sceptical, and humorous parodist and philosopher was early foreshadowed when the precocious lad (for he was then only sixteen) shocked his pious teachers by a philosophical essay, in which he showed that Venus might have come from the foam of the sea by the mere action of atomic motion without the assistance of any divinity!

Soon afterwards the boy was transferred to a teacher very different from the clerical head of the Magdeburg College. For a year he was placed with a relative who was a disciple of the celebrated philosopher, Wolff. But, again, his education was not pedantic, for we specially hear of his being initiated into the humours of Cervantes!

Not unnaturally, when he returned home, seventeen years of age, his inner life was in complete chaos. Mystic piety and modern free thought, heathen philosophy and Christian theology were contending for the mastery. And, precocious in his human feelings as in his intellectual and religious emotions, he

conceived for a time a romantic, but very real attachment to his cousin Sophie Guterman, a girl remarkable for her culture and accomplishments. In this phase of feeling he was sent, towards the end of the same year, to the University of Tübingen. Living there the life of a recluse, and paying scant attention to professional instruction, he composed platonic love-songs to Sophie, and at last fused his love and his lore in a scientific poem entitled *The Nature of Things*. In most of these early writings, Wieland appeared as an imitator of Klopstock, but in style he already excelled his model. He had already learnt restraint, clearness, and elegance from foreign masters, and a play of fine irony in all his compositions was peculiar to himself.

The publication, in 1750, of his heroic poem *Hermann*, brought him into relation with Bodmer, the celebrated leader of the Swiss school of poets and critics, and the translator of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, who for some time past had been waging war on behalf of Teutonic poetry against the champions of French classicism.

The receptive lad had now once more to be subjected to a fresh set of intellectual and moral influences. Bodmer, who had already entertained Klopstock, invited Wieland to Zurich, and the master and disciple lived for a year and a half together in the closest intercourse. Wieland lodged in Bodmer's house, partook of the same Spartan fare, read the same books, and composed a biblical epic *On the Trial of Abraham* in imitation of his teacher's *Noah*. The rest of his time, we are told, he passed in the company of old gentlemen who vainly did their best to transform his youthful pietism into senile fanaticism,

but his writings of this period showed that he had already got beyond Klopstock's fantastic and visionary point of view.

Unfortunately, however, his mental development was once more disturbed by a blow to his emotions when the tidings reached him, in 1754, of his cousin's marriage to Herr von La Roche. At first, his disappointment drove him still more in upon himself; and despair seeking a literary vent, he betook himself for comfort to the composition of religious poems, to the study of Plato, the Early Fathers, the Mediæval Saints, the mystic writers, and, among modern authors, the melancholy Young! In his *Sympathies*, Wieland wrote like a fanatical monk, condemning not only Ovid, Anacreon, and Tibullus, but the love poems of German writers like Gleim, while in his *Feelings of a Christian* he attacked Uz's lyrics as unchristian and immoral. But these were the last ebullitions of his early monastic training and over-wrought emotionalism. When he left his friend Bodmer, he took a tutorship in the family of Herr von Grebel, and before long the ironic, worldly, and humorous part of the many-sided man asserted its ascendency, never to lose it again. The practical work of education turned his thoughts and fancies once more to the ancient classics, and among English writers he now applied himself to Shaftesbury and Addison, Prior and Gay, and, above all, to Shakespeare. The strong healthy tone of English literature had an immense effect in steadying the intellect and clearing the mental atmosphere of an author who was destined to exercise in his best days signal influence on the German governing class and on the development of enlightened political ideas; but French authors, such

as Montaigne, d'Alembert, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, also took a full share in his training.

While Wieland's intellect was thus being sobered and cooled, the human side of his nature also underwent a transition. His ecstatic moods yielded to more commonplace sentiment, and he himself tells us that a seraglio of ladies took the place of his first love, and taught him how quickly spiritual enthusiasm may pass into earthly passion. His poems of this period were the poetic outcome of personal experience.

But shortly afterwards he reached a higher flight. His first dramatic work, *Lady Johanna Gray*, met with the warmest reception. Lessing, while attacking Wieland somewhat severely for the latter's suppression of the source from which he had drawn his play, viz. *The Tragedy of Nicholas Rowe*, congratulated him on "having left the ethereal sphere and walking again among the children of men." Though for the present, the author, following Richardson, mainly depicted ideal characters, Lessing prophesied that he would soon come to recognize human nature as a mixture of good and evil, and that then the German world might be on the look-out for some worthy work.

And the prophecy was fulfilled. The next incidents in Wieland's life were, fortunately, favourable to such a "walking among the children of men," as Lessing thought would offer the best chances to his genius. After another short spell of tutorship, he was offered and accepted a seat on the Council of his native city, Biberach, with the chance of an appointment as "Kanzlei-Director." He was thus brought into touch with practical administrative work and with practical men, while the proximity of Biberach to the castle

of Count Stadion, ex-Prime Minister to the Elector of Mainz, to which he was frequently invited, offered him further opportunities for the enlargement of his intellectual perspective. For the count was a man of varied culture and of great experience in the world, and intercourse with him and his friends gave the young *bourgeois* author an insight into the manners and modes of thought prevailing in wider circles, and a knowledge of a larger world of interests than could be found at Biberach.

Under these various influences all traces of transcendental sentimentalism gradually disappeared from his compositions, though these were not wanting in the idealism of poetic romance, and, ultimately, he fell under the spell of the movement of the age, the "Aufklärung,"* the emancipation of the spirit from the superstitious, and its rally to the dictates of reason.

And then followed a stage of authorship in which his work was of such a character as to suggest to severe critics that he had reached the verge of frivolity—a stage during which he wrote *Komische Erzählungen* (*Comic Tales*) (1766)—productions which clearly exhibit the change which had come over his philosophy of life. Indeed, his practical sense, which had now begun to assert its ascendency, culminated in his marriage, in 1765, with a thoroughly domestic girl, Dorothea Hillenbrand, the daughter of an Augsburg tradesman, and for the future Wieland appears as a devoted husband and father.

He now began to ascend the ladder of fame with

* Generally translated "illumination," but "enlightenment" would be a truer version. The German word suggests the "dispersion of clouds."

rapid strides, and the versatility of his literary labours was marvellous. *Idris and Zenide,* in which different species of love were contrasted, was the fruit of his honeymoon. It remained a mere fragment owing to the death of his first child, but the materials collected for it were embodied in the *Neue Amadis,* written under the inspiration of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy,* which, in 1760, had begun to take the world by storm, and which, I may remark parenthetically, exercised such power over my grandfather that he spoke of "Shandyism" as one of the literary influences which had affected him through life. Wieland's next efforts were again guided by his English tastes. During the years 1762–1766 he translated either the whole or parts of twenty-two plays of Shakespeare, and thereby in combination with Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie,* published in 1767, gave a powerful impetus to the *Sturm und Drang* movement in German literature.

From novels he passed into another field, and published the first part of his *Agathon*—the divine *Agathon,* as my grandfather when republishing it, rapturously called it—in which, imitating Euripides' *Ion,* he gave under a Greek form the history of his own experiences. Most of the critics of the day were cold, if not hostile, in their reception of Wieland's original works, but Lessing spoke with high approval of his Shakespeare and of *Agathon;* of the latter he said: "It is the first and only novel of classic taste for the man of thought." But it was when *Musarion* appeared that the author's fame reached its highest point. Goethe tells us how great was the impression made on him when a student in Leipzig, by Wieland's works. Reviewing the authors of his day, he writes—

"Without any question Wieland possessed the finest capacity amongst them all. He had early exercised himself in those ideal regions where youth lingers so lovingly; but as so-called experience, contact with the world and women, spoilt his delight in them, he threw himself into the study of realities and took pleasure in depicting the struggle between the two worlds, where his talent displayed itself best between fun and earnest in airy strife. How many of his most brilliant productions fall within the period of my academical years! *Musarion* had the greatest influence on me, and I can still recall the time and place where I first caught sight of the proof-sheets which were given to me by Oeser. Here it was that I seemed to see once more the antique world revived and living. All the plasticity of Wieland's genius was here exhibited most completely."

Very different in tone from Goethe's comments on Wieland's capacities and genius, were those of Körner and Schiller. When Goschen, as will appear in the sequel, completed a grand edition of the veteran author's Collected Works in 1797, and had sent Körner a copy, the latter took the opportunity of unbosoming himself to Schiller of his views as to Wieland's literary merits in the following terms:—

"Goschen has sent me his Wieland, and this has given me the opportunity of reading some of his writings, which were partly new to me, and partly no longer fresh in my memory. I am more and more convinced how much harm has been done to him by French literature. Indeed, he seems generally to be oppressed by the very extent of his reading. His memory forces so much upon his fancy that it can't get to the point of drawing on its own store. Perhaps, indeed, this store is not very large. Hence the poverty of individuality in his forms. For the spirit of the Greeks he appears to have no true receptivity. On the other hand, the effort to attain the light touch of the French is very apparent; and how little he succeeds! How often does he become

heavy and offend genuine good taste. Deep feeling and force you may, generally speaking, search for in vain. His colouring is often exaggerated in accessories and tame in the chief figures. His great practice gives his productions a deceptive appearance which on a closer inspection does not conceal its poverty. I had an idea at one time of carefully reviewing his works after his death, but it is scarcely necessary. He has had too little effect in Germany. His style is not calculated to invite imitation. Possibly one might have to correct the illusion on the part of some foreigners, that he, who is anything rather than a German, should be considered the representative of our literature."

The reader will have noted that Körner here denies Wieland's receptivity for the spirit of the Greeks. On the other hand, Goethe wrote, in commenting on Wieland's free translations of Horace's *Satires* and Lucian's *Dialogues*, published in 1772: "Akin to the Greeks in taste and to the Romans in temperament, Wieland succeeded in reproducing *the spirit* and not the letter of their works; while by his suggestive commentaries he made them applicable to the times in which he lived."

Schiller declared to Körner that he was entirely in accord with his estimate of Wieland; but, nevertheless, his reply showed a much higher appreciation of his worth:—

"I am entirely of your mind about Wieland; he is witty and eloquent, but one can scarcely class him among the poets with more propriety than Voltaire or Pope. He belongs to the good old times when works of wit and of poetical genius were held to be synonymous. What, however, makes one so often go astray in judging his defects and excellences is his *Deutschheit* (German nature) side by side with his French equipment. This *Deutschheit* makes him at times a true poet, though oftener still an old woman

or a Philistine. He is a strange mixture. After all, his productions are not wanting in splendid poetical and inspired moments, and his natural talent is still, in my opinion, very respectable, much as it has been injured by his training."

The date when these two idealists, Körner and Schiller, passed these severe judgments on Wieland, who, at one time, as Goethe himself has declared, undoubtedly stood at the head of German literature, is important. They were written when the powers of the old author were on the wane, when he had been left behind in the race, while Schiller was ascending step by step to the culminating point of his surpassing genius. And, again, the standpoint from which the tastes and temperaments of Körner and Schiller led them to view the functions and duties of literature, was entirely different from that of Wieland. To educate the German public to the purest tastes, to the highest principles of æsthetics, to the most perfect forms of art, was the goal for which they strove: Wieland was more human, more social, more political. Schiller denied him a place among the poets, as he denied it to Pope and Voltaire. But Wieland was not a simple poet. His versatility knew no limits, and it is curious in this connection to remember that the French called Wieland "the Voltaire of Germany."

Körner had declared that Wieland was "anything rather than a German," but Schiller dwelt emphatically on his *Deutschheit*, and this *Deutschheit* told on the German nation, notwithstanding the "French equipment." If Körner maintained that Wieland had little effect in Germany, it was true only in the sense of his having founded no actual

literary school. How he influenced Goethe has already been seen. The many-sided Goethe had far more sympathy with Wieland's versatile spirit, with his dealings with the realities of life (even in a fantastic dress), with his persiflage and humour, than the idealist group. And, from the strictly German point of view, Wieland's services to native literature in Germany were certainly great.

Writing as he did, at a time when the influence of French literature was supreme, and the French language alone was spoken in the higher circles of Germany; when Frederick the Great rejected the services of Lessing, and surrounded himself with French men of letters, and made them members of the Berlin Academy in preference to Germans;—Wieland succeeded in winning the favour of the German aristocracy, in forcing German books into their hands and the German tongue to their lips. If his style reproduced some of the qualities of French writers, he drew his readers to the study of works of which the animating soul was German, and he was endowed with sufficient German originality to assimilate the best productions of Greece and Rome, and, above all, of England, and, stamping them with the die of his own native genius, to transform them into German work.

In 1769, Wieland's national reputation led the Elector of Mainz to offer him the post of Professor of Philosophy at the University of Erfurt, with a salary of 600 thalers. This post, after some hesitation, he accepted. He went into residence in Erfurt in the summer of the same year, and, though he was assured that his mere presence there was all that was required

of him, he had no intention of being a mere lay figure. To the surprise and grief of austere and orthodox doctrinaires who regarded him as a frivolous and free-thinking writer of immoral romances and as a Socratic "corrupter of youth," he undertook to instruct the students in a subject not generally included in a university curriculum and requiring more than a university education—the practical philosophy of life, illustrated from the great master-pieces of literature and from the history of human experience.

Wieland's lectures were delivered at a particularly opportune moment. A few years before, Rousseau's passionate cry had rung through Germany, as it did through the rest of Europe, and threatened to drown the voice of common sense. *La Nouvelle Héloïse* had been followed in quick succession by the *Social Contract* and *Emile.* Wieland, like Lessing, had been prepared by his study of English literature to sympathize with the emotional truths of Rousseau's teaching, but he had also been prepared to criticize its moral and mental extravagance. He now stood forth as the expositor of a philosophy of life which would harmonize old with new ideas. He laid ancient and modern thinkers under contribution with equal impartiality, but refused to be tied down to any one system of philosophy. In opposition to the philosophers of the understanding, he asserted the rights of feeling, while in opposition to the advocates of natural emotion, he insisted on the rationality of man's nature. He denounced superstition, yet he upheld faith.

Nor did Wieland ignore the importance of political questions. Some time before, he had celebrated the fame of Frederick the Great in an unfinished poem,

Cyrus, and now that the eyes of Germany were turned from Berlin to Vienna, from the Prussian hero to Joseph II., he again gave utterance to his political ideas in the *Golden Mirror*, published in 1772. Joseph had been inspired by Frederick's example to inaugurate an era of reform and enlightenment, but he had found strenuous opponents in the priests and the Jesuits. Though the power of the latter in the universities and over the press had been somewhat broken by Maria Theresa, yet their supremacy over the minds of the masses was still unshaken. Wieland hoped to bring the voice of public opinion to the support of an enlightened monarch, and he set to work so skilfully and so temperately that even hostile critics were disarmed. He held up a "magic mirror" before the eyes of kings and princes in which, at one and the same time, they might see their shortcomings and the method of curing them.

The work appeared at a momentous time, and had far-reaching consequences. The readiness of German rulers here and there to attend to the wise warnings of Wieland, may be said to have been largely instrumental in disarming the German preachers of French revolutionary ideas. One princely house was prudent enough to seek immediately to reap the benefit of Wieland's wisdom.

In the year 1772, Wieland made an excursion to Weimar, and was there introduced to the Duchess Amalia, who was so impressed by his conversation that she asked and obtained the permission of the Elector of Mainz for Wieland to leave Erfurt, and take charge of the education of the two young princes of Saxe-Weimar. Thus he became the tutor of the

celebrated Karl August, and was entrusted with the task of moulding the mind and character of a German ruler who was destined to play a great part as a patron of literature, and to be immortalized in history as the intimate friend of Goethe. Wieland's *Danischmende*, a kind of sequel to his *Golden Mirror*, was the outcome of his reflections on the education of the young prince, and the *Choice of Hercules* was especially composed for the celebration of his birthday.

A more important result of Wieland's migration to Weimar was the founding of the celebrated periodical, *The German Mercury*, of which he and Bertuch were owners, and he himself the brilliant editor. Whilst it largely increased his influence and power, this periodical certainly did not conduce to his peace of mind. Many a storm broke over his head in consequence of the literary reviews which it contained. They offended both by their praise and by their attacks, and Wieland had to suffer for the verdicts of his assistant critic, Schmidt. For instance, the latter, in an article on *The German Parnassus*, made some severe remarks on the Göttingen guild of poets. The emotional guild retaliated with the pen, and revenged themselves on Wieland and Schmidt together by the bonfire mentioned in a previous chapter,* into which was cast not only a work of the poet, but his portrait engraved as a frontispiece in a magazine edited by Schmidt.

Wieland kept his temper, however, and took no notice of his assailants except in a humorous rejoinder, *Cupid Accused (Verklagter Amor)*.

But a little later Schmidt brought a much more formidable antagonist into the lists against Wieland. Goethe, in his *Aus meinem Leben*, tells us how

* *Vide* p. 107.

inadequate he considered the review in the *Mercury* of his *Götz von Berlichingen*, which had just appeared; and though Wieland not only stated his disagreement from the critic, but in a later number inserted a criticism of his own in which he spoke of "the beautiful monster," and was so discriminating in his praise and blame that Goethe was obliged to exclaim in amazement: "No one understands me better than Wieland,"—the offence was not lightly to be condoned.

But apart from the reception which the *Mercury* gave to *Götz*, Goethe has related that there were other causes of quarrel between himself and Wieland.

The outcome of Goethe's displeasure was his famous farce, *Gods, Heroes, and Wieland*, published in 1774, of which Wieland himself not unkindly said that Goethe, having shown the public in *Götz von Berlichingen* that, if he chose, he could be Shakespeare, had proved by this heroic farcical pasquinade that he could also be Aristophanes. Wieland might have rallied forces against his formidable satirist, whose *Werther*, immensely successful as it had been, had raised a very strong outcry against its atheistical and immoral teaching. But Wieland had too keen an eye and too full an appreciation for literary capacity to join in the attack on the rising genius. As Goethe pointed out after Wieland's death—

"What for many years upheld the worth and dignity of the *German Mercury* was the instructive liberality of its author. Wieland was not moulded for a party leader. He who recognizes moderation as his chief maxim, cannot be guilty of any one-sidedness."

Wieland merely turned the tables against Goethe by some good-humoured remarks in the *Mercury;* and when he came to criticize *Clavigo* and *Werther*,

he once more showed a remarkable insight into the author's standpoint. It was only under the mistaken idea that Goethe was the author of a new piece of persiflage, *Prometheus, Deucalion and his Reviewers* (really written by Wagner), that he gave some notoriety to Nicolai's parody, *The Joys of Young Werther*, by a critique from his own pen, in which he hinted that Herr Goethe, who had taken what liberties he liked as regards others, had little reason to complain of a degree of licence which he had sanctioned by his own example.

As a matter of fact, even in these days before the great poet had had the opportunity of exercising his unrivalled powers of personal fascination over the older author, Wieland had an unconcealed and immense admiration for the man whom he felt to be the greatest literary genius of the age. And very shortly after these passages of arms, the two men met. Karl August, Duke of Weimar, practically brought them together. At the end of 1774 Wieland's charge of the young princes terminated, and they went to Paris. Goethe was introduced to them at Karlsruhe; and after the marriage and installation of Karl August, as reigning duke in the autumn of 1775, he was invited by the young prince, when visiting Frankfurt, to go to Weimar. He confessed that one of his reasons for accepting the offer was his wish "to show some token of friendship to Wieland, who has acted so generously towards me, and to atone for my half-intended, half-accidental rudeness to him." In November of that year Goethe arrived at Weimar, and became the bosom friend of the young prince. Wieland showed great magnanimity in the manner in which he cheerfully accepted his subordinate position. Although

supplanted in his confidential relations to Karl August by a man sixteen years his junior and that man known as the disparager of his literary fame, Wieland, so far from displaying any sign of jealousy, was the first to express his enthusiastic admiration of Goethe's genius and goodness. To Jacobi he wrote: "Oh, best of brothers, what shall I say to you? How entirely I felt at the first glance that Goethe was a man after my own heart! How I fell in love with the splendid youth as I sat by his side at the table! All that I can say (after more than one crisis through which I have passed during these days) is this: since that morning my soul is as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun." Nine weeks later he wrote to Zimmerman: "To-day I have seen him for the first time in his complete splendour—in his complete, beautiful, pure humanity. In a moment of ecstasy I knelt down beside him, pressed my soul to his heart, and worshipped God!"

Nor was it merely towards Goethe that Wieland showed no trace of envy. In the October of the following year, Herder, already known as a distinguished author, came to Weimar as Court preacher; and Wieland became his devoted admirer. He wrote—

"My whole soul is full of the splendid man. But he is too great, too splendid, I cannot speak of him; and the very fact of his spirit being too great, makes it a kind of misfortune for him to be here in Weimar. With the exception of Goethe, where is there a man for him here? I feel how little I can be to him. Feel, see, perceive what he is and love him more than any mortal has yet loved him,—that I can do, but how insufficient is that for a deep-thinking all-embracing powerful genius!"

But although Wieland felt eclipsed by more

brilliant luminaries, Karl August and the Duchess Amalia did not forget to express their love and esteem for their old friend. Though the duke chose the younger poet for his companion, Wieland was gratified by having his salary of 1000 thalers assured him for life, and he remained on the most intimate terms with the dowager duchess. And even if Weimar society was taken captive by the fascination of its two new favourites, the German public continued to express with increasing warmth its deep appreciation of Wieland's powers.

With the appearance of Goethe and Herder on the Weimar stage, Wieland retired more than before into his domestic circle, which, since the death of his father in 1772, included his old mother in addition to his wife and four daughters. He bought a "garden house" just outside the town, and there he enjoyed the half-rural, half-urban existence which best suited a nature that was, as he said himself, "a cross between Socrates and Horace."

Here Wieland entertained Bode and Musäus, Bertuch and Böttiger, Gleim and Jacobi. Here, under the influence of Goethe and Herder, he began to study mediæval stories, to appreciate Hans Sachs, and by his tales of chivalry, *Gandalin* and *Geron the Noble*, to create a deeper feeling for the age of mediæval romance. But it was in his poem of *Oberon* (1780) that he may be said to have reached the highest point of creative effort. In the composition of this epic poem, he laid under contribution Chaucer's *Tales* and Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but he lit up all with the flame of his own poetic fancy and his own personal feeling; and Lessing, who, in the previous year, had published his *Nathan*, and Goethe,

who had just written his *Iphigenia*, were carried away with admiration. "So long as poetry is poetry," wrote Goethe to Lavater, "gold gold, and crystal crystal, so long will *Oberon* arouse love and wonder as a master-piece of poetic art."

The time was to come when Wieland, who overwrote himself in his later days, was to see his light grow gradually paler, and public favour sadly decline, but to estimate what he was in his zenith, the evidence of such striking testimony from men of the stamp of Goethe and Lessing is conclusive.

Nor was Goethe without great admiration for Wieland's prose productions. "Worth and dignity" were, as we have seen, qualities which he attributed to the *German Mercury*. But Wieland's prose style was a further object for appreciative praise. It gave German writers a much-needed model of elegant diction, by "setting in motion," as Goethe wrote to Eckermann, "muscles and joints of speech which in his contemporaries seemed stiff and dead." In this respect he carried on the good tradition initiated by Lessing and immortalized by Goethe. The subject-matter of his prose writing was almost infinite in variety. With playful irony, keen criticism, and cultivated common sense, he waged incessant war against prejudice and superstition in every department of human thought and action. He made the *Mercury* the recognized organ of the *Aufklärung*. He gave a new importance to this watchword of his age, when he accentuated its moral as well as its mental meaning, thereby establishing his divergence from the French Encyclopædists and their German disciples. The *Aufklärung* in Wieland's eyes implied a

reformation as well as a renaissance, a purification of the passions as well as an enlightenment of the mind. In matters of religion he expressed little sympathy with either the orthodox or the freethinkers, or with their respective formulæ. Like Lessing, he seized on the practical side of religion, and regarded its purification from miracle and superstition as only a preliminary step to its identification with love to God and man, and the exercise of all moral virtue. While maintaining the rights of reason and the necessity of freedom of thought, he warned philosophers that it was not profitable to throw doubt *coram populo* on the root principle of morality and religion, belief in a God and in a future life. He held that such a belief could never be a matter of logical demonstration, but only of moral conviction, his practical wisdom leading him in this respect to take up the same position which was soon to be fortified by Kant's speculative philosophy.

In the domains of politics and social science Wieland displayed the same combination of prudent restraint and reforming zeal as signalized his philosophical teaching; and here again he wielded the same weapons of keen wit and irony. His skill in dealing with contemporaneous politics through the medium of brilliant satire and classical apologues was very remarkable, and the access which he had gained as a refined and amusing author to aristocratic and princely circles, ensured their being read in quarters where the ordinary pamphleteer and journalist would have had no chance. He foresaw that in Germany, as in France, if reform did not come from above, revolution would come from below, and he hoped that the rulers of Germany would listen to words

of good-natured banter, and not wait for cries of passionate denunciation.

Even before 1773 ominous signs of the coming storm had begun to appear on the political horizon. Thümmel's *Wilhelmine* (1764) and Lessing's *Emilia Galotti* (1772) had been read as direct attacks on courts and tyrants, while Goethe's *Werther* (1773) palpitated with the passions of revolution. Political writers like Möser and Schubart had preached the new doctrines still more openly during the *Sturm-und-Drang* period, and finally Schiller's *Räuber* (1781) and *Kabale und Liebe* (1784) sounded in the ears of the people like declarations of war against society and the upper classes. Wieland saw that the spirit of criticism was spreading far and wide, and he was aware that in the disorganized condition of German politics, the power of the pen was irresistible. What he hoped was that the leading writers of Germany would gradually form an enlightened public opinion which would lead the various Governments along the path of reform, but this happy result he saw could only be secured if the writers carefully restrained their criticism within reasonable bounds. He defended the freedom of the press as the palladium of mankind, but he warned writers that if they turned their liberty of speech into licence, then the censorship of the press would be more strictly enforced while all hope of gradual reform would disappear. The only choice would be between despotism and anarchy. At a later period, when the first act of the drama of the French Revolution had been played, Wieland was able to make use of his unrivalled prestige as a poet, a novelist, an essayist, a critic, and a scholar, to preach to German rulers, German writers, and German

citizens the practical principles of wise statesmanship, sober criticism, and civic duty. In his *Götter-Gespräche im Elysium*, *Götter-Gespräche*, and *Gespräche unter vier Augen*, written during the most exciting events of the French Revolution, he applied all his literary skill to the task of keeping the mind of Germany cool and calm; and remaining level-headed to an extraordinary degree in the midst of panic and violence, issued his impartial protests against revolutionary and reactionary measures alike.

Such was the celebrated author, whom my grandfather had the good fortune to meet at the height of his fame in 1786, and to fascinate at the first interview. The interest he felt in the young publisher was not momentary. Though Goschen left Weimar without a manuscript in his pocket, he shortly afterwards received the following complimentary letter:—

Wieland to Goschen.

"May 22, 1786.

"MOST VALUED SIR AND FRIEND,

"It is no empty compliment, but downright truth itself, when I tell you that I heartily honour you, and that each one of your letters has strengthened and confirmed this sentiment. How glad I should accordingly be, to afford you an actual proof of it by granting you the request which you made in your letter of the 20th, if only it were in my power to do so! But this is no longer the case. It is now a year since I made, *proprio motu*, a provisional arrangement with Herr Reich, the publisher of Horace's *Satires*, for the intended publication of the *Epistles*, and this edition is still only held back out of consideration for the Verlags-Casse which treated me so scurvily. Would that it were in my power to indemnify you for this disappointment! But it would be ignoble not to be straightforward with a man like you. Older friendships and connections have undeniable and, to some

extent, sacred claims of preference over more recent claims, and so long as Reich and Steiner live and remain my friends, my heart (even apart from other considerations) makes it impossible for me to prefer a younger friend to them, however much he may deserve my high esteem and good wishes. This is a frame of mind through which I cannot lose the respect of a man of your character; meanwhile it pains me perhaps more than it does yourself that I cannot satisfy all good men of your position at one and the same time. Their name is *not* Legion."

One service he was prepared to render to his new friend. Alluding to a promised criticism in the *Mercury*, Wieland concludes: "*Tom Jones* shall be introduced to the world with all the honour he deserves."

Thus Goschen had for the nonce to be content with a letter instead of a book to publish; but seed had been sown which was to bear a splendid harvest before many years had passed, and a tie was knit which hereafter was to connect the name of the publisher indissolubly in the history of literature with that of the veteran author.

CHAPTER VIII.

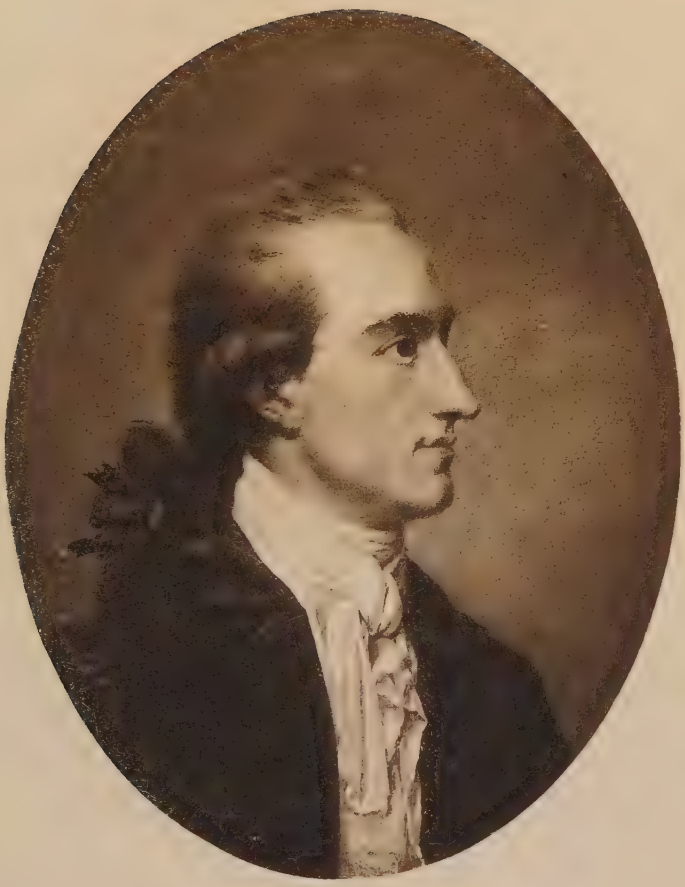
GOETHE.

JUNE, 1786—EASTER, 1787.

NOT long after the interview at which my grandfather had taken the patriarch of literature by storm, but had only extracted a hopeful promise, he achieved a much larger and more immediate triumph. He was charged with the publication of a collection of the great Goethe's entire Works—an unparalleled honour for so young a firm.

The execution of this ambitious venture presents a chequered story. Petty worries, financial anxieties, and some misunderstandings clouded its course and chilled the enthusiasm with which Goschen set out upon his work. Nor were there eventually more than very modest gains; but the prestige conferred by this transaction with a celebrated author was instantaneous, and the advantage of connection with an enterprise which at once fixed the attention of every man of letters, was incalculable.

Bertuch was the intermediary who rendered Goschen this great service. Moving in the same circle of intimates with Goethe, he was in a position to become acquainted with all his literary plans, and thus he learned that the firm of Unger, a well-known



Goethe in his 30th year,
from a portrait by Mary,
in the possession of the Baron von Cotta, Stuttgart.

Berlin publisher, had been sounded by the author with a view to collecting all his scattered and unfinished writings, and publishing them as a whole. Bertuch ascertained Goethe's views as to remuneration, and communicated them to Goschen. The latter thought them high, but what publisher could refuse such a chance? He wrote back (June 17, 1786)—

"Three louis d'or (£2 5*s.*) is certainly the utmost that Goethe can possibly expect. Indeed, even this is rather hard for U. [Unger], and if Goethe is satisfied with two carl d'or, U. will still not have it cheap. Nevertheless U. must take it even at three louis d'or, and must afterwards beat the drum all the more loudly and continuously."

But though Goschen said that U. (Unger) could not refuse, the bargain was not struck. At this period a certain indifference towards Goethe's works had set in. Since the publication of *Clavigo* no fresh writings from him had issued from the press, and expectations of further great works were not high. Moreover, from the commercial point of view, it was a great drawback that Himburg in Berlin had pirated his writings. Hesitation, therefore, as to the purchase of eight volumes at three louis d'or per sheet was not extraordinary. Still, Goschen had declared that no publisher could reject Goethe's demand, and, backing his opinion, with his small means and undeveloped business undertook the venture which the older and wealthier Berlin house had declined.

Bertuch shared Goschen's confidence; and, indeed, the scheme had something specially attractive to his speculative character. Possibly aware of my grandfather's slender resources, he offered to join him in the project, and to contribute a portion of the necessary capital;—the young firm could scarcely have

borne the burden alone. The arrangement between the two friends was embodied in a very brief but formal document, to the effect that they bound themselves to the joint enterprise and publication of Goethe's entire Works, with the same interest in the outlay, profits or loss,—Goschen, on account of the partner in his firm, being responsible for two-thirds, and Bertuch for one-third. This they "had considered, discussed, and concluded as men of honour."

The partner alluded to was, of course, Körner.

The association of Bertuch with Goschen rendered a constant interchange of letters between Weimar and Leipzig necessary, and the correspondence not only enables us to gauge the shrewd business capacity and indefatigable energy with which the plan was carried through, but presents a vivid picture of the various moods of hopefulness and depression, confidence and anxiety, and occasional violent irritation, which its successive phases evoked in my grandfather's breast.

No sooner had Bertuch learned that Unger had retired from the field, than he approached Goethe in Goschen's name, and the negotiations were concluded with great rapidity. Two editions were contemplated, one in ordinary small octavo, the other to be a handsome large octavo. The author demanded a lump sum of 2000 thalers. The basis of the calculation being eight volumes of twenty sheets, *i.e.* of 320 pages each,* the lump sum worked out at a slightly lower figure than the three louis d'or per sheet which Unger had declined to give, but Goethe was spared the troublesome, and often unsatisfactory, calculation by sheets.

Bertuch reported to Goschen what passed at the

* But *vide* p. 176.

interview when these terms were demanded, writing as follows (June 29th):—

"On Tuesday I was at Goethe's, and spoke to him about the intention he had expressed to me. 'You have put on the screw very tight,' said I. 'Goschen will wince; however, we will see what he says to it. You will in any case have to allow him some abatement.'

"'It is quite true,' said he, 'that I have somewhat raised my demands. I have thrown my finished works and my unfinished works into hotchpot, and asked one sum for the lot: 1. Because both are equally valuable to Goschen on account of their being completely revised, and as good as new. 2. That we may neither of us be bothered with various computations of the number of sheets. 3. Because, as Goschen does not haggle, but only deals on broad lines, I hardly reckon at all on a second edition, and must therefore expect all I can hope for from this one. On the other hand, I will not limit Goschen at all as to the size of this edition, and ask nothing for the handsome edition in large 8vo. I will also help to promote the subscription in every way through my friends.'

"This is the upshot of what he said, and I perceived that he is not likely to depart from his demand of 2000 thalers."

Goschen did not haggle, and no abatement from the 2000 thalers was asked for or obtained. Some little discussion took place as to future editions and the number of presentation copies, but by the 6th of July Goethe was able to write to his dearest friend, Frau von Stein: "With Goschen I am agreed as regards my Works; on one point I have given way; as to the rest he has assented to everything." The poet was clearly satisfied with the conditions obtained. Wieland, too, had congratulated him, so Bertuch wrote to Goschen, on the advantageous bargain he had made for his writings. "Thus," Bertuch added, "the ratification of the preliminary articles is assured."

The terms of the contract itself will be found later on,* but two important points in Goethe's declaration should be noted, as they proved very important in the sequel. He had fixed his terms with the feeling "that he must not expect much from a second edition," and that he "would impose no limits on Goschen as to the size of the first."

Goethe's motives in deciding to have a complete edition of his Works are easily understood. Though a long interval had elapsed since the public had been favoured with any new work from his pen, he had not been entirely idle. Some beautiful fragments he had written, but had left as fragments. Some pieces he had read to the Weimar circle, or had caused to be acted on the Weimar stage. It was natural that he should make an effort to bring his work to artistic completion and perfection, while at the same time the pecuniary resources which he possessed in the materials thus accumulated, were not to be neglected. And indeed Goethe's poetical conscience had begun to prick him and fill him with remorse at some years idled away. It may well have been, too, that on the point of carrying out his long-cherished scheme of a journey to Italy, financial motives gained in strength. Karl August was willing to allow his friend and minister to retain his full salary as Rath during his absence, "while the Voights and Schmidts," as Schiller said, "worked for him like beasts of burden;" but a suitable honorarium for the publication of eight volumes would furnish a welcome addition to the means which he would be able to command during his prolonged sojourn in the South.

It was considered advisable, in the interest both

* *Vide* p. 180.

of the author and of the publisher, that the public should be authoritatively informed by Goethe himself of the reasons for the publication which was about to take place, and of its full significance. As subscriptions were to be invited before the eight volumes were in a reviewer's hands, it was necessary that the public should know to what they were invited to subscribe. Thus it was arranged that Goethe should write an ostensible letter in which all should be set forth as plainly as possible, and that this letter should be included in the announcement of the new publication. The draft letter, agreed upon by Goethe and Bertuch, ran as follows:—

"You are acquainted with the reasons which at last compel me to publish a collection of all my writings—of those which have, as well as of those which have not, been printed.

"On the one hand, a new edition is threatened, which, like the last, appears to be prepared without my knowledge and consent, and would probably resemble the other in misprints and other faults and improprieties (*Unschicklichkeiten*). On the other hand, unfinished writings of mine, of which I have sometimes given a copy to friends, are beginning to be brought piecemeal before the public.

"As I cannot give *much*, I have always wished to give the little which I do give *good*,—to make such of my works as are already known, more worthy of the approbation which they have received, in the enjoyment of more freedom and leisure to give the last industrious touches to those which are complete in manuscript,—and to finish the unfinished in a happy mood. But, in my position, these appear to remain pious wishes; one year after another has passed, and even now only a disagreeable necessity has been able to bring me to the decision which I wished to make known to the public.

"With this intent you hereby receive an arrangement of all my works in eight volumes.

"First Volume: *Dedication to the German public; The Sorrows of Young Werther.*
"Second Volume: *Götz von Berlichingen; The Fellow Culprits.*
"Third Volume: *Iphigenia; Clavigo; Brother and Sister.*
"Fourth Volume: *Stella; The Triumph of Sensibility; The Birds.*
"Fifth Volume: *Claudine; Erwin and Elmira; Jery and Bätely; The Fisher-woman.*
"Sixth Volume: *Egmont,* unfinished; *Elpenor,* two acts.
"Seventh Volume: *Tasso,* two acts; *Faust,* a fragment; *The Politico-moral Marionettes.*
"Eighth Volume: Miscellanies and poems.

"Of the first four volumes I can say with certainty that they will contain the pieces announced; but how earnestly do I wish for so much more elbow-room and repose as would enable me to deliver the works which I have commenced and which are assigned to the sixth and seventh volumes,—in a complete state! The remainder you will be good enough to arrange according to your kind promise."

Bertuch sent this draft to Goschen, accompanying it with a sketch of an announcement of the Works, so far as it could be drawn up without the publisher's calculations. Goethe had read and approved the sketch, and Goschen was to fill in the prices to be charged to the public when he had exactly calculated the cost of production, and to add to it whatever he might think necessary—a latitude of which, to judge by the sequel, he availed himself very liberally.

The prices which were filled in by Goschen were 6 thalers 16 groschen (*i.e.* £1) to subscribers, and 8 thalers (*i.e.* £1 4*s.*) to the public. (The retail booksellers were to receive 33⅓ per cent. discount.)

Bertuch put other important questions to Goschen as to the size and form of the editions, and as to the

time for their issue, and especially as to measures against the pirate-publishers. The intolerable effrontery and the disgraceful success with which books were pirated in all parts of Germany, especially in the States of the Holy Roman Empire, will be told in a future chapter. Here it will suffice to say, that, as Himburg in Berlin had already pirated some works of Goethe, so it was certain that the pirates would at once pounce upon this important collection. So-called *privileges*, *i.e.* copyrights, had to be secured at Dresden, Vienna, and Berlin, as some sort of protection. But such *privileges* were quite insufficient to safeguard the interests of the legitimate publishers. Crafty counter-manœuvres might be more effectual.

It had been agreed with Goethe, as already stated, that there was to be a small octavo edition and a handsome large octavo; but Bertuch and Goschen had apparently discussed a further edition, for the special purpose of outwitting the pirates by its extraordinary cheapness and its likeness to a pirated edition, conveying the idea to these gentry that some fellow-sinner had forestalled them in their intention to issue a coarse edition cheap enough to prevent buyers from investing in the legitimate issues.

Bertuch sketched his idea as follows:—

"It must be extremely cheap, and differ from the ordinary edition by the lines being closer together and the columns rearranged so that it may not have the same number of pages and sheets as the latter. Otherwise our intention would be betrayed, and the thieves, who, as we hope, would push it as a supposed pirated edition, would not be caught. Indeed, in order not to betray the stratagem, we ought even to have the title-page, on which the name of no firm would appear, printed by different printers."

While Bertuch distinctly suggested that no intimation should be given as to whence this edition proceeded, and that the name should not be printed on the title-page, I gather from an inspection of volumes of this cheap issue, that it was eventually advertised and published by Goschen himself in the usual way.

Bertuch, a man of the world, further asked—

"Do you approve my idea to publish the names of subscribers? I am sure that in this case many a man and many a woman will join the subscription out of vanity if he knows that the names will be printed."

My grandfather made a note against this question: "Quite right;" and it was done.

Bertuch's letter crossed one from Goschen dated the 30th of June. He was full of ardour; he was "breaking loose from all other business in order to get the whole of the Goethe affair into order;" in a fortnight he was to be off to Töplitz, Karlsbad, Prague, and Vienna, so as to get at the whole of the Bohemian nobility and at the guests in the two most frequented watering-places. Thus he wrote—

"I am most anxious to carry off the Goethe announcement with me. For Heaven's sake look to it. I will add the business part. The chief points are: 1. That the public should know that the editions of his works hitherto published are not recognized by the author as editions of his own hand, but that the edition now in question is prepared by himself; Goethe must testify to that. 2. That the public is now to receive Goethe's works, partly in a quite different form, partly increased, and with much added that has not been printed before. . . ."

These points had been met in the draft on its way from Weimar.

And the publisher had a further preoccupation—Would it be possible to find a market in England and France? The letter continued—

"With regard to a French version, I must speak with Lagarde in the first instance. Without a partner who trades with France, neither I nor any German publisher can do anything with the French. Their principle is to pay the foreigner not with money but with books, but only to take money and not books from the foreigner. The foreigner fares badly under such circumstances.

"I wish I could get to England! There I think something would be done with Goethe's works, because *Werther* has there also aroused an immense fever of sensibility. How many imitations of *Werther* have not appeared!"

A few days later Goschen had seen Lagarde in Berlin, and reported to Bertuch—

"Lagarde is of opinion that no French translation should be prepared, and has convinced me that nothing can be gained by it. As to England, I shall see. A happy chance may make this possible. Of this by-and-by. If you will undertake the French edition and leave me the English one, I will gladly renounce all rights to the French, as also to the Russian and the other languages. I am prepared to exchange a German original edition, as that of Goethe, against an original English work with an Englishman.* But I have no disposition or courage for speculations on foreign ground which I do not know."

Goschen in the same letter finally settled that he would not print the edition in large 8vo for the present; that the ordinary edition should consist of 4000 copies,† towards which he calculated on 1000

* I can find no trace of negotiations for an English edition.

† Ultimately reduced to 3000.

subscribers; and that of the cheap reserve edition he would print 2000; but, as to this, silence was to be maintained for a time. "And now," he exclaimed, "my cares come trooping up. I shall provide 2000 thalers, Körner must find the same amount, and you are kind enough also to undertake such a sum. Each of the three to find 1000 by Michaelmas, and the remainder by the New Year." Paper-makers, printers, and engravers had to be paid, and Goethe had made the unusual stipulation that each parcel of his manuscript should only be delivered to the publisher on the proportionate amount of cash being paid into his agent's hands.

When Körner, in Dresden, learnt that his partner was negotiating successfully for Goethe's Works, his delight was great, but when, a little later, Goschen applied to him for financial help in the shape of the 2000 thalers which would represent his share, the outlay being much too large for the existing small partnership capital, Körner, eager but impecunious, was obliged to ask for time. That they could not give up such a speculation was beyond all doubt;—the only point was to find the best way to secure the means to carry it through. The two men were really embarked in a venture beyond their financial strength; indeed Goschen, irrespective of this scheme, was several times at his wits' end to raise the necessary funds, and, as his business expanded, money troubles put some strain on the relations between his partner and himself.

Apart from the question of finance, matters were now in full train, and early in August the die was cast by the issue of the following notice to the public, which I give in full, as a literary curiosity:—

"The Complete Works of G. R. von Goethe,
of Weimar,

"In Eight Volumes.

"*Published by Georg Joachim Goschen, Leipzig.*

"It will undoubtedly be good news to the public to learn that Herr Geheim-Rath von Goethe has decided to prepare a complete edition of all his works, to be published by me. His friends and the admirers of his muse both in Germany and elsewhere have long desired this decision, and the public have anxiously hoped for more works from the author whom from the first they ranked among their favourite poets. The consequence was that, without his knowledge, everything that could be found of his, or that was believed might possibly be his, was swept up and printed, thus giving rise to so-called collections of his works, in which some pieces which he had not acknowledged as his own, and some which were clearly by other authors, appeared side by side; and these collections were moreover not half complete, since the greatest part of the author's writings have not yet been printed.

"There are some personal reasons which have decided Herr Geheim-Rath von Goethe to take charge of the children of his muse himself, and to present to the public *the first genuine* and *complete edition* of all his *Works* from his own hand. He has given a detailed explanation for so doing in a letter to a friend, of which I am permitted to publish the following passage:—"

Here follows the extract from Goethe's letter of August, 1786, already quoted at p. 169. "You are acquainted with the reasons," etc., etc. The notice continued—

"As this detailed explanation from the author—which at the same time is the surest certificate of *genuineness* and of my *lawful possession* of this edition—

relieves me of the necessity of giving further information as to the arrangement of the contents, I will only add what I have to say to the public in my capacity as publisher.

"I shall take the utmost care to secure for these excellent works an exterior corresponding to the value of what they contain. The author has chosen small 8vo for the form. They will therefore be printed in this form, with perfectly new German type, and they will be adorned with eight engravings by Chodowiecki, and eight vignettes by Meil.

"Although I shall print with most gracious privileges from the Roman Emperor, the King of Prussia, and the Elector of Saxony, I still think it necessary to take precautions against robbery by dishonourable pirate-publishers who will doubtless lie in wait for this booty, and I shall therefore protect myself by means of subscriptions. I am convinced that the excellent author has too many friends and admirers, both in Germany and elsewhere, for it to be possible that many of those who have the necessary time and leisure, should refuse to give him a token of their respect in collecting and kindly making known to me the names of subscribers to ensure this edition. The list of subscribers will be added to the last volume.

"The terms of subscription for this edition in small 8vo for the eight volumes (each of which will be about an alphabet thick,* and four volumes of which will appear after Easter, the remainder between Midsummer and Michaelmas, 1787), are: 6 thalers 16 groschen (£1).

"The subscription list will be open until Easter, 1787. After the Easter Fair the retail price of the book will be 8 thalers (£1 4*s.*).

"The subscribers will not only obtain the book at a lower cost, but will also enjoy the advantage of the first impressions of the copper-plates, which I promise

* Each printer's sheet (16 pages in 8vo) is marked, at the foot of the first page, by a letter of the alphabet, technically called the "signature." In England the letters A, J, V, W, are omitted, and thus an alphabet = 22 "signatures," or 352 pages in an 8vo book. In Germany the letters J, V, W only are omitted, and the alphabet = 23 "signatures," or 368 8vo pages.

as a man of honour. In a somewhat large edition, this promise cannot be without interest to lovers of copper-plate engravings. The payment of subscriptions will be entirely closed after the Easter Fair of 1787.

"I beg all lovers of Goethe's muse who see this advertisement, either to communicate concerning subscriptions directly with me, or with the booksellers of their locality, or, in absence of these, by means of the worshipful post-office officials. I request the booksellers and the worshipful post-office officials to accept the subscriptions, and promise the former the full discount on each subscription which I give them for my other publications which are not printed by subscription, and the latter a suitable remuneration for their trouble.

"GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN."

With that want of balance and absence of a sense of the fitting and becoming, which always blurred the otherwise clear sight of my grandfather when a vision of pirates beset him, he added the following paragraph to the notice:—

"*To the 'Herrn Nach-drucker.'* *

"I can easily imagine that the works here announced will be quite a pretty speculation for you too; but allow me to assure you, gentlemen, before you set to work, that I have already taken very neat measures against you, and have sufficient courage to shatter your hopes, even at the sacrifice of all my profits, should you purpose disturbing me in my lawful gains by your unlawful industry. If you have still a good name in the world, you will certainly lose it through such a proceeding. You shall be covered with such shame that your own wives and children will look on you with scorn, and no honest man will sit at meat with you.

"GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN.

"Leipzig, the month of July, 1786."

* Pirate-publishers.

Soon after Goschen had launched his advertisement, he hurried off to Karlsbad, hoping to meet Goethe there as arranged, but a great disappointment awaited him. Goethe did not arrive, and Goschen started for Vienna without having seen him. He wrote to Bertuch: "For a whole week I was looking out for Goethe in deadly anxiety. At last I found an opportunity of going on to Prague, and on the very day on which I left, Goethe arrived." But the prospectus had been scattered far and wide. "Our announcement has got into everybody's hands through the Inspector of the Brunnen. I have left a note, and a thousand copies of the notice for Goethe."

It was unfortunate that my grandfather just missed an interview with his new distinguished client by a few hours. I should have been interested to know what impression the great Geheim-Rath, so different a man from Goschen's intimates and other connections, had made upon him personally, and, also, whether my grandfather's charm of manner, which had carried him so far in a couple of years, and to which homage is done in many biographical notices, would have won any favour from the haughty poet. As it is, I find no record of a meeting between the two men, and their relations always stood on the strictest business footing.

Before Goethe left Karlsbad he wrote Goschen a letter and enclosed a copy of the contract for him to sign, in which the terms agreed on had been embodied, —documents which the publisher must indeed have received with a thrill of intense satisfaction. The letter is as follows (2nd September):—

"I regret that I did not have the pleasure of seeing you in Karlsbad, especially as, without your knowing

it, I had already arrived on the morning when you left, and I write before my departure from Karlsbad in order to instruct you fully as to the situation of our *negotium*.

"As I have still a little journey before me, and do not know for certain when I shall return home, I have given full information to Cammer-Calculator Seidel, in Weimar, and furnished him with the necessary instructions; he has the first two volumes in sealed packets in his hands, and will deliver them to you against payment of the fourth part of the honorarium. The next two volumes can be delivered about Michaelmas, at least soon after Michaelmas, and perhaps you might not even want them by that time. As to the last four, we have time till Easter, and we may then talk about them. By the new year I shall be able to say what can be done. I have no particular inclination to give the pieces incomplete, as they have been advertised, because, after all, not much gratitude could be expected for them. Enough. I shall certainly not fail to do all in my power to make the last four volumes interesting.

"I enclose sundry remarks* with respect to the printing; make whatever use you like of them. After all, the best thing is a clever proof-reader.

"If a case should occur about which it would be difficult to come to a decision, I beg you to make inquiry of the Herr General Superintendent Herder. As I am not always at home, there might be some delay; he might either speak to you about the matter, or decide it himself, all which I sanction in advance. Similarly I beg you to transmit specimens of the print, and afterwards the proof-sheets to Herr Superintendent.

"I also enclose a copy of the contract which you will be good enough to sign, and exchange it for a copy signed by me which is in the hands of Herr Seidel."

* These remarks, written on a separate sheet, were very detailed and technical, conveying questions of spelling, of capitals, of printing, of arrangement of lines, and covering special instructions as to some of the dramas, but they are not of general interest.

The phrase that Goethe "had still a little journey before him" would scarcely suggest that he was on his way to Italy—a tour which in those days was a serious undertaking,—and that he fully intended to be absent for a considerable time; but he was anxious, as appears from his letters to intimate friends, that this plan of a prolonged absence from Weimar should not be made known to the public. His revived interest in his literary labour prompted him to seek a detachment from his usual occupations and companions, so that, in a different atmosphere, in the right mood, and with ample leisure, he might perfect and complete, as far as possible, the pieces which were to fill the last four volumes of his Works. Even to dress up the first four volumes well, so he wrote to Frau von Stein, had cost him much trouble.

Meanwhile, at Karlsbad he had daily read to a fascinated circle of admiring and encouraging friends, some of the dramas, such as *Iphigenia*, which, fresh from the author's file, were soon to pass into the publisher's hands.

Here is the contract between Goethe and Goschen—

"*Contract.*

"Herr Geheim-Rath von Goethe places the publication of his writings in the hands of Georg Joachim Goschen, publisher, of Leipzig, and that on the following terms:—

"1. The announcement which has been printed, and which is attached hereto, contains a list of the writings, printed and unprinted, of which the publication is assured to Herr Goschen. It also contains the promise that the author, if he has leisure, will do his utmost to give the last four volumes a more complete form than would be given them under the terms of the announcement. It is a matter of course

that if some of the unfinished pieces should be completed, others would have to be omitted from the collection. On this point nothing can at present be decided; enough, that the author intends to make the last four volumes, as nearly as possible, equal in what they contain, to the first four.

"2. The first two volumes are ready for delivery. Two more will be delivered at Michaelmas. The four last cannot be promised before Easter, but the author will regard it as a duty not to delay the publisher.

"3. Generally, it may be calculated that there will be three volumes of writings already printed, and five of what has not been printed.

"4. For the whole the author is to receive two thousand reichs-thalers in louis d'ors at five thalers each, which honorarium is to be paid in instalments as the manuscript is delivered.

"5. The author reserves his right to any future editions, and more particularly—

"(1) That none shall be published without his knowledge and consent.

"(2) That for every printed sheet he is to receive one louis d'or, and for every sheet of added manuscript three louis d'or.

"(3) If, however, a new edition should be sold out within three years, and it reaches two thousand copies, the publisher or his heirs shall make a supplemental payment to the author or his heirs of two and a half thalers on such of the works as have been previously printed.

"(4) If the first, or any subsequent, edition should be sold out and it did not suit the convenience of Herr Goschen or his heirs to bring out another, it would then remain in the option of the author or his heirs to seek another publisher.

"6. The shape, as in Himburg's former edition, shall be small 8vo in German letters—new type, good paper of medium quality (*Schreib-Papier*),* print neat

* With reference to the different qualities of paper mentioned in these Memoirs, I am informed that they have become obsolete in consequence of the changes which have taken place in the manufacture of paper. *Schreib-Papier* was a good quality of sized (? laid) paper. *Druck-Papier* was an "unsized" quality, commonly used in printing. The

and in good taste. The author requires to be informed of the number of copies when the printing is finished, though he has no wish to impose a limit on the publisher.

"7. At the same time the author is willing to agree that an edition should be printed in large 8vo for the lovers of handsome volumes, for which purpose he will once again carefully revise a copy of the small edition for the publisher, so that even the most trifling errors, which may by chance remain in the small edition, may be eliminated. The author will be informed after its completion how large this edition has been made.

"8. The author reserves for himself forty copies of each of these editions—twenty on Dutch paper, twenty on ordinary medium paper; eighty copies in all, in English binding, each volume specially bound.

"9. Otherwise the author leaves the selection of the type and the adornment of the work entirely to the publisher; but he wishes to see in print some specimens both of prose and verse, the passages to be selected by the publisher at his discretion.

"10. His future writings shall be offered by the author to Herr Goschen before any other publisher; but he reserves the right of making special conditions according to circumstances.

"11. When the printing is finished, the manuscripts are to be returned to the author in whatever condition they may be.

"Executed (*so geschehen*) at Karlsbad.

"September 2, 1786.

"J. W. VON GOETHE."

The great man's signature had thus been attached to the contract which secured to my grandfather a connection with the foremost of German writers. But serious risks were evidently involved. Famous as Goethe was, it was very doubtful whether there would

term *Holländisches Papier*, Dutch paper, which has also occurred, is the name for a fine thick hand-made paper. *Velin-Papier*, translated in the dictionaries "wove paper," I understand to have been a good thick, but soft kind of paper.

be a run on his Collected Works—an edition of eight volumes—costing eight thalers when issued from a bookseller's shop. Still, Goethe probably exaggerated when he wrote himself at a later period, speaking of the time when Goschen's edition was announced, "The great public had no longer any knowledge of me, and did not wish for more." He bore a name honoured throughout Germany, but there was truth in his *ex post facto* view, that no great expectations were formed as to what he would still produce, outside of that literary circle which was competent to judge, and which never lost its faith in him.

Further, it is clear that, as Goethe felt himself, the very form of what was offered to the public in the notice militated against any conspicuous success.

Much, though recast and revised, was not new, while Goschen paid for all as new work. Everything, as Goethe said, had been thrown into hotchpot. Much, again, was only promised in a fragmentary form without any undertaking that completion was to follow. Let the reader remember—

"Sixth Volume: *Egmont*, unfinished; *Elpenor*, two acts.
"Seventh Volume: *Tasso*, two acts; *Faust*, a fragment."

To us to whom these titles convey the idea of marvellous masterpieces, gems which, if even they had not been completely set, would still shine as the brightest jewels in a poet's diadem, it may seem as if this very announcement were attractive enough. But the announcement had simply expressed a pious wish that more elbow-room and repose might enable him to deliver the works which he had commenced, in a complete state, and Goschen very soon discovered

that this uncertainty gravely prejudiced his purchase as a commercial venture. He expressed this fear to Bertuch a little later on. "Goethe has done me a very bad turn by the announcement that he will give the public his works incomplete. It does me great harm with the subscribers." However, in February Goschen was able by Goethe's authority to publish a reassuring notice as to the completion of the pieces contained in the edition.

Still, with all its risks and all its drawbacks, Goschen carried a contract back to Leipzig, which might be held to lay the foundations of the fortunes of the firm; and it would have been natural if, flushed with the success of his enterprise, he had hastened to his partner in Dresden to celebrate with him an event of such deep and abiding interest. But without a staff to carry on his business in his absence, compelled to give it his own personal attention without a day's delay, and absorbed in his duties to his various clients—he failed, as we shall presently see, possibly with some want of consideration, to communicate at once the result of his travels to his friends Körner and Schiller, who were impatiently awaiting news.

Goschen's visit to Vienna had in every way proved a great success. Its main object, the acquisition of a *privilegium* for Goethe's works in the Imperial dominions, was satisfactorily accomplished. But in many other respects what he saw and heard in Vienna cheered and stimulated him. He had carried with him letters of introduction from Wieland and his son-in-law, Professor Reinhold who was himself an Austrian. The terms in which his new Weimar patron addressed the young publisher were very flattering—

"As the time for your intended visit to Vienna is approaching, my son-in-law, Reinhold, sends you the enclosed letter, more as a token of the exceptional respect and love with which you have inspired him, than as if he believed that you required anything beyond your own personal qualities to win a friend in every high-minded and good man wherever you go. May Heaven bless all that you undertake!"

Goschen found these letters of introduction of the greatest service; they facilitated his objects and gained him an excellent personal reception, which, however, as we have seen before, his own manners and bearing generally won for him. Naming sundry literary celebrities, he told Wieland after his return—

"These men carry your image in their hearts with incredible love and respect. It does one good to notice it. In that part of Germany" (Austria) "we discover, in the place of the coldness or coolness which reigns here" (in Leipzig), "an ardent enthusiasm in all ranks of life, amongst the great and small, the high and the lowly, for the men of merit among German authors. Archenholtz and Meissner" (living at that time in Vienna) "are treated everywhere with a respect and readiness to oblige them, which they could not have expected in any other German town. As for you, my dearest Herr Hofrath, they would have carried you on their shoulders."

I do not know to what extent this extreme enthusiasm of Goschen for the literary tone of the Imperial city was justified; yet other evidence is not wanting of the increased interest in literary men which was growing within its walls. For some years past hopes had been aroused that Vienna was going to be a second Paris, where all men of genius would be gathered together and an Academy of Science established. Winckelmann had been warmly welcomed there, Lessing had been invited, and Klopstock had received

distinct marks of favour from Joseph II. Wieland, too, at one time had entertained the idea of migrating thither, but he, like others, soon came to recognize the fact, that, at a priest-ridden court, there was no place for the friends of enlightenment. Still, in spite of unfavourable conditions, a literary circle had been formed, and by the vivacity and elegance of his writings, Wieland had succeeded in overcoming the prejudices of cultivated Viennese society against the writers of North Germany. Goschen's delight found expression, too, in what he wrote to Bertuch. Everything seemed larger, bolder, grander to him than in his Saxon home. "I have now been four days in the great city of Vienna, where everything—river, trees, mankind, and houses, seem to be mighty, broad, and long. God be thanked that I had the courage to undertake this journey; without it I should have been only half a publisher."

Goschen was successful in Vienna in collecting subscribers for Goethe's Works; he already "knew of three hundred for certain" after his short stay. He declared himself determined not to neglect any opportunities, but to push his travels in every direction, as his maxim was "to utilize everything to the utmost and not by halves." Nor did he only bestir himself in the Goethe business. He formed new friendships, new connections. Amongst them, Alxinger, a poet of some distinction—a volume of whose work, published in 1784, had attracted considerable notice—placed his latest literary effort, *Doolin of Mainz*, in his hands.

On Goschen's return to Leipzig, worrying difficulties soon began to vex his soul. The distance

between Rome and Leipzig prevented many necessary explanations and consultations, but it did not at first prevent the rapid arrival of manuscript, which, as we know, had to be paid for on delivery. The first two volumes reached Goschen early in October (1786), and, his resources being at the lowest ebb, he was compelled to appeal to Bertuch. The latter at once came to the rescue with 1000 thalers, and incidentally we find him acting in his capacity of treasurer to the Duke of Weimar. Goschen had, on his instructions, paid for some horses bought for the duke. Bertuch had apparently complained of the purchase as extravagant, for Goschen wrote back: "Don't bother yourself, dear faithful friend of your duke. Better horses than mistresses!"

The publisher's troubles, however, were not confined to pecuniary anxieties. Towards the end of October he told Bertuch that he did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels. Work had accumulated, the Michaelmas Fair had been on, and draughtsmen and engravers were destroying his peace of mind. "Would to God," he exclaimed, "that Goethe would now declare himself about the choice of subjects for our engravings! Otherwise Chodowiecki will escape our nets. The printing-presses are now free and available for us. The specimen of the style of printing which I propose shall soon follow. I don't know where Goethe is."

This specimen was to go to Herder; but Goschen doubted his authority to give a decisive answer as to whether the style would meet Goethe's view. He was intensely eager to get such preliminary sanction or approval as might be possible, but was bound to

proceed as best he could. Irritated by technical obstacles, he nevertheless did not fail to grasp the magnificence of the work which came under his eyes. "The whole man is pure genius," he emphatically exclaimed to Bertuch.

However, a month or two later Goschen was able to report that progress had been made, and that *Werther* would soon be ready; but, though it seems that some instructions about the illustrations had arrived from Rome, he declared he had still the "devil's own trouble" about them. As he had foreseen, Chodowiecki and Meil had accepted other work in the uncertainty about orders for *Goethe*.

At last, early in February (1787) a further letter from Goethe arrived. So far as I know, it has not been preserved, but its contents brought some relief to Goschen's mind; for he wrote to Bertuch on the 15th that everything was "settled now about engravings and vignettes. He only wished he had those from Rome," a wish which was partially gratified a day or two later, when he received a letter from Herder with the plates for *Iphigenia*, and directions as to where they were to be inserted. "They are very beautiful," Herder wrote, "and quite in the spirit of the work itself." He then begged particularly that the printing might be pushed on. But Goschen needed no spur to activity. What a publisher could do, he was doing. Thus he declared: "I have myself personally to look through every sheet of Goethe's works with respect to the typographical arrangement;" and, "My whole heart is in Goethe. I read every sheet myself, and I should be full of alarm if I trusted the work to the printers alone."

Finally, towards the end of February, all the manuscript for the first four volumes had been despatched by Goethe from Italy, and a letter from Goethe himself, dated Rome, the 20th of February, can now be given.

"Rome, February 20, 1787.

"The first four volumes are now in your hands, and I wish your enterprise success. As I have rewritten *Iphigenia*, in order to make her worthier of a good reception, so I am now occupied to give the four last volumes also another shape.

"Herr General Superintendent Herder will send you a little leaflet, by means of which you can inform the public of my intention. At present I am at work on *Tasso;* then *Egmont* shall follow. If I can manage it by any means, you shall again have two volumes by Michaelmas. The public will readily wait; at least there is a call on me from all quarters to complete the pieces.

"My journey gives me fresh, and really infinite material, and I shall not be tardy in working it up. Thus even now it appears to me that we shall have ten volumes instead of eight, but of this nothing can be said at present, and it is best to be silent about it.

"Write to me how you are, and whether you have picked out a wife for yourself, and how your undertakings are prospering."

And now the distracted publisher might well hope that all the obstacles to an immediate issue of the first four volumes had been overcome. Unfortunately, as it turned out, part of the work supplied by the German artists was unsatisfactory, and caused further delay, but at the moment all promised well, and armed with the leaflet which Herder had received from Goethe for public use, Goschen issued the following notice in the *Mercury*:—

"I can now give the subscribers for Goethe's Collected Works the pleasant intelligence that they

will receive all the works which have been advertised, in a complete form. A page from the author's own hand will give you further particulars when you receive the first instalment. This first instalment will appear at the Easter Fair of this year, 1787, and contain—*The Sorrows of Werther*, much enlarged; *Götz von Berlichingen; Stella; Clavigo.*

"Further the following works which have never yet appeared in print:—*The Fellow Culprits; Iphigenia*, in iambics, with three plates engraved in Rome, and a vignette by Oeser; *Brother and Sister; The Triumph of Sensibility; The Birds.*

"The subscription at 6 thalers 16 gr. will close at Easter. After the settling week the eight volumes will cost 8 thalers."

Five entirely new pieces from Goethe's pen, and an enlargement of the extraordinarily popular *Werther*, might have been thought sufficient to ensure the success of the subscription, but Goschen, after several phases of hopes and doubts, was ultimately disappointed. A letter to Bertuch (March 17) breathes the tone of forced consolation rather than of hope.

"The subscription for Goethe's works will be closed after Easter. The book will be bought—it *must* be bought—and we may just as well pocket the higher price. . . . We shall get off 1000 copies in the Easter Fair at the subscription price. To those 1000 subscribers we will give nothing but the best engravings. That will keep up our credit."

Wieland shortly before had made sympathetic inquiries:—

"Please have the goodness to tell me in confidence at your convenience whether the subscription list for Goethe's works is progressing favourably. It would give me uncommon pleasure if the courage and faith, with which you have entered into such a venturesome undertaking, should be rewarded even in some measure. You will not forget to add my name to the list."

To this Goschen replied—

"I have still great hopes of getting on well with Goethe. I am already assured that I shall not get on badly. I have inserted your Excellency's name on the list, and the friend, not the man of business, shall look out your copy.

"Certainly the German public is not so ready to subscribe for Goethe's works as for the immortal works of Geisler the younger. This will be proved by the subscription lists, to the honour of Germany, and the hearts of the patriots will beat for joy!"

The columns of the *Jena Litteratur-Zeitung* throw some light on this Geisler. It called him an incredibly shameless spoiler of paper, an unabashed scribbler, and he appears to have owed his momentary notoriety to writing spicy stories about women. There is accordingly a depth of scorn in Goschen's sarcasm at the expense of "German patriots."

Some proofs indeed of encouragement and appreciation Goschen had received. For instance, a very distinguished man, Geheim-Rath von Thümmel, who had figured with success as a writer himself, and who later on was to confide his most important work to Goschen for publication, wrote to him while still a stranger: "It has been with the most sincere pleasure that I have read your announcement of the edition of Goethe's works. I hasten to present myself to you as a subscriber for six copies." And as nothing was said in the advertisement of the kind of paper to be used, he wished to have his copies printed on particularly good paper, being willing to pay whatever additional cost this "piece of literary coquetry" might involve. Many liberal patrons of literature figured on the final subscription list, a peculiarly interesting document, showing as it does the class of support on

which the best of German writers could count. The members of various princely families displayed their zeal and their literary taste by enrolling their names among the supporters of my grandfather's enterprise. I find on the list three princes of Saxe-Gotha, two of Saxe-Coburg, two of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, two princes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, two of Anhalt-Dessau, also the name of the well-known Princess Gallitzin. I examined the list to see whether there were any British subscribers, but I found only the name of "W. Ritchie, of Scotland, resident at Jena."

That promised notoriety, however, on which Bertuch had reckoned, as likely to attract many subscribers, had so far proved to be a less potent motive with the general public than he had expected. The Easter Fair (1787), at which the early issue of the first four volumes was announced, found Goschen with 550 subscribers only, not the 1000 on whom he had calculated, and my grandfather did not delude himself with the hopes of any striking mercantile success. But Goethe's name was now on the list of the youngest of the Leipzig publishing firms. No author would have cause to shrink from approaching a publisher who had won so famous a client, and in no more brilliant manner could Goschen's ardent aspirations, uttered only a year before, that his firm might be associated with some celebrated man who would confer prestige upon it, have been fulfilled.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TWO PARTNERS—SCHILLER BUSY—AN UNPROFITABLE VENTURE—A HEAVY STRAIN.

SEPTEMBER, 1786—EASTER, 1787.

IT has been stated in the last chapter that no sooner did Goschen resume the threads of his business on his return from Vienna, than he began to feel financial pressure acutely; and most inopportunely, Körner, his partner, on whom he relied, was himself drifting into money troubles.

When Goschen, though back in Leipzig, failed to send news of himself and his proceedings to his Dresden friends, Schiller sent him a pleasant line of remonstrance (October 9, 1786)—

"We have been looking for news of you with much impatience. We have known for a full week that you have returned to Leipzig, and not one line from yourself or about your travels! You know what a hearty interest we take in all that can have any influence on your fortunes."

But Körner, as the capitalist partner in the business, had greater reason to feel annoyed, especially as he knew that he would be called upon for funds. Aware of Goschen's return, he began to sound him as to the latest dates to which he might put off remitting

the sum beyond the amounts already in the business,* which, in view of the Goethe venture, he was prepared to contribute. Twice he wrote to him, and not till Goschen was stirred up by a serious complaint in the second letter, did Körner succeed in extracting a reply which apparently was satisfactory and held out the prospect of Goschen's going to Dresden. But the harassed publisher could not spare the time, and, as a tryst half-way between Dresden and Leipzig, which he proposed was inconvenient to Körner, it was some time before the friends met. Körner was thus compelled to write, and Goschen must have learnt with some consternation that his partner was unable to pay 1500 thalers by Easter, though offering his signature on bills, in case of emergency.

At last, in December, Körner went to Leipzig with the double object of conferring with Goschen and benefiting his wife's health by change of air.

What passed between the two partners I have no means of knowing, but I gather that their relations were somewhat strained. Goschen's position in Leipzig was different from what it had been when he established himself with Körner's capital a year and a half before. His success in the Weimar literary world had been striking, and it was no small feather in his cap that Goethe himself had entrusted his works to him. Some elation, some change in manner, was not unnatural. At the same time, his position did not imply such immediate cash profits as he could at once pay out to his partner, and he had to find money as he best could from friends such as the powerful Bertuch. Under the circumstances it is

* By this time the original sum of 3000 thalers had been increased to 4000.

not surprising if he became the object of ill-natured criticisms, some of which were poured into Körner's ear at a time when he himself was more or less irritated with Goschen. We may thus explain some words which Schiller wrote in reply to a letter from Korner which is not extant—

"What you write me about Goschen, I will only half believe. I can fancy that his actions in every-day life often fail to correspond with his ideas, and an ordinary observer, who perhaps gave you this news, is certain often to judge him wrongly, or, at all events, too severely. The transition from the clients' tone of a beginner to the independent tone of a fully established man, was likely to be dangerous to Goschen. In an hour he can be driven out of this new manner of his. So much the better if he does not want money. My *Menschen-feind* (*Misanthrope*) I must offer him in all fairness, because I know he will gain by it. It will then be all the same to me whether he accepts my conditions or not."

It is to be inferred from the phrase, "so much the better if he does not want money," that Goschen, in a fit of irritation, had told Körner he could manage without any further help. Otherwise the words are scarcely intelligible, for he was extremely pushed for funds all this time.

It is an interesting coincidence that in the very week of this January of 1787, when Schiller and Körner were corresponding about Goschen in a less friendly tone than usual, the latter was addressing the following earnest appeal to Wieland on Schiller's behalf:—

"Schiller continues to live in Dresden. I still hope much that is good of him, because, indeed, he is wrestling for perfection. You would oblige him infinitely if you would vouchsafe him your criticisms. Schiller as a companion is a quiet, gentle man (*stiller*

und sanfter Mann) and quite the opposite to the temperament or character every one would imagine who had read his writings without having seen him."

This judgment passed by my grandfather, who by this time had had a year's further experience of Schiller since the time when he wrote to Bertuch bespeaking that friend's patronage for the poet—confirming as it does his earlier opinion in a remarkable manner—is, to my mind, of all the more interest, as not only Schiller's writings which had been published at that period (such as *The Robbers*), but much more his private letters, would have led to a different verdict. If Schiller was gentle and quiet in social intercourse, he showed himself anything but gentle in his correspondence with Körner, or, subsequently, with Goethe. In many of his letters there is a fierceness of expression, a fire of eloquence, a flood of ironical denunciation or haughty disparagement, which convey a totally different impression from the picture of "a quiet gentle man," with "much toleration towards his fellow-men," drawn by Goschen, with so much conviction and personal knowledge, more than once. Schiller's superb eclecticism breaks out constantly in severe judgments on men and things—he was exacting, impatient, headlong to the last degree—and strength and enthusiasm and large demands on imperfect human nature, were certainly amongst the most conspicuous features of his letters.

Yet my grandfather's judgment of the impression made by his demeanour in social intercourse must be accepted as absolutely genuine. There were often some differences of opinion between them, and, on Schiller's side, some sharp criticisms of Goschen's work, yet the latter's original idea that Schiller was

of a gentle disposition was not disturbed. Later on, when Schiller and Goethe launched their terrible epigrams, "Die Xenien," against all and sundry, and Goschen himself was not left scathless, he saw a different side of Schiller's temperament; but his loyalty to the great poet's character remained untouched.

Körner spent about three weeks at Leipzig, and during that time Schiller wrote to him no less than five times, receiving almost as many letters in reply. Both were unhappy when separated, and could find no congenial society. Körner was disgusted with the super-clever ways of the learned folks at Leipzig, while Schiller declared that Körner, Minna, and Dora had become indispensable to "the web and work of his life."

In one of these letters to Körner at Leipzig Schiller begged his friend to dissuade Goschen from framing a subscription list for *Carlos*. "It is so odd in the case of a single theatrical piece; and Goschen has an unfortunate manner in these things, and if he abuses the pirate-publishers, what great good can it do him?" But Körner defended Goschen. Schiller must have forgotten that the publisher had sent him the draft of the advertisement. There was "no puff in it, and not a word of abuse against pirates." It is clear, however, from Schiller's remark, that even at this date Goschen's friends knew that he was embarking on a campaign against pirates with all the vehemence of his nature. Authors, on the other hand, not unnaturally did not care to see the publication of their works made the vehicle for carrying on the war.

Whatever friction there may have been between Goschen and Körner during the latter's stay in Leipzig in the winter 1786–1787, we learn by letters written in the following May, that arrangements had been come to by some means or other, and that friendliness was restored. Körner paid up the 1500 thalers for the Goethe business;* but he was determined to put no more money into the firm. He was in such dire financial straits himself that he could not even carry out what he had undertaken without "having recourse to the Jews." He wrote to his partner, after hoping that various sums which he had scraped together had safely reached his hands: "But now I must call a halt. I know that you won't ask me for funds for any undertaking which you don't think will be to my profit; but in my present situation I begin to feel scruples as to going any further." He had debts, on which he had to pay higher interest than he was himself receiving, and his debtors were always unpunctual. "Thus it happened this time. You could not wait. So what could I do but expose myself to half a dozen snubs, and in the end take money from the Jews at 20 per cent."! But he would not blame Goschen. "It is not your fault, yet I fear some other project when you have finished Goethe, and this makes me write so frankly. Believe me, it is disagreeable to me to hold you back, and your inclination for new business cannot be greater than mine; only in my present position I must set myself a limit."

The situation was becoming very difficult. July (1787) came and Goschen had not paid interest at Easter, and Körner could not manage without it.

* He originally promised 2000 thalers, but only contributed 1500.

The latter conveyed his difficulties to Goschen most delicately, and his tone was very conciliatory. But when Goschen, as before, though expected at Dresden, did not appear, he brought matters to a crisis in a long letter (July 28), a kind of ultimatum, couched in firm though still friendly language. The more he had thought over the nature of their partnership, the more difficulties and disagreeables he foresaw. Their main objects were, in truth, entirely different one from the other. Goschen naturally wanted to build up a durable business for the future, Körner to get an immediate return for his investment. Advantageous prospects would indemnify Goschen for the absence of gain at the moment. Körner, on the other hand, did not care for such "prospects," as he had legacies and higher scales of salary to look forward to in the future. He wanted income at once. He confessed that he had been mistaken in his view of the book-trade. He had expected an earlier harvest. Thus he proposed an entire change. He would become a creditor instead of a partner; Goschen should keep all the profits; Körner should have 5 per cent. on his capital, and be paid off by very easy instalments. Goschen would thus be able to act with entire freedom, and escape all the trouble of the discussion of balance-sheets and assets. If Goschen was fortunate, he would in this way become master of a business entirely of his own in a few years.

Appended to the letter was a draft receipt, very formally worded, on which Goschen was to acknowledge the payment of the 4000 thalers put into the firm and the 1500 thalers subsequently added for the Goethe business. He was to promise to pay

5 per cent. on the amount, and to repay the capital in instalments, beginning in the year 1791.

It would not be unnatural if Goschen had been staggered by the contents of this letter. How he viewed it in his heart at first, we do not know. But this very business-like proceeding of sending a document ready for immediate signature, must have shown Goschen, in a manner not to be ignored, that the moment had arrived when it was imperative to come to a resolution. Yet still, according to habit, he left the letter unanswered in the first instance. It is easy to imagine that he felt a crisis in his fortunes to have come, and that his decision as to the relative weight of the pros and cons might make or mar him. Though the proposal opened out a prospect of greater independence and larger profits, the withdrawal of the capitalist partner and the weight of the liabilities in future to be borne alone, might well alarm him. The command of capital in the present condition of his affairs was of incalculable importance, and till lately Körner had been at hand in an emergency. Goschen appears to have conveyed his doubts to Schiller, for the latter wrote to Körner: "Your arrangement with Goschen may be quite right; it has struck me as a little strange."

Not hearing from Goschen, Körner probably thought him hurt or offended. He was conscious of having put matters rather strongly, and was willing to believe that Goschen's non-reply might have been due to his intention to come to Dresden for a personal conference. After a fortnight's interval he again took the initiative, and wrote—

"Bertuch tells me that you really had been intending to visit us. Pray make this true, and

forget my last letter. *Prenez que je n'ai rien dit!* We are the same old friends as soon as you are the same old friend."

And a few days later all came right. Körner had heard from Goschen with much joy that the proposal was in accord with his own wishes, and Goschen must have written very pleasantly, for Körner assured him that—

"I certainly am not so unselfish as you paint me. All misunderstandings between us are now a thing of the past, and you will forgive me if some not quite friendly expressions escaped me in some of my letters. Your silence had put me out."

To Schiller, too, Körner wrote that Goschen was completely satisfied with him, that the partnership had been a weight upon Goschen himself, only the latter had not ventured to propose its dissolution. He had now accepted his (Körner's) proposal, and the matter was on the best possible footing. He was glad to have fulfilled Goschen's wishes while he was looking after his own interests.

Thus their partnership, which had been the key to Goschen's fortunes, was dissolved to the satisfaction of both. Long after the close of the financial relations between the two friends, it was very pleasant to my grandfather's feelings, in which gratitude never failed to play a part, that he was able to render considerable service to the Körner family in times of serious stress.

But to recur to the autumn of the previous year (1786), when Goschen had returned from his travels in South Germany and disappointed his Dresden friends of the visit which they thought their due.

he was anxious to make arrangements for the publication of *Carlos* as a separate book. The *Thalia*, too, had to be dealt with. The fourth number, announced for the Michaelmas Fair, was to contain the continuation of *Carlos* and the commencement of the *Geister-seher*,* a work which at first proved a great worry to Schiller but ultimately a great success. It was of special interest, too, from its presenting the poet in a somewhat new character to the public whose admiration he was so rapidly gaining, not only by the splendour of his work, but by the versatility displayed in such different products as *The Robbers* and *Carlos*.

Schiller's contributions to the *Thalia* did not entirely monopolize his pen. He was busy with the *Menschen-feind* (*Misanthrope*), "another great piece" as he called it; the work of which he told Körner that he was "bound to offer it to Goschen in all fairness." He made the offer very pleasantly in a letter of the 6th of November, 1786. He wished to know whether, in addition to his many publications for the next Easter Fair, his friend would be disposed to publish this work also. At the same time, he told him that he was in communication with the great Hamburg actor, Schröder, with reference to his acting the *rôle* of the *Misanthrope*, which would be a splendid part for him. Schröder was to play *Carlos*, too, at Hamburg, following Schiller's special manuscript, an arrangement by which Schiller said he would have the advantage that his piece would not be printed, as was the custom in Vienna.

* Sometimes translated "Visionary;" but this conveys a wrong idea. What Schiller dealt with was a seer of spirits or ghosts, a "spook-seer."

Previous to these negotiations with Schröder, the representation of *Carlos* on the Vienna stage had been under discussion, but Schiller did not wish it to be acted in verse, whereas it was precisely in verse that the Emperor desired to see it performed. The actors did not feel at home in the recitation of iambics, and sided with Schiller in favour of a prose version. Owing to these or other circumstances the Vienna plan fell to the ground. But the prose version had to be made, for, not only in Hamburg, but in Dresden also, *Carlos* was to be put upon the stage, if it could pass the severe Saxon censorship. Thus Schiller worked away on the irksome process at putting his verse into prose.

And he had a further heavy task on his hands. *Carlos* was not to appear as a separate book in the same form in which it had filled the successive numbers of the *Thalia*. The file had to be vigorously applied. The poet "strove for perfection." The following letter, dated "Christmonth" (*i.e.* December), 1786, gives a picture of Schiller engaged on his arduous work, but also justly anxious to come to business arrangements with the publisher.

"We must now really come to a settlement about *Carlos*. I am nearing the end with rapid steps, and hope to complete it at latest about the middle of January. Despite the ravages which my file has made and is still making in the first acts, it will still contain from twenty-two to twenty-three sheets, since it is intended to be a complete picture. There are also some new passages and a few scenes to be prefixed which are absolutely necessary to make the piece perfect.

"I should have preferred to have contracted with you for it as a whole, and will even now leave you the choice. It cannot be less than twenty-two sheets, provided that the size and type of 'Nathan' are

employed. I ask twelve thalers (*i.e.* £1 16*s.*) for each separate sheet, and if you will make a price for the whole, I will give it to you for the sum of fifty louis d'ors.

"In addition I stipulate for a dozen copies.

"I hope that the notoriety of *Carlos* and consequently the demand for it, will gain immensely from my arrangement with Schröder, who is going to perform it at Hamburg from an acting edition prepared by myself, which is in prose, and will of course always remain in manuscript. From this it can be played on all German stages precisely as for some years my *Fiesco* has been circulated in manuscript for the theatre. . . .

"Now farewell. This is indeed a business letter, and it shall remain so. Friendship and chaffering are so heterogeneous that I will keep for another letter everything else that Schiller, the friend, has to write to you.

"Schiller."

Thus it appears that in those first years of its appearance *Carlos* was embodied in three different forms—the original poem in the *Thalia*, the revised version published as a separate book, and the prose version for the stage. The variations between them present many points of interest.

It is not to be supposed that in the mean time the sensitive author was indifferent to what was written by critics about his productions. A review of the *Thalia*, which appeared in a Leipzig publication called the *New Library of Belles Lettres*, called forth the following wrathful letter from the poet, to whose usual gentleness my grandfather had borne eloquent testimony (November 22, 1786):—

"The review which you sent me bears too plainly the stamp of ill-will and gall for it to be worth my while to expose its crooked and shallow methods. If I find any one in judging a tragedy only picking

out the flourishes in the style, and not once touching a character or a dramatic development, I see at once that Heaven has not destined the fellow for the post of an art critic. It is enough for me that he has been too coarse and violent to be able to conceal the causes which drove him to his writing-table. In my opinion it is Dyk or Schreiter,* or both together. God preserve me from answering such a bungling piece of work! The form in which my *Carlos* will enter the world shall be my only answer."

The continuation of the letter is pleasantly suggestive of Schiller's consideration towards Goschen at this period:—

"If a periodical is really likely to be injured by a title, I hope to be able at any rate to prevent your losing anything by the publication [*i.e.* the *Thalia*]. It would be very unpleasant to me if even my publisher should not gain by me,—how much more, then, my friend! If, therefore, within a year the sale is not such as to satisfy you, you will receive the second volume from me without an honorarium, or, if you would rather do so, you shall print a revised edition of my *Räuber*, *Fiesco*, and *Kabale und Liebe*, for nothing.

"Adieu, dearest friend. Keep me in your remembrance.

"Ever yours,

"SCHILLER."

If a Leipzig review was calculated to damage *Carlos* when it appeared in a separate form, it was all the more necessary to bespeak the favour of other and more important reviews in advance. No judgment would be more important than the verdict of the *Mercury*. For this Wieland, now Goschen's staunch ally, had to be approached; but, unfortunately, though most friendly to Schiller, he was no great admirer of *Carlos*. He wrote to Goschen—

* Dyk combined the business of a publisher with authorship.

"I thank you most sincerely for the numbers of the *Thalia*. She shall be reviewed in the *Mercury*, and as gentle treatment as possible shall be accorded to her handsome and curly-headed boy, Absalom, although I cannot be more satisfied with the continuation of *Don Carlos* * than with the first specimen of that work, in whatever light I may regard them. The *Criminal from Loss of Honour* is a good piece, and the *Geister-seher*, which is commenced in the last number, has made us impatient for the sequel or for the *dénoûment;* everybody is guessing, according to his own way, how the author *se tirera d'affaire*, and our expectations are stimulated to the highest pitch. I should much like to make the personal acquaintance of Herr Schiller."

The wonder of the readers of the *Geister-seher* as to what the *dénoûment* would be—a wonder which I felt very keenly myself as I read the fragment, and to which I could find no answer—was never appeased, for Schiller did not complete the work.†

By the beginning of March, 1787, Schiller was able to assure Goschen that *Carlos* would be acted in Dresden in a fortnight's time, if the censor made no difficulties.

"If I allow the acting edition to be printed, it is a matter of course that no one but you shall publish it. Still the real iambic version must be first before the public.

"As soon as I have quite completed *Carlos*, I shall be busy with the *Menschen-feind*. One Act of it is finished. It is possible that this *Menschen-feind* will excel all my previous pieces, on account of the

* Schiller invariably wrote of his great piece as "*Carlos*," up to a certain date, as did my grandfather. I have put "*Don Carlos*" where others give the full title.

† This work excited keen interest in Byron, who knew it under the title, *The Armenian*. He wrote of it to Mr. John Murray, that it had taken great hold of him as a boy, that it was also called *The Ghost-seer*, and that he never walked down St. Mark's in Venice without thinking of it.

universal interest of its contents, and the enthusiasm with which I write it. As a matter of course, dear friend, it will be offered first to you. The *Geister-seher* will be continued, but whether the *Thalia* also, I cannot tell you yet for certain. Still, it is amusing that at last people are coming to think something of this periodical. I have looked through the crowd of present Monthlies and found out what sort of rivals the *Thalia* really has. I cannot deny that I have felt myself that I do not know what to make of the public. A few weeks ago a Prince Gallitzin writes to me from Paris about the *Thalia*, announces himself as a subscriber, and sends me a German essay to insert. The Prince of Coburg begs me urgently to send him the manuscript of the *Geister-seher* before publication. I was obliged to laugh, for I had not written a line of the continuation.

"The paper for *Carlos* is quite excellent.

"Now farewell, dear friend. Heaven grant you much joy, courage, and good fortune."

"Joy, courage, and good fortune!" No trace in these hearty words of Schiller's suggestion to Körner in the winter, that it was all the same to him whether Goschen accepted his conditions for the *Menschen-feind* or not!

The difference between an author's view of a work when he first conceives it and its ultimate development in his mind, is curiously illustrated by the fate of the *Menschen-feind.* Schiller believed that the enthusiasm with which he was writing it at the start, would be a guarantee for its success; but his mood changed, and, like the *Geister-seher*, it remained a fragment.

Goschen evinced the most eager desire to meet all the poet's wishes. As regarded choice of types for *Carlos*, he would be guided by their novelty, beauty, distinctness. Schiller's will was law to him when he could fulfil it. He added—

"Our public is interested in everything that excites curiosity. Hence the impulse given to the *Berlin Monthly*, *The State Advertiser*, *Political Journal*, etc. There is no longer any inclination for poetry. Altogether, friend, we may sing a dirge over Good Taste. A few genuine *cognoscenti* do not count for much in Germany."

Unfortunately Goschen's enthusiastic wish that the printing of *Carlos* should be exceptionally good, failed to produce what would satisfy the author. It is true that Schiller was in one of his dyspeptic moods at the time when he received the first sheets. In the spring of this year (1787) he had become acquainted with Frau von Arnim and her daughter, and had fallen passionately in love with the latter fascinating woman. Apparently by the advice of Körner, he had retired to Tharandt, a village outside Dresden, to recover his health and peace of mind. But bad weather which prevented exercise, and much beer-drinking, to which, he told his friends, he had taken in sheer desperation, produced a dyspeptic condition which he graphically described to Körner, and the arrival of the first copy of *Carlos* found him in an irritable frame of mind. He complained to Körner that the style of printing did not please him at all. The type was not what he had wanted, nor what was suited to the form of the work. It looked very bad when an iambic was broken into two lines, and this frequently occurred. In short, the printing had fallen far below his expectations. Words were not always spelt uniformly. However, he would look for consolation to a second edition.

But Körner did not agree. This time he was Goschen's champion. He suggested in reply that Schiller had probably formed too great expectations

of the printing. Huber had seen it, and it had not displeased him. Other points of which Schiller had complained had not struck him at all, and he was sure the same would be the case with many other readers.

We shall find by-and-by that Goethe passed much stronger criticisms on the printing when he saw the first specimens of his own Works. The time was to come when Goschen, nettled perhaps by the lamentations of his clients about the printing of publications confided to his care, established presses of his own, and, by unexampled attention to every technical and scientific detail, acquired the name of the Bodoni or Didot of Germany. No man was to make such sacrifices as he in the interest of German typography.

While Goschen was thus anxiously busy with Schiller and, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, heavily burdened by the production of Goethe's Entire Works, he was worried to death about the details of a speculation started by Bertuch and Kraus, the director of the Free Drawing Academy at Weimar—the issue of a kind of album, to figure as a New Year's gift book, called *Die Pandora, ein Kalender des Luxus und der Moden* (an *Annual of Fashion*). Goschen spent much more time, thought, and energy on this *Pandora* than it appears to have deserved. More details had to be considered than in the case of much more important publications, and they involved the publisher in an immense amount of correspondence which he had no staff to get through. But the *Pandora* was the fancy of Bertuch, and Bertuch was an ally who was standing side by side with Goschen in the Goethe business, and who

throughout had helped the young firm with the resources of his wealth, his influence, and his experience, in a manner which laid Goschen under a lasting debt of gratitude. Another consideration contributed to attract Goschen to this work. It was intended specially for women, and, perhaps rather in advance of his time, in Germany at least, Goschen took the greatest interest in the education and the culture of women. Accordingly he discussed this little gift-book with astonishing seriousness.

The idea of the *Pandora* had been started early in the year. In February, 1786, Goschen opened out his heart to Bertuch on this kind of publication.

"As far as I have been able to think over the matter in a hurry, I can't say what would improve it. Perhaps it would have been better if the priestesses of Venus, though their treatment is very delicate, had been left out altogether. I at least could derive no pleasure from anything of which I knew that it owed its existence to the taste of some aristocratic French wenches. But, *du lieber Gott*, what does it signify what I say on this point, for devil a bit do I know about what is called taste and fashion? Another observation from me perhaps deserves more weight. How would it be if in this journal a section were devoted exclusively to people of the middle classes, and if suggestions were there made as to how a simple, cheap, national costume in good taste might be arranged; if you were to ask German ladies to be patriots and to practise their powers of invention and their taste in such patterns as would be an ornament to their bodies, an economy to honest husbands, as well as a pleasant apparition to the German princes who like to see the money spent in their own dominions? How would it be if, by an appropriate essay or reasoning paragraphs about the purpose and the beauty of each article of dress, you were to jog the memory of the ladies? Another point: you would do well, my friend, if you were to look more to furniture than to dress. In this field we can learn

PANDORA

ODER

TASCHENBUCH DES LUXUS UND DER MODEN ALLER VÖLKER.
FÜR DAS JAHR 1787.

VON F. T. BERTUCH UND A. M. KRAUS
WEIMAR UND LEIPZIG BEI G. J. GÖSCHEN.

lessons every day. You would here promote much that is good."

This letter, touching fashions and fashion-books lightly and domestically, immediately precedes the letter quoted at length in a former chapter, in which the doctrines of enlightenment, free-masonry, Christian faith, are discussed by my grandfather in the gravest and most elaborate way, with a concluding sentence to the effect that it must be the publisher's greatest pride to have spread truth and light through his impartiality.

Both letters, however, are equally characteristic of my grandfather. It will have become apparent before now to the reader, that a certain philanthropic common sense, combined with marked simplicity of taste, and with an attraction to all that is decent, homely, and unaffected, formed in a very special degree features of his character. In an age, too, when the existence of German national sentiment is said to have been extremely weak, a decided strain of patriotism is traceable in all that Goschen wrote and did.

The worries connected with the *Pandora* culminated about the end of October, 1786, and were probably a contributing cause towards that remissness on the publisher's part in communicating with his Dresden friends, of which Schiller and Körner complained. Vigorous phrases in Goschen's letters to Bertuch reflect his anxieties and irritation. Goschen hoped for a sale of 6000 copies, and a French version was to be issued simultaneously with the German original. Success depended entirely on the little book being ready in good time for the booksellers all over Germany to be able to supply a New Year's demand.

But neither engravers nor bookbinders would keep time, and Goschen was at his wits' end. "All my correspondents are abusing me like a pickpocket. I shall sing in the Litany next fast-day, 'From the *Pandora* trouble, good Lord, deliver us.'" He feared their undertaking was doomed; for how could they be ready in time for the distant places, as no single album was ready yet? And when the end of November came, Goschen declared that their whole plan had gone to pieces. "For this year, dear friend, the chance is lost. You would be terrified if you sat at my desk and had to read the letters of remonstrance about the *Pandora*—rude and impertinent, touchy and wailing, each exactly like the other. All say, 'After New Year's Day, we shall have no further use for copies.'"

But, after all, the results were better than Goschen anticipated. Before New Year's Day there was a rush. Sufficient copies were produced, and the whole of the German edition was sold. The contents did not give satisfaction, but still, as Goschen said, though it censured, the public bought because every one wished to make a present to his sweetheart, and the present was to be a *new* Calendar. The French copies, however, mostly expensively bound, remained on hand, and the speculation, so far as Goschen was concerned, resulted in a loss, while his time and head had been unduly occupied and his resources seriously crippled in "dressing this extravagant woman."

But while Goschen lost, Bertuch and Kraus did not suffer, as Goschen had to pay them each a fixed honorarium. And even before the worry of the first issue of the *Pandora* had subsided, Bertuch attacked his friend with reference to the

preparations for the second, and sent a revised plan; but this time the publisher, remembering the dissatisfaction of the public with the contents of the first number, intervened with a vast number of suggestions. They exhibit a curious side of the run of my grandfather's thoughts. He proposed illustrations of Greek costumes. Let a choice be made of six interesting situations from Greek history. If the subject chosen were one of a pathetic character, that would afford the opportunity for a narrative which would touch the heart, or, if comic, then for the display of wit. These narratives should elevate the *Pandora* above the *Woman's Annual*, "which is bought by the ladies with an indescribable eagerness on account of its lachrymose sentimental little tales." Goschen wanted something to interest the head. Bertuch suggested simple explanatory notices of the engravings. Goschen believed that such a simple explanation "was not calculated to interest the women, and what can you say about the *sujet* of fashions which could interest a woman's heart? On the other hand, a group taken from this or that historical situation may possibly supply the *motif* for a dialogue which is at once both an explanation and a representative analysis of the modes of adornment of the age in which the story has happened."

Then follows a rather comic discussion about dance music and dance figures for the Annual.

. . .

"These dances should be named according to the topics of the day (*modische Benennungen*). For instance, we have had Figaro dances. Shall we have a Cagliostro dance? No! but how if we had an Oberon dance? a Werther dance? a dance *à la* Gesner? The music would have to play the chief part in giving the special character. For

instance, in the dance *à la* Gesner there should be something pastoral in the choice of the instruments and of the tune. And the figures in the Gesner dance should be cheery and natural. . . . Much can be said about the art of dancing,—either one dances one's self to death, or one is as clumsy and heavy as a log; much about the grace of dancing and its advantages, and I have a shrewd suspicion that no one knows more about this than friend Bertuch.

"A capital treasure has fallen into my hands—a clever and genial composition of English dances by our late child of joy, young Gallish. He has composed a dance with flute and oboe accompaniment, which is so melting that our tender-hearted girls, in dancing it, have wiped their eyes. That would supply us with a dance *à la* Werther."

It was thus Goschen threw his heart into everything he undertook. He had hunted up the dance music, he had suggested figures, he had proposed wonderful names. He sought out a musical friend, and had the dances played to him. But bad news arrived. The Werther dance was lost. However, our old friend Jünger, the poet, came to the rescue. He had planned several figures, and a Werther dance was to be supplied after all! And Goschen stated his belief that in smaller provincial towns people liked making a great fuss about each figure—a touch which illustrates how much human nature remains the same. One knows how nothing causes a greater flutter in the "genteel society" of an English country town than the importation of a new fashionable dance.

If the *Pandora*, "that extravagant lady," had, as we have seen, been causing the publisher endless work and annoyance, other clients besides Schiller, Goethe, and Bertuch were proving themselves very exacting and particular in their calls

PANDORA

ODER

KALENDER DES LUXUS UND DER MODEN FÜR
DAS JAHR 1788.

WEIMAR UND LEIPZIG BEI G. J. GÖSCHEN

on his time and special attention; and indeed I marvel how, without a proper staff, he was able to overtake his work at all. Thus the poet Alxinger bombarded him with letter after letter respecting *Doolin*. Commending his manuscript to the publisher "as a father commends to a beloved friend a son setting out on his travels," he bothered him so continuously with such minute directions about the spelling of particular words, and even the division of syllables, that in the end he wondered himself whether Goschen would not curse the moment when he made his acquaintance, and be moved to take an oath never more to publish a poet? "However, be that as it may, you resolved to do so, and now you must drink this bitter cup to the dregs." His last corrections must be put in at all costs. "I have worked day and night to be ready to-day, and it would be a deadly pain to me if I had worked in vain."

Possibly Goschen did in his heart utter such a curse in respect of more than one of his clients. But Alxinger took high rank among poets at that particular moment, and his name was a distinct ornament to Goschen's list.

And without doubt one passage in a letter from Alxinger afforded Goschen intense satisfaction. It contained an interesting compliment to Schiller.

"I am looking forward to Schiller's *Carlos* with the pleasure with which a child looks for its Christmas gifts. If the whole is like the specimens which appear in the *Thalia*, then this is one of the most splendid German tragedies. These specimens have surprised me very much, for, to be candid, I read little of what is new, and vex my soul about the flood of books which deluges my country every Fair time. All the

more do I rejoice when a man appears among the dwarfs."

A fine and evidently most unbiassed recognition on the part of a poet of repute, of the rise of the commanding genius of whom beyond all others the Vaterland was to be proud!

And Goschen must also have been gratified that Alxinger, at least, was content with the dress in which his beloved child had been clothed, for the poet warmly complimented the publisher when he received a copy of his book.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that Goschen, overworked as he was, and compelled to keep his engagements within bounds, was at this period (1787) driven to refuse offers which the authors who made them, doubtless thought very flattering to so young a firm. Amongst them was a work offered him by Bertuch—

"Reichard's manuscript is not for me. The *Letters* are fine enough, but besides Goethe I must publish nothing that is not extremely interesting. Through the Goethe business the booksellers will figure for large amounts in my books, and they therefore try to keep down their accounts as much as possible in respect of everything else."

Here we have the principal reason for the limits which the ambitious publisher felt compelled at this time to put on every extension of business not of the most promising character, or to which former friendships or promises did not hold him pledged. In a letter to Wieland, written a few months later, he described his position still more graphically. Wieland had offered him a work of Reinhold, his son-in-law, the very distinguished professor of philosophy of whom mention has already been made. To have to refuse such a proposal must

indeed have caused the publisher, and, above all, a young and pushing publisher, acute pain. But Goschen had no option. He replied—

"Every letter you write to me gives me a fresh proof of your kind and friendly disposition towards me. I should not deserve it if I were to keep things back from you, and were not to act with entire frankness. You know, dearest Herr Hofrath, that, for a beginner, I have undertaken much, and that for your interest, as well as for the sake of those who are connected with me, I must not venture on more than I can pay for or meet. I can execute with honour all that I have undertaken up to Michaelmas, but not more if my position should not have been improved by that time through some unforeseen event. For this sole reason I must give up the pleasure of printing the manuscript of my dear friend Reinhold. Is there a man with whom I would sooner be connected as a publisher? No, not one! I am not without hope, ay, not without much likelihood, that I shall soon be able to occupy a wider sphere than now. As soon as my powers gain greater dimensions, if friend Reinhold does not remember then that Goschen was once too weak to become his publisher, I hope that my wish may be realized of publishing some of the fruits of his truly acute and bright intellect."

Reinhold, notwithstanding this refusal, remained a particularly intimate friend of my grandfather.

When April (1787) came, Goschen made time to pay Bertuch a flying visit in Weimar. What with the *Pandora*, and with Goethe's works, they had much to discuss, but the restless scheming Bertuch had not enough on hand, and put new plans before Goschen. The latter firmly resisted being drawn into new entanglements by his wealthy and over-energetic friend, but, to judge by the following effusion, written after Goschen returned to Leipzig, Bertuch had succeeded in inspiring him with fresh courage and confidence.

"That I have understood your heart, that I value your confiding affection, this I must prove to you by deeds if God spares my life. I do not know that I have ever felt my soul fuller than in this moment, or that I have ever more zealously wished to be able to accomplish something, to become something in this world. May this courage never be weakened, and may true strength and deeds never fail to accompany it. *Nous verrons.*"

On this occasion, as on others, Bertuch appears to have urged Goschen to transfer his business entirely to Weimar, but Goschen explained in somewhat vague phrases that he did not see his way to such a change.

And now the Easter Fair of 1787 had arrived, and once again, and indeed in a still larger degree than in 1786, the list of the young publisher played a splendid part in the catalogue of the Fair. He may indeed for a time have lost the sense of excessive tension and continuous struggles in contemplating the results of two years' activity. Goethe's Collected Works, volumes 1 to 4! Could a publisher's ambition have aspired to a higher goal? Schiller's *Carlos*, as a separate work; Wieland's *Mercury;* works by Bode, by Alxinger, by Stolberg (for at last the patient count saw his work announced)! And more than this, two other names of the highest rank appeared in Goschen's list—those of Lessing and Klopstock!

The copyright of Lessing's *Dramaturgie* and of Klopstock's *Odes* had been bought of Bode by Goschen. I have no clue to the circumstances in which this purchase took place. The first notice of it I find in the Official Catalogue of 1787, which states that "G. J. Goschen, in Leipzig, has acquired the copyright of a number of books which can in future be

procured from his firm," and the list there given contains Klopstock's *David*. But besides this entry, Klopstock's *Odes* and Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* were inscribed in his ordinary list, a proof, I am informed, that he had printed them anew. Amongst the letters of Bode to my grandfather, I find none which treat of the sale, though they contain allusions to some of the books thus bought, amongst which was a translation from the English of "Letters to Eliza" by Bode himself.

The wonderful list with which Goschen appeared before the public on this occasion, did not fail to strike the imagination of literary men. His abstention from the publication of trash was almost as noticeable as the amount of works of genius which he was able to display.

In writing of the books which my grandfather published at this time, Schaz, a critic who was on the staff of the Gotha *Gelehrten-Zeitung*, pays the following tribute to their exceptional distinction :—

"I will expedite the review of your new publications in the Gotha *Gelehrten-Zeitung* as much as possible, and, although I shall observe the strictest impartiality, I shall be in a position to notice them all most favourably. It is no compliment, but most sincere conviction, when I say, that I know no other German publisher who undertakes so much and who delivers none but good work at the Fairs. What an excellent thing it would be from every point of view, if all your colleagues followed your example, and if they could not do better, printed a couple of good works rather than a whole legion of indifferent or bad stuff! Every right-minded man will echo my wish that your publishing may bring as much cash profit to your pocket as it does honour to your name."

The important purchase of Bode's copyright helps

us to understand how Goschen's resources had been taxed, even over-taxed, at this period. He had indeed many irons in the fire, and it may be questioned whether he had not undertaken too much. He had assumed a load of anxieties which he could scarcely carry. Gloomy times for the book-trade were approaching, and the publisher to some of the greatest writers of the day had moments coming when he was almost driven to the wall, and had so to pinch and economize that he counter-ordered a lamp which he had bought for thirty shillings because he thought he could not afford it!

CHAPTER X.

PIRATE PUBLISHERS.

EASTER, 1787—EASTER, 1788.

AFTER the Easter Fair of 1787 we approach one of the stormiest periods of Goschen's life. We have seen how his success was piling cares upon his shoulders; but his ardent temperament was not content to drift quietly through them. His belligerent tone was about to assert itself loudly, and grave conflicts—partly self-imposed, partly the result of his inability to put up with what he thought was a crying wrong—were about to test his courage which was great, and his temper which was often short. The reader who has so far accompanied him from stage to stage of his career, will have begun to realize with what powers he was endowed, and by what infirmities he was handicapped. That he had immense industry and perseverance is clear; also that he could make himself charmingly agreeable, that he was determined and confident up to a certain point, though of a gentle and affectionate disposition, and that at times outbursts of almost savage anger alternated with a somewhat sentimental acquiescence in misfortunes which befell him. In the year of conflict on which he was now launched, it will be seen that his temper,

very sorely tried, nearly gave way; that he faced some of his troubles with determined fury, but that, at least on one occasion, a friend found it necessary to combat severely the morbid side of his very emotional character.

The main cause of the constant disturbance of his equilibrium in this period, was his passionate indignation with the pirate publishers whom he considered nothing less than thieves and robbers—a disgrace to the book-trade and their country—and an obstacle to the success of all honest publishers whose paramount duty it was to beat them down.

Pirate publishers had in Germany pushed their mal-practices to an extent which was absolutely intolerable. The subdivision of the country into so many separate kingdoms, duchies and petty principalities, lent itself in an extraordinary degree to the abuse. Every State had different laws, and no legislation established a general copyright. Authors and publishers operating in Saxony, or in a still smaller area, could not expect real profit or success unless their works circulated over the whole of Germany. But no sooner had a publisher who had paid a good honorarium to an author, launched his book, than cheap editions were issued in other principalities by men who had not paid a single thaler for the work.

Various attempts had been made at Leipzig, and, formerly, at Frankfurt, to meet the growing danger, but nothing effectual had been accomplished. As regards Saxony, supervision over the printing presses had existed from the earliest days of the discovery of the art of printing, and arrangements had been made both as regards piracy and censorship. At

first certain legal powers were exercised in Leipzig under the supervision of the Church, of certain professors of the University, and of members of the Town Council combined, but early in the seventeenth century the State stepped in, not on behalf of honest dealing, but for the sake of its own financial interests. Publishers were compelled to *buy* "privileges" to secure themselves against being pirated; they had to pay for such security as the State afforded, and an electoral "Fiscal" henceforth exercised some control. In 1687 a more regular Book-Commission was appointed, consisting of one professor, one councillor, and a book-inspector, nominated by the Ecclesiastical Council of Dresden.

This Book-Commission had to supervise all booksellers, publishers, bookbinders, and authors in the matter of privileged and prohibited books, to dispense fresh privileges, and protect any violation of the same, but it had to hand over any offenders to the ordinary courts of justice for punishment. It was merely a court of general supervision. The actual censorship of new works had originally been vested in the Rector of the University, but, as time went on, certain Deans of Faculties and leading professors were associated with him, with a right of appeal to the Ecclesiastical Council of Dresden. The Censor was forbidden to erase or change any passages which were not directed against the State, the rulers of the land, the religion of the land, or good morals; but we can well imagine that these terms were broad enough to encourage an official condemnation of Goethe's *Werther* and of Schiller's *Robbers*.

While literature was hampered in many ways by the Censorship, the Book-Commission proved signally

inefficient in checking piratical printing. Privileges for printing specific works were granted to importunate and paying petitioners without any careful inquiry into pre-existing rights, while, if such rights were recognized, a change in the form of publication, or even in the typography, was regarded as a sufficient reason for the issue of a new privilege. But though lax itself, the Saxon Government did its best to protect its subjects against others. A decree was fulminated by the Elector of Saxony against the practice of piracy throughout the Holy Roman Empire, but the apparently more stringent regulations contained in it, were merely a re-statement of old rescripts, coupled with some fresh clauses calculated to secure to Leipzig, at the expense of the German book-trade, a monopoly of a new and rapidly growing branch of literature, translations of ancient and foreign classics. Germany naturally turned a deaf ear to such an interested lecture.

Wieland took up the question with much indignant and elaborate humour in the *Mercury*. He issued as a *jeu d'esprit*, unsigned, the prospectus of *A Union of Patriotic Friends of Literature for the Publication of a Universal Library of all the Arts and Sciences*. Its object was to be "the most general and rapid diffusion of the whole annual harvest from all the native workers in all fields of knowledge." The prices of all literary products were to be put so low, that the reading public might purchase for ten thalers all the works of the year.

"The way in which we can manage to publish all the literary products of the year without having to incur any payments to authors, is self-evident. The scruples which prevented us from adopting our

present course last year are, owing to the rapid progress of the prevailing 'enlightenment,' now happily removed, and we are glad to be able to submit to the patrons of our Association the following truths about piracy, which have achieved the authority of axioms:—

"The development of 'enlightenment' has put reading on the same footing as the ordinary means of subsistence for the German public. Hence there is an imperative duty for every patriot to leave no stone unturned to reduce books to the lowest price—if possible, even below that of meat and bread!

"Whoever buys a book clearly acquires a right to do what he likes with it. The objection that no publisher could or would give the right of re-publication to the purchaser of every copy as part of the bargain, might possibly have some weight according to certain principles of natural equity; but, on the other hand, lawyers have proved by positive law, which has improved on natural equity, that the reservation of the publisher's right must be a matter of express stipulation in the sale of every copy, if the new possessor of such copy is to be bound to consider in any way damages which might ensue to the possessor of the original."

But, even according to natural equity, no copyright could exist, for—

"The moment a book appears publicly it becomes the common property of the public, on which each member of it has equal claims. Every honest author must be credited with a desire for the greatest possible public good. Thus he must wish that no single individual should be excluded from the advantages of his learned labour, even if the truth, which every author believes himself to have indited, were not as little fit to be monopolized as sunlight or fresh air. Thus the author can only remain the proprietor of his book so long as he keeps it locked up in his desk, and the publisher only until he has sold his first copy.

"Again, it is manifest, from the cosmopolitan disposition of our learned men of to-day, that it will

not enter their heads to look on the time as lost which they have spent on the enlightenment of their contemporaries, nor to consider their work as insufficiently paid by their inner consciousness; and on these assumptions the question of compensation in money for loss of time or for work disappears of itself. In this respect, piracy is the shortest way to cut off the transactions of the bookseller with the man of letters, transactions through which, to the degradation of the illustrious class of the learned, truth has been bartered for money, and the most manifest simony carried on with the gifts of the intellect!

"Of course, the man who is not enough of a philosopher to set himself above the trivialities of a good table, respectable clothing, and a comfortable dwelling—also, if need be, above the joys of the married state—can have no vocation as an enlightener of his century, and consequently no call to authorship; while, on the other hand, piracy would put him to the healthy necessity of earning his potatoes, his little garret, and his everyday coat, by more solid manual labour than that of his pen, and thus a considerable number of hands, hitherto idle, would be set to work, to the great advantage of manufactures."

A final "truth" or proposition sarcastically attacked the monstrous toleration shown by Governments towards piracy, which, it was alleged, was carried on not only with the tacit, but, as was generally hinted, with the express authorization of the governing princes (*Landes-herren*).

The notice concluded with the remark that the Union felt bound to warn the public against a certain set of disguised smuggler-publishers, who, under the mask of patriotism, were concealing their selfish aims. Thus a certain Gerle in Prague had not been ashamed to offer a collection of pirated works at the price, which was certainly not cheap, of a kreutzer

($\frac{1}{3}d.$) a sheet. But the association would not be beaten by this pseudo-pirate, and they would offer the public a pirated edition of *his* pirated collection at half the price which he had asked!

Wholly incredible as it may seem, the company for whom "a certain Gerle in Prague" was the manager, took this notice of the alleged "Union" seriously, and sent a violent reply, signed "The Editor of the Encyclopædic Collection of Reprints," to Wieland as editor of the *Mercury*, demanding its insertion in the next number of the periodical from his well-known impartiality.

This reply simply attacked the imaginary Union for their anonymous slander on the Prague Company, —it did not deny piracy in any degree, but held up the supposed new association to execration as jealous rivals, ready to stoop to any calumny, as monopolists anxious to drive their competitors from the field. If the Union offered pirated collections at a lower fraction of a kreutzer per sheet than themselves, the Prague Company would follow suit!

Wieland was intensely amused, and delighted with the opportunity of delivering another blow, and inserted a humorous retort in the *Mercury*—

"How could pirates object to being pirated? What was the meaning of a threat that the Prague Company would put down their prices as well? Why, this was just what was desired! It was for 'enlightenment' they were working, but filthy lucre seemed still to be in the hearts of the Prague patriots. Indeed, every patriotic pirate would lose all claim to that honourable title the moment he betrayed a hostile feeling towards another enterprise which would serve the public cheaper."

In a later number, Wieland, abandoning the

disguise of a representative of the mock association, hit out right and left with charming vigour, yet with sorrow at the utter incapacity of his countrymen to understand the sarcastic treatment of a subject. Laying down the principle that no right-minded man could doubt that the toleration of piracy, which was nothing but trade in stolen goods, and still more its encouragement and support under one pretence or another, redounded little to the credit of princes and public authorities, being incompatible with the protection and respect which men of learning and good authors had a right to expect from them,—he declared that he could only ascribe the indecision and indifference of the public, in face of this ever-increasing abuse, to the coldness of the majority towards everything which did not touch them directly or personally; to a mean regard for the cheapness of stolen goods; and generally to the inconsistency of mankind. He had himself assumed the guise of a pirate in the *Mercury*, in order—under the pretence of championing the cause of the freebooters and their Augustuses and Mæcenases,—to expose the absurdity of the grounds on which piracy was justified, and to tell some truths to authors and publishers, as well as to the "good public and the illustrious protectors of our notorious book-thieves." But he had failed. His irony had been misunderstood.

"As this is not the first time that I have dealt in irony, I thought I had taken care enough that readers, *qui nasum habent*, should discover the sophisms at once; and I am convinced that, now the riddle is out, there cannot be a single person who would not detect irony and persiflage in every line. Perhaps I was wrong in not warning the reader in a note—a precaution which I would fain recommend to all authors

who in future may be disposed to utilize irony, a mode of speech quite foreign to us honest Germans. And so it came about that through my own fault, I was taken to be a mighty diplomatist who wanted to curry favour with Messrs. the Pirates by the insertion of this article, and who perhaps hoped in future to get off easier at their hands through the ignoble denial of my own true convictions. How often has it been my fate to find myself judged in this way!"

Wieland was uneasy on another severe point. Had his persiflage suggested some real piratical operations, especially a great undertaking of "Herr Johann Thomas, Baron von Trattner, Imperial and Royal Court Publisher and Bookseller at Vienna, through which, *per fas et nefas*, enlightenment was to be spread through the imperial and royal states"? The parties interested had not only determined to pirate all the most current existing literature, but had actually appealed to authors for original works with a scarcely veiled suggestion, which in good German would read as follows:—"Be good enough, gentlemen, to deliver up your writings to us on such conditions as we may be pleased to grant, or else we shall print them without your leave."

"The infamy of the whole project could not be obscured or toned down by any pretence of honest patriotic objects. The heroic deeds of noble knights of the road would not be redeemed one iota, if these highwaymen had the intention to erect the most beautiful chapel in the world to holy St. George and his dragon, or to any other legendary saint."

Yet so little did Johann Thomas Baron von Trattner see anything mean in his plan, that he was not ashamed to invite the most high-minded of Viennese men of letters to take part in it. He had actually addressed a circular to them, with a catalogue

of the books with which a beginning would be made, requesting their opinion on a sketch of the enterprise, which he enclosed, and asking for a note of the books which might be necessary or desirable for further "enlightenment" in every branch of science. And the sketch-plan had even been submitted to the Emperor!

Wieland had got hold of the answers. Authors, indignant at the shameful proposal, had allowed them to be published, and they snubbed the sender of the circular in very plain words. One of them wrote—

"I flatter myself that nothing I have done would justify you in hoping to find in me a man devoid of every principle of delicacy. When you handed the sketch-plan to his Majesty, I gave my opinion of it with all the frankness which I believe to be incumbent on a man of business, and which is always received by good rulers with greater satisfaction than carefully balanced, equivocal expressions. As an author, I think at my desk just as I think at the Council-table. If book-piracy is a proof of patriotism, any street robbery, by which foreign wares are acquired by violence instead of by payment, must be no less patriotic. Both spare the State the outflow of coin, and the whole difference lies merely in the formalities accompanying the act."

Another letter is interesting, owing to the light it throws on the estimation in which various writers of the day were regarded. Their juxtaposition is curious. Commenting on the list of books which accompanied the sketch, an author writes—

"If it were simply a question of works by which the cause of enlightenment would be furthered, your enclosure does not carry out the idea of including the best in every branch of literature; for, to confine myself to the department with which I am specially concerned, namely, that of *belles lettres*, with the

exception of Ramler, Zachariä, and Wieland, all the great and famous poets of Germany are missing, *e.g.* Klopstock, Uz, Kleist, Haller, Gleim, Goethe, Rabener, Weise, Bürger, Stolberg, Nicolai, Gellert, Hagedorn, Lessing, Schlegel, Michaelis, Blum, Göckingk, Jacobi, Hölty, Voss, etc. But if the question is whether under the pretence of furthering 'enlightenment,' the best and most useful authors are to be pirated, I confess that both as a friend of humanity and as an author, I detest and abhor with all my heart so unjust a plan."

Finally, Wieland recalled the point of the advertisement of the *Union*. It was a skit, he explained, on certain publishers who treated authorship as mere manufacture, and writers as stocking-weavers, bound to supply them weekly with so many dozen at a given wage; on the pirates who hoped to invest their thievish covetousness with an air of nobility as a patriotic object; and, lastly, with all due respect, on the public itself, which would like to devour all that is printed in one mouthful, which would like to buy a whole library for a few florins, and is generally the dupe of all charlatans, while remaining all the more on its guard against honest people. "'You will see what you have done,' I said to the contributor who wrote the satire; 'your Universal Library will be taken seriously.' And what I prophesied has come true!" Explaining how the ball had been set rolling, Wieland concludes—

"Is it not funny, but also sad, that in our dear German Vaterland, a mere comic idea, a little bit of irony or persiflage, is all that is needed to set whole troops of thick-headed individuals in motion, and thus, in the most innocent way, to create scandal and mischief, when one hoped to warn and improve!"

I trust that the length at which I have treated

Wieland's exposure of the ways of the pirates, of the "Mæcenases and Augustuses," and especially of the "dear public" in regard to them, will not be held to require an apology. It shows the extraordinarily wide ramifications of the iniquitous trade, the toleration with which it was received, and its deadly influence on the interests of authors and honest publishers.

This was the state of things which roused the hot spirit of my grandfather to an indignation which, if it not seldom exceeded the bounds of good taste, spurred him on to Herculean efforts in defence of the rights of honest men.

Many were the devices by which publishers sought to circumvent the schemes of the pirate gang. The most common form of defence consisted in the use of the serial form of publication (a course, however, which led to many interesting works remaining fragments altogether). When Schiller's *Carlos* was appearing in the *Thalia*, the pirates were busy in putting the parts together; but the publication of the work, when completed and *revised*, baffled their plans. Publishers accordingly laid immense stress on the revision and alteration of such writings as had at first appeared in a serial form, before they issued a complete authentic edition.

When the *Geister-seher*, which similarly appeared in successive numbers of the *Thalia*, was to be published as a whole, Goschen inserted in the *Mercury* the following warning to some enterprising publishers who were lying in wait to pirate it :—

"Notice.—A few industrious men in Berlin and Vienna have given themselves the trouble to extract —not to pirate—the incomplete fragments of the

Geister-seher from the *Thalia*. I hereby give these gentlemen the pleasant news that a complete edition of this story, in two or three little volumes, will appear in my list very shortly under the auspices of the author himself, and it is to be hoped that the public will prefer to await this publication rather than to buy the fragments once more in a separate copy."

Sometimes recourse was had by publishers for defensive purposes to the questionable stratagem of pirating themselves; that is to say, they published almost simultaneously with their own announced and authorized edition, cheap editions on very bad paper without their names, thus giving the publication all the appearance of a pirated book, hoping thus at least to keep the sale in their own hands and to warn "the robbers" off—an act of despair of which authors would doubtless take a different view from their publishers. But what was really required, as Wieland had so emphatically pointed out, was to stimulate the Governments of the various states to agree on some common legislation which should put an end to the wrongs so cruelly inflicted on the honest part of the book-trade.

My grandfather, as I have said, threw his whole soul into the struggle. For years and years he fought in the cause. Some of his author-friends tried to mitigate the heat of his onslaught, but in vain. No opportunity was to be lost for striking a blow. Denunciation of "the rascals" was to accompany every advertisement of new publications. Every new book was to be a medium for the flagellation of the pirate gang. Authors sometimes demurred to their works being thus utilized, but Goschen sinned over and over again very impenitently. Schiller and Körner both

tried to restrain him, but he was difficult to manage. They told him that he would only attract the attention of the pirates to his books all the more, but his belligerent impetuosity would in this respect brook little interference. He would give way on a particular occasion out of regard to the scruples of an author, but he constantly returned to the charge. "C'etait plus fort que lui."

As a specimen of the almost comical length to which Goschen went in utilizing every occasion for attack, I may mention that in the list of subscribers to Goethe's Works, when the list was printed in the fourth volume, Goschen appended, at the foot of the names of the great people who were honouring the poet, a mock signature, as follows:—

"A PIRATE PUBLISHER IN ——

"This person, who is outside the pale, and whom the following Dedication (*i.e.* Goethe's introductory poem) does not concern, is warned by the publisher that he has taken carefully considered measures against him."

There is a certain grim humour in the suggestion of a publisher subscribing to a work with the intent of pirating it; but it must be admitted that, in these outbursts of Goschen in public notices, vigour was more conspicuous than delicacy of touch. Goethe, when he saw this extraordinary subscriber added to the list, very naturally requested the "excommunication to be left out" in any reprint.*

I find it difficult to present a clear and consecutive narrative of Goschen's war against the pirates, because it is, generally speaking, only through letters that I

* *Vide* Chapter XI. p. 250.

gather how he proceeded, and they frequently contain allusions to something which has gone before and is assumed to be known, but to which I have not the clue.

I fancy it was the pirating of Stolberg's *Sophocles* and of some other works which Goschen published at the Easter Fair of 1787, which started him on his real crusade.

He composed an essay about which he begged Bertuch to cause as much noise as possible to be made in Karlsruhe, and Körner to work in Dresden. Wieland's help was also requisitioned (June 22)—

"I have prepared an essay on the book-trade piracy. I will be so bold as to ask you to bring it before the public in the *Mercury*, only here and there it is rather strongly worded, and I must see how I can escape the Censorship."

In September Goschen set Bertuch in motion with reference to some public notice to which he had put his name—

"I now come to the ugly piracy business. My notice will not help me for the present, but I must fire it off, first, that others may see I have pluck, and that men who are still honest may not become too tolerant; secondly, because I am anxious to be sued, so that there may be more and more noise, and that it may at last come to legislation. Every purloining of property is theft. Is it necessary to have laws against each particular kind of purloining? If nothing can be a crime against which there are no laws, then there are no new crimes in our generation. I fear I shall not attain my object of being sued by Schmieder, for the learned in the law maintain that no suit would lie against me. I have also brought the matter before the Minister in Dresden in a preliminary way. I have also written to the Margrave (of Baden) in a very submissive tone, without abusive words."

I have not seen the letter written in a submissive tone, but I gather the advertisement mentioned to have been the following decidedly lively notice, in the *Litteratur-Zeitung* :—

"NOTICE.—Christian Gottlieb Schmieder in Karlsruhe has committed the unparalleled villainy of pirating six of my new publications all at once. I hereby publicly accuse this man of an unheard-of robbery, and warn every one who has the misfortune to have dealings with this fellow, to beware of the rascal. A man without honour or honesty or conscience is dangerous in every relation of life. I hope that every honest man in the book-trade will feel the greatest indignation against this act. But if any one should have anything to do with selling these pirated books, I shall, as soon as I have proofs in my hands, advertise him in the public press as a thief's accomplice and companion."

Körner, with his enthusiasm for letters, and his legal philosophical spirit, replied to Goschen's appeal with much zest. He comments thus on the essay which his friend had sent him :—

"August 27, 1787.

"Your essay on piracy contains certainly a great deal that is true, clearly and emphatically expressed. The question of the illegality of pirating books has been needlessly confused through the attempt to treat it separately from the doctrines of property. The reason lies deeper, and is the same on which the possession of cultivated land rests. There are certain operations which nobody will undertake without being sure of the exclusive profit; in other words, he only shall reap who has sown. So soon as the necessity of such operations are recognized (for instance, farming and mining), the certainty of profit is ensured by contracts or State laws. Thus, if authorship is to be encouraged, laws against piracy are necessary. Governments who will not recognize this must be brought to do so through reprisals.

But how, if they have no subjects who can write or publish anything of note? For this reason I should think a decree of the Imperial Diet best, so as to hold the petty princes in check."

Later on he wrote again—

"I owe you an answer, dear friend, about piracy. In order to bring the matter before the Imperial Diet, it would be best that the publishers who are principally interested in the question, should write and ascertain through inquiries which they could make, which of the more influential German Courts would interest itself most actively at the Diet on the subject of piracy. It will be necessary to treat, and money must not be spared. Nothing is to be expected from Saxony, since piracy is advantageous to that country on account of the sale of 'privileges' attaching to it. Whether Brandenburg or Hanover is to be counted on, you will have to ascertain from publishers in Berlin or Göttingen. Some such Court must bring the subject directly or indirectly before the Diet. To this body a number of publishers must appeal, presenting a memorial with their collective signatures, and enclosing a summary of their rights. Afterwards there must be negotiations at Ratisbon. Perhaps you may be able to effect something amongst your colleagues this Fair-time."

Little practical result came from Goschen's struggles in the year 1787; for the pirate game continued merrily. The Governments remained unmoved. An identical, but again unsuccessful, plan for stirring them up, such as was discussed in Körner's letter, was again on foot in 1790, as appears from the following letter of W. G. Becker, an influential Dresden friend and client (not to be confused with Zacharias Becker of Gotha).

"Karlsbad, August 5, 1790.

"Most Worthy Sir and Friend,

"I never force myself upon the great, but I think myself fortunate in having an excellent Prince in Leopold.* He has indeed given me many and great proofs of his being well-disposed to me, and not long ago he again assured me of this. I could almost flatter myself that he would pay some attention to what I place before him, but yet, how much may change under different circumstances! I can promise nothing but to deliver the petition safe and sound into his hands, but I will do my utmost to support the application by an additional personal report on the matter. I will fight your battle as well as the battle of the authors, and I hope for a good result.

"Draw up a petition to the king with your colleagues, and get it signed by the Dresden, as well as by the Leipzig publishers. Take care that it is not too long. I will do my utmost in support of the matter. Neither must you forget that the present time is one when you should appeal in a body to the Elector, as the Prussian publishers should to the King, in order to secure an Imperial law being really passed to permit no piracy, and to forbid all pirated works. If I can induce King Leopold to forbid piracy in his domains, I hope to prevail upon him to make it afterwards an Imperial question, to be treated at Regensburg.

"I remain, with sincere regards,

"Your sincere friend and servant,

"W. G. Becker.

"P.S.—If I am successful, the alarm must be sounded in the whole *Reich*,† and I will then let you have my opinion as to how the thing should be set going."

I cannot find that any real results flowed from such action as the publishers may have taken, nor that Leopold or any German Government took up the cause in earnest for many a year. Thus time after time the subject again turned up, and the book-trade

* Leopold II. † The Holy Roman Empire.

continued to suffer from this intolerable incubus of unchecked piracy till the second decade of the nineteenth century was well advanced.

The task was too great, too complicated. The number of German Federal States whose joint action was necessary if the iniquitous traffic was to be stopped, was thirty-eight! If safety was to be sought through "privilegia," thirty-eight "privilegia" were necessary to secure even limited protection, and some of these Governments continued not only indifferent, but positively favourable to piracy. The demoralization which this condition of things produced was, of course, deplorable. The patriotic publisher, Friedrich Perthes of Hamburg, who in vain exerted himself at the close of the Napoleonic wars to extract legislation against book-piracy from the Federal Diet, wrote of Frankfurt—

"All the publishing firms here, with one exception, take a lively part in piracy; they not only regularly pirate publishers outside Frankfurt, but most of them pirate themselves, and all appear to dispose of their legitimate publications through connection with foreign pirate firms, so that the whole of their course of business is inextricably bound up with piracy. Nevertheless, the majority of them are honest and respectable men, and one must say of them, if one does not wish to be unjust, 'the custom of the country' (*Ländlich sittlich*)."

The Diet did not act, and another decade passed before German authors and publishers secured legal protection.

In face of an evil so universal, striking its roots deep down in the constitution of Germany, so long as it included a multitude of petty states, it was clear that any efforts which Goschen might make in 1790

were not likely to prevail. Indeed, it is singular that my grandfather, a publisher of only a very few years' standing, took so prominent a part in this question of public policy in the midst of his overwhelming individual cares at a time when his overgrown business might have been supposed to have been more than enough to absorb all his attention and energies.

It was the pirating of his books, which more than any other troubles, drove him distracted, generally evoking expressions and acts of furious indignation, but occasionally almost tempting him to throw up the sponge.

Such a fit must have seized him in September, 1787, about the time when he composed his emphatic essay on piracy. Some morbid and angry expressions on the part of the combative publisher about the pirating of his works and the crimes of the detestable Schmieder, must have called forth the following very outspoken reply from Meissner, conveying a friendly, poetical, but very frank reprimand :—

"If your letter was intended, as I believe, to startle me, it has certainly done its work. For, upon my soul, never since I have been able to read letters has one addressed to me begun in such a style. The first few lines gave me the impression that you were angry with me, and I felt simply dumbfounded, for I did not know why.

"But as I got deeper into it, I gathered that you were dissatisfied with the whole world, and then I pitied you; for often as there may be reasons for such misanthropy (and perhaps millions have not had such reasons for it as I have myself just now), yet never have I found it to be of any use.

"There was once a man on whom the gods laid a heavy burden, and he bore it bowed to the ground. The sun burnt down upon his back, and from below the rising dust tormented him. Experience made

him wiser. He carried himself upright; the sun continued to burn, but at least the dust annoyed him less. His trial was not ended, still it was eased.

"I do not know that this apologue is to be found in any book. Possibly as poetry it is not worth much. But the application is apt and easy. Besides, there is still much to be said; for instance, whether this piece of rascality on Schmieder's part really justifies you in all the ebullition you display; justifies you in a resolve to become a rascal yourself; in your assurance that you are going to be cold and stiff towards me (although I think you must know that I would never enter into partnership with Schmieder, or pirate Stolberg's plays); in your assertion that all the world is trying to cheat its neighbour, etc.

"The mishap is certainly vexatious—most vexatious. But let us hope that it will not (as you write) ruin you entirely, but only rob you of an expected and well-earned profit. Neither author nor publisher ever yet became bankrupt through the pirating of his work. The former after all always manages to keep a crust of bread, and the latter a joint for dinner! Without piracy, it is true, the writer would have been able to earn something for the savings bank, and the publisher to get together a little capital.

"However, I hope that various expressions in your letter have only been begotten by your ill-humour in general, and not, as an unkind reader might gather, by anger against myself.

* * * * * *

"I remain, in spite of your biting sarcasm, with affection and respect,

"Your true, warm friend,

"MEISSNER."

In time Goschen took his friend's advice as conveyed in his striking apologue. He did bear his burden, not bowed to the ground, but in good, upstanding fashion, though the rising dust from below did not entirely cease to torment his sensitive soul.

CHAPTER XI.

GOETHE'S COLLECTED WORKS—GOSCHEN'S BREACH WITH GOETHE—A LAST CHANCE MISSED.

1787–1791.

The story of Goschen's campaign against piracy has carried us far beyond the agitated period of his struggles between Easter, 1787, and Easter, 1788, to him a most momentous year. It was full of emotions, changes of fortunes, bitter struggles and bright incidents. During its course he found himself bound in closer and most promising relations with Wieland, and plunged into a sea of troubles by the Goethe venture. The dissolution of the partnership between Goschen and Körner occurred in this same year, and finally, to complete its interest to Goschen, it saw him at its close about to become the happiest of husbands.

Fortune did not smile on Goschen in his prosecution of his work for Goethe. Some of the difficulties which frequently blocked his path from the first have already been recounted—the impossibility of rapid communication with Goethe, the delays of engravers, unsatisfactory results when they sent in their work. Three volumes were issued to the public about the middle of May (1787); but Goschen, bitterly

Goethe on the Campagna.
from a picture by Tischbein,
in Städel Museum, Frankfort.

disappointed with some of the engravings, kept back Goethe's own copies and others destined for distinguished personages, till he could replace the "miserable stuff" with more satisfactory plates. This proved a fatal mistake, for it caused the book to reach the public before it reached Goethe himself—a most inauspicious beginning to the issue of the Works. At the end of the month Goschen began to send out presentation copies. He despatched twelve to Bertuch, of which two on "Dutch paper" were for the Duke and Duchess of Weimar; and if Bertuch thought it would be agreeable to Goethe, these two copies were to be presented "without payment of the subscription, in all humility, as from the publisher himself." A copy for the Dowager Duchess Amalia, the famous patroness of literature, followed shortly afterwards.

But Goschen's equanimity was soon to be disturbed. The great Herder thanked him for a presentation copy, but added that he was dissatisfied with the printing. "Why, I submitted it to him in advance!" Goschen angrily exclaimed. "Herder says he deplores it very much on account of his great respect for Goethe. How is one to satisfy people in this world? God knows—I don't."

When at last the fourth volume which Goschen had awaited with intense anxiety, was delivered by the printer and all was complete, I gather from the defensive attitude which Goschen took up, that criticisms as to the appearance of the volumes had not been confined to Herder. The publisher from week to week looked for a notice in the *Litteratur-Zeitung*, of which his friend Schütz was the editor. He wrote to Bertuch on the 22nd of August—

"Our good friend Schütz is making us wait rather long for his review. You are in a position to do something in the matter. I am anxious that hints should be given in the review of the intention which has been kept in sight in regard to typography. We did not want to take 'wove' paper, or to introduce any superfluous ornamentation. Simplicity, correctness, and convenience were what we aimed at. The edition was to be an *edition portative*, so that the admirer of Goethe's muse might comfortably carry the books with him wherever he went. It was not intended to be a magnificent edition. Judged from this point of view, our edition will be able to stand criticism. Mention this also in the *Mode-Journal*."

But reviewers in those days, as in these, were not to be hustled. The *Litteratur-Zeitung* did not hurry. And so Goschen in his impatience defended himself by the following notice in the *Mercury* :—

"We hereby announce the first half of the Collected Works of Herr Geheim-Rath von Goethe in the only genuine edition personally superintended by the author. In this edition the publisher (as we must say in the interest of truth) has performed all, and in fact more, than he promised in the original notice—certainly all that was possible in view of the very moderate encouragement given by subscribers, and in view both of the price and of the impunity of pirated editions which is so discreditable to our nation and its rulers. The works of an author of whom the nation is proud, and has so much reason to be proud—works on which the genius of nature and of art have set their joint mark so deeply and incisively as on these,—need no recommendation. The most important and best-known of them have now, through the most careful finishing process, reached a degree of perfection and completeness which leaves nothing to be desired. Several appear here for the first time, and even among those which were but the work (so to speak) of a moment, and only designed for the moment, there is none in which the spirit of the author and his inimitable manner could fail to be recognized, none which will

Abend-Kreis des Herzogin Amalie.

from a water colour by G. M. Kraus,
in the Library of the Grand Duke of Weimar.

fail to give the reader at least a taste of that pleasure which these children of a genial mood diffused around them in the happy moment of their conception for the benefit of a narrower circle of listeners."

The reader acquainted with Goethe's life may remember those delightful Weimar evenings when the great poet read the creations of his exuberant fancy to a group of intimate friends. Many of these, written in a fragmentary form, had never been issued to the public at all, but only to the "narrower circle of listeners" of whom my grandfather speaks.

As weeks passed by, Goschen became more and more uneasy. There was no sale; the public remained astonishingly cold. At last he poured out his distress to Bertuch in a passage over which we may smile now that generations have done homage to what contemporary readers treated with such careless indifference and cavalier comments. While Schütz was silent, some other journalists had reviewed the work, but only in a perfunctory manner. So Goschen wrote (September 2, 1787)—

"I am annoyed to see that only a hasty critique of Goethe has appeared. Publishers who have taken copies as a speculation want to return them; *Iphigenia* is not understood, the *Brother and Sister* is tiresome, the *Triumph of Sensibility* is out of date and comes too late, the *Birds* is too obscure. The devil alone knows what these people may want. The public must be taken by the nose and led up to it. Then I shall have no fear. Do your utmost to insure a clever critique of it soon."

It was at this juncture that the wholesale pirating of his publications, which had stirred him to that burst of anger which Meissner rebuked, was in full force, notwithstanding the *privilegium* signed by the Emperor Joseph's own hand, which Goschen had

secured in Vienna to protect him in the Holy Roman Empire.* Goschen reported in this same letter to Bertuch that Schmieder had pirated *Carlos*, Anton Wall's *Tales*, Alxinger's *Doolin of Mainz*, Stolberg's *Dramas*, Bode's *Tom Jones*. Was it not enough to drive an honest publisher out of his senses?

A day or two later he wrote again as to *Goethe*, "Since the Fair I haven't sold a copy. The silence of the *Litteratur-Zeitung* is extremely prejudicial to us." And silent it remained till October, when a notice appeared, commending the printing and paper, and praising the public-spirited publisher. It ran as follows:—

"The publisher has endeavoured to give a fitting exterior to this collection, corresponding to the worth of its contents. The printing and paper are good, and he has delivered three more engravings than he had promised. As the engravings which were originally intended for the first, third, and fourth volumes did not turn out as well as he desired, he has changed them for better ones. We hope very much that the public will reward this unselfish conduct, and that no one will support covetous pirates, who deprive so public-spirited a publisher of his well-earned profits."

* The twelfth volume of the *Goethe Jahrbuch* quotes the following advertisements from a catalogue of autographs put up for sale in Berlin: "The original *privilegium* granted by the Emperor Joseph II. to the publishers Joachim Goschen in Leipzig and Joseph Stahel in Vienna, for the printing of Goethe's Works, with the promise of protection against piracy, dated Vienna the 23rd of March, 1787, a sheet in folio maximo, with seal." Secondly, "The original of a renewed privilegium granted by the Emperor Francis II. to the publishers Joachim Goschen in Leipzig and Karl Schomberg in Vienna, for the printing of Goethe's Works, with the sign manual of the Emperor, dated Presburg, 1803." Goschen evidently made arrangements with Vienna publishers to facilitate the granting of a privilegium. A portion of the edition bore the name of the Vienna publishers on the title-page. On the title-page are also the words: "Mit Römisch-Kaiserlichem allergnädigstem *privilegio*."

The reader has now been afforded a few glimpses behind the scenes of the anxieties and troubles of the publisher. Meanwhile, what was the attitude of the author? Goethe wrote from Rome on the 15th of August, nearly six months since he had written last, and he replied to two letters from Goschen, dated respectively the 22nd of March and the 5th of June. So disjointed was the correspondence between the author and the publisher, so little convenient for the exchange of explanations or the conveyance of wishes! When he wrote, the parcel with the four volumes was not as yet in his hands.

"Rome, August 15, 1787.

"Herewith my answer to your two letters of March 22 and June 5.

"I am sorry that Chodowiecki has supplied you ill, the more so as this caused my copies to remain behind. For more reasons than one this mishap is most annoying to me. Let nothing stand in the way of your despatching the subsequent volumes to me simultaneously with their issue to the public.

"*Egmont* is finished, and I won't fail to set to work at once on what remains to form part of the fifth volume. I shall be very glad if it can come out soon. The public has been accustomed to single volumes by the appearance of the fourth, and as I am giving considerably more work than I promised, I shall be excused.

"Had the public looked more favourably on our edition, I should have found it easier to produce ten or twelve volumes, and that with more comfort to myself, but for the present we will leave matters as they are. Our nation expects an author not only to be disinterested—he must be generous as well. They would think they were paying an enormous sum per volume, were they to reimburse the cash expenses alone which I necessarily incurred in collecting materials for the work.

"Before all I must see about procuring a drawing

from Madame Angelica for the fifth volume. She has so many commissions that money will not extract a single stroke of her pencil from her save what she may grant as a favour. She surprised me recently with a drawing representing the passage in *Iphigenia*, Act III., scene 5: 'You, too, so soon descended to the world below!' It is perhaps one of her happiest compositions, and that is the very reason why I must not be too pressing. As soon as the fifth volume is off my hands, I shall set to work on *Tasso*. *Faust* is to be the last.

"I shall write to you shortly on another matter, and ask your advice. A comic opera of mine, a new one, which is not included in the Collected Works, has been very happily set to music; I should like to publish the score so that the composer, who has expended much time and trouble, might derive some profit from it. But of this more in my next. I shall hope to hear that you are well and prosperous.

"GOETHE."

In this first letter there was little to vex Goschen's soul. It was natural that Goethe should have been annoyed at remaining so long without his copies. The next letter, written after they had reached him, was of a different character.

"Rome, October 27, 1787.

"I cannot say that the appearance of the three copies of my work, which duly arrived in Rome, has caused me much pleasure; the paper appears to me more like *Druck-Papier* than *Schreib-Papier*.* When the edges are cut the size is too small; the colour, like the paper, is unequal; so that these volumes look more like an ephemeral pamphlet than a book which is to last some time. A copy of the Himburg edition happened to be here, which, compared with yours, looks like a dedication copy. However, this is a thing of the past, and cannot be altered. Besides, I find in some pieces which I have run through, misprints and omissions, though I cannot

* *Vide* Chapter VIII. p. 181.

decide whether the fault lies with the manuscript or with the proof-reader.

"*Egmont* is already in Germany. *Claudine* and *Erwin* shall follow shortly. I can also promise the sixth volume. You have, according to our contract, the right to publish a better edition on Dutch paper at the same time as this. You write to me that you now wish to set up the first four volumes again, and gradually to print off more copies. I regard this as that edition which was contemplated in the contract, and I expect to receive the stipulated number of free copies, as well as a statement of the number of copies which are printed altogether, or which are going to be printed. As nothing has been agreed on with regard to this point, I do not propose to cut the number down. On the other hand, it is also fair that this edition should not be indefinitely increased. . . .

"As regards the opera set to music by my friend, I shall not hesitate to include it in the last four volumes, although the public has no claim to it, and is not likely to be too particular, as I give them a year and a half's more work than I promised. The completion, alteration, and elaboration of the pieces which I merely promised to give as they were, has cost me invaluable moments, and I can assure you sincerely, if I had looked at the profit to be made, and handed over my writings according to the terms of the advertisement, I could with comfort have had four other volumes ready. So much work is begun, which, as it were, forces itself on me for completion. . . .

"Madame Angelica has favoured me with a very beautiful design for the fifth volume. Herr Lips has already engraved it, and his work, even in the rough, deserves all praise. So soon as it is ready, I shall satisfy him, and inform you of my outlay. I must not offer any money to Madame Angelica, but I wish to prove our gratitude to her by a present of books, and thus pave the way well for the future.

"Therefore, pray send me as soon as possible, Wieland's *Poetical Writings*, small new edition; Herder's *Scattered Leaves*, two vols.; also his *Volkslieder*, two vols.; Voss's *Small Poems;* Hölty's *Poems;* Voss's *Odyssey*—all if possible on *Schreib-Papier*, all bound in English binding."

The attentive reader, interested in the appreciation of the writers of that day, shown by contemporaries, will not fail to notice Goethe's choice, when he was desirous of presenting a gift of books to a distinguished and cultivated woman. The selection was of poetical works, and Wieland and Herder, Voss and Hölty, were the poets who on this occasion found favour in Goethe's eyes. Hölty belonged to the Göttingen group.

The letter proceeds—

"The drawing for *Iphigenia*, which this pre-eminent artist has prepared for me, is so precious to me, that I cannot make up my mind to let it go out of my hands. If I bring it some day to Germany, I should not be disinclined to entrust it to some careful artist of repute.

"According to a letter from Seidel, there has been some difference in consequence of a clerical error in the duplicate copy of the contract; you have come to other terms with him as regards the delivery of free copies than those arranged in the contract. I approve of all that he has done, and accept an alteration and explanation of the eighth article, which you will have the goodness to settle with him.

"In the further issue of the first four volumes pray arrange to have the list of subscribers *before* the fourth volume, and leave out the excommunication of the piratical publisher before the Dedication,* which came upon me as a great surprise. But believe me, I take a sincere interest in all that concerns you, and wish that the hostilities of the pirates may not do you any sensible damage. And now farewell to you, and preserve me kindly in remembrance."

It is not difficult to imagine how the opening passage of this letter, reaching Goschen as it did when he was already in an irritable mood, moved him to serious wrath, though the sharp judgment passed on

* *Vide* Chapter X. p. 234.

ANGELICA KAUFMANN'S DESIGN FOR *EGMONT*.

[*To face p.* 250, *Vol. I.*

the printing and paper was, to an impartial eye, softened by subsequent friendly expressions.

Nor was the condemnation of the appearance of the book the only irritating topic in the letter. Goethe's assumption that an additional number of copies of the *small* 8*vo* to be printed on Dutch paper, constituted the edition in *large* 8*vo*, of which mention was made in the contract, and which would entitle him to forty additional free copies, was angrily resented by Bertuch and Goschen. All they desired was to meet the demand of well-to-do purchasers for rather better paper and to print 500 such copies, though 1800 copies of the 3000 edition were still on hand! Seidel, by Goethe's orders, showed Bertuch the letter first. The latter sent it on to Goschen with comments of his own. He poo-poohed the complaint about the printing. It was simply an echo from the jaundiced Herder, and had no importance whatever. But as to the impression on Dutch paper in respect of which the author wanted forty additional copies, Goschen must drive such a fancy (*Wahn*) out of Goethe's head. He must be told, amongst other arguments, that this further issue of 500 copies while the bulk of the edition was still unsold meant risk, not profit, to Goschen. Bertuch wound up with the strong phrase, "I confess I would not have thought Goethe capable of such chicanery."

When Goethe's letter * with Bertuch's comments reached Leipzig it stirred Goschen's anger to its depths. He wrote to Bertuch—

* Seidel, too, had written to Goschen: "I willingly believe that it must be disagreeable and vexatious to you to hear from the Herr Geheim-Rath that he is not quite satisfied with the edition of his Works. I am no judge, but I must frankly own that it does not satisfy the love which I feel for the affairs of the Herr Geheim-Rath."

"November, 23, 1787.

"Such a letter as Goethe's is enough to prostrate a man's spirit and courage. Not a line has been printed before with the types which have been used, and yet it is said they are worn! the paper, which is white, and purposely not made thick so as to have handy volumes, is supposed to be *Druck-Papier*. May the D——! Only just let Herder compare it with the edition of his own works! I know very well now where the secret lies. That cunning Hartknoch has smelt a rat. He is afraid lest I should poach in his preserves, and therefore has been putting sundry spokes in the wheel with Herder. On Sunday I will send you my reply to Goethe's letter. I must try to change Herder's views. We must make a present to Goethe of the free copies for the sake of the future! Don't let us be stingy in this respect.

"It is impossible that there can be misprints or omissions in these volumes. They must be in the manuscript.

"I shall announce to Goethe that I have printed 3000 copies, for I should like to act with frankness. But won't he say, 'You are increasing this edition indefinitely'? Let me have your opinion. I assure you most solemnly that if I had known that side of Herder and Goethe which I am learning now, they would not have made me so happy when they gave me their works to publish. I ask you, are 2000 thalers mere child's-play? But I am smarting with vexation to-day, and won't trespass on your patience any longer."

In a week he wrote again, and he was smarting still.

"Here is the letter to Goethe. Herder and Seidel must not see it. Send it direct to Rome. This is a satisfaction which I must get out of Herder, and may the devil take all priests! I think Goethe will not demand the forty free copies. If he does demand them, I shall give them to him with pleasure. For with the same confidence with which I have advised many steps which turned out successful for other

people, I now say that *Egmont* and Angelica's drawing will give a lift to our edition. Goethe will give away his forty copies. This will help to make our issue on Dutch paper known; he will remain in good humour with us, and the cost of the paper we can disregard.

"If you find anything in my letter to Goethe which does not please you, I will write differently. Tell me quite frankly. I still think Goethe is being influenced. If that is not the case, I despise him as much as I have honoured him, and I must believe that he belongs to that low class of men who believe that all publishers are Jews. It is just striking two o'clock!"

The fever of the late hour was clearly on Goschen's brain when he wrote thus passionately; but the frankness of his passion brings out distinctly that he thought Herder and Goethe had made an attack on his publisher's honour, which he was too sensitive not to feel bitterly, and too high-spirited not to resent.

In whatever shape Goschen's letter may have been despatched, Goethe's reply showed no trace of annoyance. He accepted the publisher's apologies, and proceeded to discuss the further progress of his work. The letter opens up glimpses of a great poet labouring steadily on at some of his greatest masterpieces, correcting and finishing and never weary in his striving for absolute perfection.

"Rome, February 9, 1788.

"Your letter of the 27th of November of last year has come to hand to-day at the very moment when I was thinking of writing to you.

"I am pleased that you give me some explanations with reference to the various shortcomings of our edition. I willingly believe that you yourself have been vexed in several respects, and I know very well that in such an undertaking one must encounter many hindrances. I keep a copy into which I look as time

permits, with the view of correcting and noting all misprints, omissions, and anything else which strikes me. This is a good preparatory work for a future edition.

"To-day the last Act of *Claudine* goes off to Herr Herder. Alas! I can only get the fifth volume ready by Easter, and that at a pinch. When, after the completion of *Egmont*, I looked through *Erwin* and *Claudine*, in order to improve them by some slight corrections, I saw very soon that without completely recasting them I should make nothing of the two pieces. I made up my mind to it, and am only this instant ready. The public will, I hope, be satisfied with finding in this volume not only *Egmont* as a whole, but also two new pieces. The next volume will probably contain *Tasso*, *Lila*, *Jeri and Bätely*, and *The Fisherwoman*. I am in no better position with these pieces than with the operettas I mentioned above. I must entirely recast them, if they are not to feel ashamed of themselves in the company of the first volumes. This is the way in which one is led on from one thing to another. The hardest work ahead of me is *Faust*. Still, one at a time.

"The Miscellaneous Poems for the last volume I have already collected, and for the most part written them out; still, this eighth volume will also have to be well thought out and touched up.

"The engravings for the next three volumes I hope to get done here also. If it is possible, I shall have them done quickly and in rapid succession, since Herr Lips is called away to Florence. For the two plates for the third and sixth volumes Herr Lips is to receive eight carolins. If you will add something for the two vignettes for *Iphigenia*, it will please him.

"I am longing for the completion of our edition of eight volumes in order that I may then have time to go on to new work. You may imagine what a heap of material I have collected this year, more than I can ever hope to work up.

"Herr Rath Bertuch writes to me that you have found a charming bride; I offer you my best wishes on this engagement.

"Farewell.

"GOETHE."

Auerbachs Keller in Leipzig.

Zeche luſtiger Geſellen.

Froſch.

Will keiner trinken? keiner lachen?
Ich will euch lehren Geſichter machen!
Ihr ſeyd ja heut wie naſſes Stroh,
Und brennt ſonſt immer lichterloh.

Brander.

Das liegt an dir; du bringſt ja nichts herbey,
Nicht eine Dummheit, keine Sauerey.

Froſch
gießt ihm ein Glas Wein über den Kopf.

Da haſt du beydes.

FACSIMILE OF PAGE 39 OF FIRST EDITION OF *FAUST*, 1790.

[*To face p.* 254, *Vol. I.*

Goschen's account to Bertuch of this letter shows no enthusiastic view of Goethe's reception of his explanations. It was even a little surly—

"I have just received a letter from Goethe and Seidel, and the first act of *Claudine*. The upshot of Goethe's letter is, he wishes Lips to be paid two carolins for the two copper-plates for *Iphigenia* and *Egmont*, and any sum I please for the vignettes, and Seidel to be paid the honorarium for the fifth volume."

He accordingly requested Bertuch to make the necessary payments, but did not say another word as to the differences which had made him rage so furiously three months before, neither do passages throwing further light upon them occur in Goschen's or Goethe's subsequent letters. Some further trouble arose at a later date, but on another point.

If Goschen's attitude towards Goethe discloses a certain amount of temper, it may be attributed in part to the strong contrast between the manner in which the great Geheim-Rath managed his business with him, and the genial confidence to which he had been accustomed in his dealings with other clients. Goethe insisted with a rigour, an almost offensive rigour, on the immediate payment of cash in exchange for manuscript. He had written to Seidel in October, 1787: "The rest of the fifth volume shall go through your hands, and you are not to deliver it except against cash down—the contract says so, and one must not stand on ceremony." And on the same 9th of February on which he sent Goschen the fairly pleasant letter just quoted, he again wrote to Seidel, bidding him take care so to manage as to receive the money for the fifth volume at once on delivery of the manuscript. "Don't give it out of your hands

before. You need only refer to your instructions." The relations between the author and publisher were evidently to be put on the strictest business footing.

Indeed, the haughty poet-Minister frequently displayed a certain contempt in his references to publishers. When my angry grandfather declared to Bertuch that "unless Goethe had been influenced by others, he should think of him as belonging to that low class of men who believed that all publishers are Jews," it was possibly an exaggeration of Goethe's view, but a phrase of the latter, in reply to I know not what remark of Frau von Stein, shows a decided strain of disdain towards publishers. "Never fear; my behaviour towards Goschen shall be all right. I know this sort of people (*diese Art Menschen*); but must not every one follow his own trade (*Handwerk*)?"*

But if Goschen was irritated with the author, nothing weakened his admiration for the work supplied.

Egmont especially, now assigned to the fifth volume the preparations for which were vigorously pushed on, powerfully excited his imagination, and he believed, as we have seen, in its helping the whole edition. The "Collected Works" were hanging fire—he had only sold 1200 out of 3000 copies—so he resolved on the publication of *Egmont* and some other pieces in a volume by themselves. Of *Egmont*, he wrote to Bertuch, he would print 2000 copies as a separate volume. The public already knew of it, and were awaiting it eagerly.

It was supposed in some quarters that Goschen

* Elsewhere Goethe speaks of publishers as "*dieses Volk*," a more contemptuous phrase in German than its literal translation, "such folk," in English.

was selling the new volumes of Goethe's works singly "in order to deprive the pirating rabble at least of one sting," as otherwise it would be contrary to his interest. The "rabble," however, were not foiled. A pirate was soon discovered at work underselling Goschen. Bertuch was anxious to know whether the publisher had found him out. Goschen could not trace his enemy, but at once made a counter-move. He would undersell the man who was now underselling him. "I know nothing," he wrote, "of the pirate of *Iphigenia*. I will put the fellow into a devil of a mess by an issue on *Druck-Papier*, which I have caused to be made at once." Other difficulties he was confronting with equal energy. He was moving heaven and earth to get Dutch paper, for which he had "been waiting with anguish." The exceptionally harassing troubles of a publisher in those days appear almost on every page of the letters which passed between him and his friends. A French translation was contemplated; but Goschen feared that unless Dufour in Maestricht would take over the whole edition, in which case he would want half the profits, the whole issue would be printed "simply for the benefit of the bandits in Liège, or Maestricht, or Yverdun." So many centres of piracy watched on the frontier for literary booty!

But Goschen pursued his path with sturdy resolution, if in an irritable mood. And at last, after the Easter Fair of 1788, the fifth volume appeared. The publisher, in announcing it, was once more unable to restrain his eagerness to defend himself, and to tilt at the public who had been so remiss in subscribing and buying. He again insisted that this edition was to be regarded merely as a hand or pocket edition.

Any one who wished to have it printed on strong Dutch paper was to send his name in, and whoever saw the edition printed on this class of paper would, he hoped, acquit the publisher of having neglected the exterior of these works. He would issue a handsome edition to the public only when he could reckon with greater certainty on the enthusiasm of his nation for its best authors.

One source of trouble was now removed. Goethe returned to Weimar in June. But the despatch of further manuscript to Leipzig continued to hang fire. In July Goethe wrote apologetically. Before he left Rome, and even on his journey, he had tried so to prepare the sixth and eighth volumes that they might be ready by Michaelmas ; but on his arrival at Weimar he had found himself surrounded by so many distractions that he made no progress. However, he would do his best. Still, month after month passed by, and no fresh volume was ready. Goschen was unwilling to hustle the poet, though subscribers were becoming impatient for the completion of the set, while Goethe himself, with his artistic temperament, clung to his manuscript till he could attain that absolute perfection for which he strove with intense pains, in no pieces more than in *Tasso* and *Faust.*

At last, means were found to satisfy this impatience of subscribers without detriment to the poet's aims. It was arranged that the eighth volume, which was to contain miscellaneous matter, part of which had been published previously, should be issued before the sixth and seventh, leaving Goethe more time to continue his labour of love on *Tasso,* into

which, to use his own expression, he "was pouring out his whole soul."

Accordingly Goschen advertised the eighth volume with "frontispiece and vignette by Angelica Kaufmann," and explained that "the author, on the request of the publisher, had furnished this eighth volume first, in order to meet the impatience of the public who were awaiting the sixth and seventh." But the announcement of the eighth volume was not followed by its immediate issue. It did not reach the hands of the public till Easter, 1789, two years and a half after the contract had been signed at Karlsbad! and two volumes were still far from complete.

Late in June Goethe sent Goschen the first sheets of *Tasso*. He had *only* been a year longer on it than he had expected!

"Weimar, June 22, 1789.

"I herewith send you the first scenes of a play, in the execution of which I have been out in my calculations only by one year! Let the public decide how it has turned out!

"And now I beg for the very strictest care in correcting the proof-sheets. The previous volumes were passable, but not faultless; in the case of this piece I must ask that the slightest error may be put right by a 'cancel.' The great care which I have bestowed on this work makes me wish that it may reach the public quite clean. It is immaterial to me whether you like to begin with Latin types. . . .

"Farewell. I will continue to send you the manuscript of *Tasso* from time to time.

"Von Goethe."

A week afterwards Goethe wrote again about *Tasso*. He cannot part with the manuscript, as he works on till the very last moment! He cannot give up the last chance of touching or retouching, nor must a single

misprint or mistake deface this piece of perfection which he so passionately desires to place in a faultless form before the public.

"I send you herewith the conclusion of the first act. The first scenes have probably arrived safely. I shall not send the continuation of the manuscript until you ask for it; I like to keep it in my own hands as long as possible, as I can always find points that will bear retouching. I repeat my request that the corrections may be as strict and accurate as possible."

Once more, the weeks slipped by. Late in August Goethe acknowledged the receipt of some printed sheets in a short note, and assumed that the printing would now proceed more quickly, as otherwise the volume would not be ready by Michaelmas.

And it was *not* ready by Michaelmas. The positions were now reversed; Goethe had become very impatient. Indeed, he complained to the Duchess Amalie that the edition was being spoilt by the dilatoriness of the publisher. Goschen, it was true, was now not hurrying. He was extremely busy in the autumn on another venture, perhaps his first great financial, as well as literary success. It was the famous *Historischer Kalender für Damen* (*Historical Calendar for Ladies*), devised by Goschen and Wieland, a periodical in the second number of which Schiller's *Thirty Years' War* afterwards appeared. Goschen felt so certain of the popular favour with which it would meet, that he was not prepared to prejudice its production by postponing the necessary preparations in favour of other work. "Goethe has delayed us long enough," he wrote; "it is fair that he should now have to be patient." Sacrilegious words! but we are behind the scenes as to both Goethe and

Faust.

Ein Fragment.

Von

Goethe.

Achte Ausgabe.

Leipzig,
bey Georg Joachim Göschen,
1790.

FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF *FAUST*.

[*To face p.* 261, *Vol. I.*

Goschen, and the truth must be told. And if *Tasso* had to wait a little on the *Historischer Kalender* in the publisher's office, Goschen did not misjudge the success which these publications would respectively secure. The *Kalender* made an immense sensation—six thousand copies were sold—while *Tasso*, with Goethe's heart's blood flowing through it, left the general German public cold.

This sixth volume, so long expected, appeared in January, 1790. The seventh volume, which completed the collection, was published in the following May. It contained *Faust, a Fragment*,* that extraordinary work which, in the eyes of later generations, embodied beyond all others the highest and most characteristic development of Goethe's genius, but the reception of which at the hands of contemporary readers in no wise sufficed to induce the disappointed publisher to recast his denunciation of the coldness and apathy of the German public towards its greatest writer.

And now, in another notice to the public, the publisher issued his final defence of his own position.

* George Lewes, in his *Life of Goethe*, speaks of the first part of *Faust* not having been published till 1806. The fact of its appearance as part of the Collected Works had apparently escaped him. He describes the prolonged gradual composition of the piece, and states the times at which different parts were written and the degree to which the whole drama was remodelled in 1797, when several of the most important scenes were added. This makes it all the more remarkable that he should have missed its appearance in 1790. In this first version there are several striking parts missing, besides those added in 1797. Indeed, the drama ends with Marguerite's fainting in the cathedral. The famous monologue composed in 1788, in the scene headed *Forest and Caverns*, is differently placed in the *Fragment* from its position in the completed *Faust*, a fact curiously illustrating the acuteness of Lewes's criticism when he says, "I do not understand the relation of this scene to the whole." Goethe himself seems to have felt some uncertainty.

As with this seventh volume the collection of works by Herr Geheim-Rath von Goethe, in eight volumes, had been completed, the public could calculate what this collection contained, and would not be dissatisfied with this calculation. Such writings as had already appeared had been in part entirely recast, in part enlarged and altered, in this edition. In his first announcement the publisher could only promise as fragments, some of the new works which had not appeared before. But the author had shown himself inclined to complete the greater part. The form which the immortal works *Iphigenia*, *Tasso*, and *Egmont* had assumed, would alone excuse the delay which was necessary in the case of the appearance of the separate parts of the collection, if the author was to retain the opportunities of putting the last touches to them.

After recapitulating the new pieces which the public had received, and harping once more with strange iteration on the point that readers always liked to have a favourite author in an edition as convenient for use as possible, for which purpose he had used *thin* though good *Schreib-Papier*, he continued—

"But in order also more speedily to satisfy the wealthier portion of the nation, until circumstances render a very elegant and expensive edition possible, the publisher has had a few copies of the present edition printed on Dutch paper. The price of this edition, with freshly engraved plates, is twelve thalers. The edition now completed costs, as is known, at present eight thalers. No one considering the high price of paper and the plates by the most eminent masters after excellent designs, can consider this too high; but it is not easy for every lover of Goethe's writings to expend eight thalers on them. For these

the publisher has furnished a very cheap edition on *Druck-Papier*, with a few plates, in four volumes. Two volumes of it are ready. The other two will follow speedily. The four volumes, which contain the eight volumes of the better edition, cost three thalers sixteen groschen.*

"GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN.

"Leipzig, Easter Fair, 1790."

The origin of this cheap edition in four volumes, which has much puzzled German students of Goethe literature, is here stated to be the desire of the publisher to meet the wants of a poorer class of readers; but, as appeared in a former chapter, it had been devised from the first as a weapon to checkmate the pirates. Bertuch had suggested that no publisher's name should appear, and that it should itself have the aspect of a pirated edition which would frighten other pirates off. But the above notice clearly shows that Goschen finally took the bolder and more straightforward course of publishing it under his own name.

The issue did not follow at once on the notice. It was not launched into the world till 1791, when Goschen received an urgent warning from Bertuch that the notorious Schmieder of Karlsruhe was going to pounce on Goethe's Works. Did Goschen remember, that on his writing in 1786 to the Mark-graf of Baden, begging for protection against Schmieder for these works, the prince had replied in most emphatic words that he would take care that Schmieder should not pirate them? Goschen should now look up the letter, and write straight to the Mark-graf, demanding this promised protection. Meanwhile, the moment had arrived to come out with the cheap

* Eleven shillings.

edition, and to occupy all the places where Schmieder chiefly plied his nefarious work.

So Goschen let loose the cheap edition on the world. But neither prince nor publisher could stop the book-thief. He pirated Goschen's edition after all.

A German author, writing of this common edition, says—

"The fine edition in eight neat 8vo volumes found so little favour, as is known, with the German public, that Goschen thought fit to adopt one of the many bad customs of the book-trade of that time, and to pirate himself, issuing an edition on common paper, compressed into four volumes, without Goethe's consent."

But in this case Goschen was scarcely pirating himself. Sheltering one's self behind anonymity was of the essence of piracy. What he did was to make a very cheap issue on common paper without "there having been any talk with the author" about it. A good many years later, in 1805, when Goschen's rights came into question with reference to a projected issue of Goethe's Works by Cotta, Goethe wrote to Schiller, who was making the arrangement for him—

"Your friendship and your knowledge of the business relieves me from the necessity of again looking through the unpleasant papers with reference to my older relations with Goschen; besides, I have to remark that Goschen printed an edition in four volumes under the wrong dates 1787 and 1791, of which there had never been any talk between us."

As a matter of fact, the first two volumes of this common edition bore the date 1787, the remainder that of 1791 which was the real date of their issue.* Nor was there concealment, as the edition was publicly

* I have no clue as to why Goschen affixed the date of 1787 to the first two volumes, and 1791 to the other.

announced, and, considering this publicity, it seems strange that Goschen should not have formally notified Goethe, as the contract required. Possibly he feared remonstrance, and being fiercely determined to defeat the pirates, risked Goethe's displeasure. The reader knows by this time that Goschen had no intention whatever to infringe the rights of the author, or in any way to trench on his privileges or fair claims, but was forging a weapon of self-defence in that war against piracy in which he was playing so determined a part. I do not feel to be in possession of the whole story. I can well conceive that if all the papers were before us, Goschen would appear to be deserving of blame, but the provocation of "the rascals" was great.

If the quotation from the letter to Schiller shows Goethe to have had some disagreeable impressions as to the transactions with Goschen, passages from later letters show that he remembered him with much respect.

Thus he wrote in 1817—

"I had every reason to be contented with Herr Goschen, the publisher of my Collected Works, but the edition unfortunately fell into a period when Germany knew nothing more of me, and did not wish to know more, and I fancied that my publisher did not find my works go off quite as he might wish."

And in 1828 to Staats-Rath Schulze—

"God forbid that any one should again realize the condition of German literature at that time, though I will not fail to recognize its merits; but if a clever head should do it, he will not reproach me for not having sought for salvation there. I had done my utmost in my last volumes published by Goschen; for instance, I had poured (*transfundirt*) into my *Tasso* more of my heart's blood than was right, and

yet this honest publisher, whose word I must hold in honour, announced to me that this edition had had no particular success."

Goethe wrote the perfect truth when he stated that this edition had "had no particular success." The reader who has so far followed the chequered story of this undertaking will have divined, that, spread as it was over full four years, with an outlay of capital very considerable for those days, with the competition of pirates and with a languid public, the ultimate profit to the publisher was not likely to be large. It happens that in this case some kind of data exist for forming an estimate as to its amount. It will be remembered that Bertuch had a share to the extent of one-third in the enterprise. After the Easter Fair of 1791, Goschen bought Bertuch out. He undertook to repay to Bertuch the 2000 thalers, representing the capital sum which the latter had put in, and interest thereon at five per cent., and, as an equivalent for the profit in the enterprise and for the exercise of any rights of publication on the part of the Legations-Rath Bertuch, to pay him the sum of 600 thalers (£90), after which payment "Herr Goschen is to have the sole and complete property in all the assets, rights, stock-in-trade," and so forth. We thus see how this great venture turned out up to 1791. The profits were estimated at £270, of which Bertuch received one-third. It took many years to exhaust the stock, and it is probable that the profit of my grandfather did not reach the £180 which, after buying out Bertuch, was all that he could expect to make by the estimate arrived at in 1791.

A full, indeed a most minute, account of the position of the venture at an earlier stage, in September, 1789,

is in my hands, in the shape of statements made up by the publisher for Bertuch as to the outlay incurred up to that date and the number of copies sold. The original subscriptions for the whole eight volumes had only amounted to 602. Besides these copies which had been subscribed for, there had been sold of the first four volumes (issued together in May, 1787) 536 copies; of the fifth (issued at Easter, 1788), 478; of the eighth (issued at Easter, 1789), 417. In addition some pieces had been printed singly, and had gone off as follows:—

	Copies.
Werther's Leiden	262
Götz von Berlichingen	20
Clavigo	17
Iphigenia	312
The Fellow-Culprits	326
Brother and Sister	292
The Triumph of Sensibility	250
The Birds	198

(Belonging to the first four volumes.)

Claudine	116
Erwin	125
Egmont	377

(Belonging to the fifth volume.)

What strange figures, showing how slowly the works of the great author sold! It is interesting to observe that *Egmont*, of which Goschen expected great things, heads the list, though the sales had been spread over a shorter period.

The outlay* on the whole enterprise had up to that

* Some of the items of expenditure are curious. The Imperial privilege secured in Vienna, cost forty-five thalers, that in Frankfurt four and a half. Goschen brings fifty thalers (£7 10*s.*) into account

date (September, 1789) been 7087 thalers, and 5367 thalers had been received for sales. Up to this time, therefore, capital still remained sunk, and the further two years of the halting progress of the venture only gave promise of that exiguous profit which formed the basis of the settlement with Bertuch. Nor, as we know, had his personal relations with the great author been of such a cordial character as to obliterate in Goschen's attitude towards Goethe that mercantile element which, in cases where the influences of friendship and regard were present in force, was certainly not allowed to be the exclusive factor in my grandfather's dealings with his clients. And so, while the public were responding coldly to his offer to them of Goethe's Works, an incident occurred, which to us, passing an *ex post facto* judgment, must appear as the greatest mistake in my grandfather's publishing career.

Before the Collected Works were out of hand, Goethe offered Goschen his now famous essay on *The Metamorphosis of Plants.* The poet, as is well known, passed at this time through a scientific phase, and, exercising in a new field his unequalled imaginative power, wrote on a scientific subject as no expert had ever written before. On receipt of the manuscript, of which Goethe had given him the refusal according to the terms of the contract of 1786, Goschen consulted a naturalist! It is easy to conceive how the orthodox naturalist would have scoffed at the poet's

for his journey to Vienna—no large figure for a somewhat prolonged stay. Chodowiecky was paid 185 thalers for engravings. The Censor, if I interpret an item rightly, charged a fee of about twopence per sheet. Advertisements played some part also in those times, their cost varying from one to nine thalers; Vienna charged three thalers, St. Petersburg five.

bold venture into his own domain. The verdict was adverse, and Goschen declined the work with thanks.*

The proud author did not forget this refusal. In 1791, when the Collected Works had been completed, Goschen appears to have offered Goethe his services for further writings. The latter replied in the following letter:—

"Weimar, July, 1791.

"I thank you for the books you have sent me, and for the kindly feelings towards me which your letter shows; I wish that I could do you some pleasure in return. I was sorry that you should have refused the little essay on *Metamorphosis;* it obliged me to look about for another publisher and to enter into new relations which I cannot immediately break off. In the future I shall probably do more work in natural science than in poetry; I have a certain stock of manuscript of both kinds on hand, but this must first be worked up and only published when the proper time comes. By Michaelmas I shall risk the publication of a new *Theory of Colours.* I can assure you most sincerely that I should have wished very much to have seen all in the hands of one person.

"I am at work on a novel of some length, and shall have more occasion to work for the stage than hitherto.

"With regard to my Italian journey, everything is still in arrear. A little volume of *Elegies* which I wrote in Rome, and one of *Epigrams* which came into existence in Venice, are also on hand, and are waiting for the moment when they may appear.

"Since—as you yourself say—my works do not go off so well as those of others who hit the taste of a larger public, I must in consequence go to work as circumstances may direct, and foresee, to my regret, that the publication of my future writings will be quite scattered.

* Goschen's attitude towards this little work was not singular. Goethe's friends generally received his botanical theory, of which he was brimful on his return from Italy, with most disappointing coldness.

"I have not lost sight of my first books, and am correcting a copy, as time permits, so as to be ready on my part if a new edition should be thought necessary or advisable.

"I wish you every happiness, and I commend myself to your kind remembrance.

"GOETHE."

No letter, it appears to me, could have been kinder or more considerate under the circumstances, nor does it seem consistent with the existence of any strong feelings of displeasure consequent on the issue of the anti-pirate cheap edition. The great writer does not confine himself to a mere letter of thanks and acknowledgment, but adds a review of his general literary intentions, and, as if to convey the assurance that he is not in any way offended, adds a satisfactory remark to the effect that he is not neglecting his first books which were still in Goschen's hands.

Another letter of Goethe to a friend tells the story substantially in the same form, but records more astonishment, and certainly legitimate astonishment, at the course which his publisher had pursued. He wrote—

"I had promised to give him the refusal of my future works before offering them to others, a condition which I have always considered to be fair. I therefore announced to him that a little essay was ready of a scientific nature, which I desired to have printed. I will not stop to inquire whether it was that he entertained no great hopes from my work, or whether in this case, as I could imagine, he took information from experts as to what might be thought of such a sudden leap into another field. Enough: it was rather difficult to understand why he declined to print my pamphlet, as, at the worst, he would, at an insignificant sacrifice of six sheets of waste paper, have kept for himself a fruitful, dependable, contented author, who was coming once more before the public."

Clearly Goschen committed an irretrievable blunder. Possibly he did not know, and had no strong reasons to believe, that Goethe was "a contented author;" but, at all events, his refusal to risk an insignificant sacrifice cost him Goethe's custom for ever. The greatest German author's work from this time forward, though there were several subsequent negotiations and one transaction, practically left the Goschen firm. To what extent he suffered pecuniarily by the loss is not so clear, but to those who look back with pride on that firm, and on the great names which were successively enrolled on its books, there must remain a sense of grave disappointment. As regards the actual value of Goethe to a publisher, Schiller gave a curious judgment in a letter to a friend. He wrote—

"To tell the absolute truth, it is impossible to have a satisfactory deal with Goethe, because he is quite aware of his own value, and puts himself at a very high figure, and does not take into consideration the prosperity of the book-trade, of which indeed he has only a very vague idea. No publisher has yet remained long in connection with him. He was satisfied with none, and possibly some may have been dissatisfied with him. It is not his way to be liberal with his publishers."

Justice to my grandfather, whose intimate utterances to his partner on the subject of the Collected Works I have placed in full detail unreservedly before the public, makes it right that the view taken of Goethe's attitude towards publishers by a friend so deeply attached to him as Schiller had been for so many years, should be placed side by side with the natural condemnation of Goschen's shortsightedness on this occasion; but so far as my grandfather is concerned, though doubtless Goethe had proved

himself exacting as regards free copies, "difficult" in other respects, and deficient in sympathy with the publisher's troubles, his conduct does not convey the impression of such illiberality as Schiller charges against him in his general relations with the members of the book-trade.

It was not till many years after—not till 1804—that the tie, once broken, was momentarily reknit, when Goethe translated for Goschen Diderot's celebrated work, *Rameau's Nephew*, and added elaborate notes of his own. In 1794 Goschen had the mortification of seeing the beginning of a collection of Goethe's newer works published by Unger in Berlin, the very publisher on whose refusal to grant the poet's terms, Bertuch had secured Goethe to Goschen. It has been surmised that it was this publication by another firm which caused a real breach between Goschen and Goethe; but I have discovered no evidence to bear out this theory. Indeed, there were approaches made from one side or the other to come together again three years afterwards. Böttiger was the intermediary. He appears to have sounded Goschen with reference to a poem of Goethe's, for Goschen wrote on April 5, 1797—

"I should certainly like to have Goethe's poem, chiefly in order that it should be seen that Goethe had not broken with me permanently. See how the matter can be arranged. But, my friend, I have no money to spare till Easter year. Then, however, I am ready."

Thus Goschen showed no extraordinary elation at the suggestion, nor any of that energy in surmounting obstacles which, when he was "on fire," as he used to say of himself, we shall frequently find him displaying.

The poem in question was Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, a perfect work of art, of which not only the beauty, but the novelty, at once aroused universal attention. Böttiger wrote again to Goschen about it in the following June, when it had just been finished, and the latter by that time seems to have perceived that it was a production which, under other circumstances, might have kindled him to spirited action. But either he was still convinced that he could not afford the outlay, or he had heard that another publisher had been already selected; for, in writing to Böttiger, he made no allusion to his previous declaration declining the overture on the ground of want of funds, but simply said—

"I have already heard something from Schlegel about Goethe's new poem. He, too, was full of enthusiasm about it. There is a piece of work capable of filling an honest German typographer with fresh zeal!"

But it was not for him! Whatever the cause may have been, Goschen, to whom a far stronger stimulant to his zeal and enthusiasm had now been revealed in the poem than when Böttiger first approached him on the subject, did not secure the work. On this occasion, as before, a splendid opportunity was missed, and with all the more serious consequences as in this same year (1797) Goethe, travelling into Switzerland, took the opportunity of visiting the enterprising publisher Cotta, and established business relations with him.

Goethe's anticipation was realized. His writings were divided among several publishers, and the prestige of being publisher in chief to the greatest author of the day was permanently lost to my grandfather.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

1787–88.

A FORTNIGHT after the letter in which Goschen had sent "Herder and all priests to the devil!" and had delivered his soul about what he supposed himself to be suffering at Goethe's hands with uncompromising frankness and unholy rage; in the midst of his troubles about the *Pandora*, and his fiery struggles with the irrepressible pirates;—his mind was suddenly diverted from his business and turned into another channel with equal impetuosity. He fell violently in love!

He tells his own story to Bertuch, his intimate confidant. He writes from Leipzig, on the 10th of December, 1787—

"Here I sit, up to my ears in love—the best, the most engaging girl will, I hope, be mine! She is not poor, and is not rich; but she will make me unspeakably happy. Now she happens to be here again, and my passion has resumed all its old force. This is the reason why I have not announced Reich's death to you, and why I cannot write more to you to-day than to ask for your indulgence till next post-day. My work is pressing on me, yet I must calm down first in this business of my heart, for my feelings are so strong that my health is suffering

under it. There seems an intention to take away my Jette again from under my nose; and, by God in heaven, that shan't be!"

"Jette" was Henriette Heun, daughter of Amtmann Heun, a man of wealth and considerable standing. Kunze, the Leipzig merchant, the intimate friend of Goschen, Körner and Schiller, was married to a step-daughter of Heun. Hence the family knew all about Goschen.

On the 20th he announced the result of the struggle—

"Only what is most urgent to-day. The last fortnight has thrown me back tremendously. The girl during this time has cost me my peace, my sleep, my activity. Now she is mine, and so to work again!"

But he explained that he could not, under the circumstances, go to Weimar at once.

"My Jette tells me to ask you to leave me to her till the 8th of January. Pray don't be angry! Human happiness is surely something, and yet I don't like friendship to suffer from it. Only forgive me this once! On the 8th I will certainly go to you; and, till then, indulgence!

"Make excuses to Wieland. I haven't been able to hold on to any ideas connected with publishing. It was quite a different kind of article I had to stick to here. Wieland himself would not have been able to replace it. My Jette shall some day thank you herself for the joy of the nuptial chamber which you have assigned for us in your house. But Hymen will not take us to it till after the Easter Fair."

Nor could he for some further days keep his love affairs out of his business letters. Two days later he writes—

"As soon as I have finished this letter I shall

hasten up seventy-seven stairs to my Jette, and take her your message of greeting and the assurance of your friendship. Her bright eyes will at once look so kind! Oh, dearest Bertuch, you should see those eyes! A pure angel's soul looks forth from them, and only this makes them so beautiful! When the time comes, she shall keep your room in my house right tidy and nice; she shall put your supper before you with her kindly ways, and hand you the friendly glass."

Thus to his friend, Bertuch of the mercantile soul, as Schiller called him! Goschen clearly relied on the existence of some soft spots in his heart when he so unreservedly opened his own to him.

But we should see Goschen at this time when he was communing with himself. The following effusion, though it begins with "Dearest Jette," was, as its contents will show, not a letter intended to be sent off, but rather a soliloquy of which it was doubtful whether it would ever be read by another eye. It was written by this man of business, more than thirty-five years old, at his office, during office hours, neither time nor place lending itself, one would think, to such passionate utterances. As some of his friends seem to have gossiped as to his having married for money, it is not uninteresting to have this glimpse of the smitten publisher's private thoughts.

"December 13, 1787.

"My dearest Jette,

"I have not yet seen you to-day! I am kept from you till to-morrow! It is ten minutes past four! Would that this minute might carry you a thought of me! Why, dear Jette, can I not forget you, neither in this business room, nor in my solitary home, neither in my walks, nor in society, neither morning nor night? Why do I see you or seek you everywhere? Hasten, beloved one, hasten to

my arms and let my soul fly across my lips to thine. The moment I beheld you for the first time I felt as if I had known you ever so long. My thoughts, my feelings concentrate themselves on you.

"I wish to divert my thoughts, and I tear open wounds that have not yet healed. I had to fly, but I always returned to you. I would have welcomed death, but life took your shape, and I gave it a kindly greeting! Now that I have seen you a second time, I stagger between fear and hope. The world has become nothing more to me than a booth of marionettes, my business is a burden to me. I feel a tremor and a tender sorrow which I would not barter against any joy in the world. Jette, come to my breast! Behold, all my thoughts, all my feelings are yours! If your soul but once would say to mine, 'I love you!' I would buy that word with my last thought. Will this always be so? I do not think it, nor would I desire it. All love, all love for the rest of mankind, love of activity, love of nature, love of social joys—all love is turned to love of you. Besides this love, only one other has remained in my heart—the love of God!

"When the hope to possess you hovers round my brows with its soft pinions, and its sweet word forces its way to my heart, and I feel how blissful I am, then my spirit lifts itself up in gratitude to God, who created an existence capable of such ecstasy.

"Eternal Love! Eternal Love! I thank you for it.

"Will you ever see this page? I think not. But if ever my wish, or chance, should place it in your hands, do not forget that I let my whole soul speak, and that at this point I wept the hottest tears of rapture. What, dearest, what is it that excites this feeling for you in me? You are beautiful, so people say; I say your eye is beautiful, out of which your soul speaks. You have a charming grace! You are natural! This soul of yours, this charming grace, these natural ways, you will never lose. Your heart will remain, and I shall love you always. 'Tis true that this violent passion will cease—in softer colours another love will come; but your pleasant ways, your faithful kiss, your soft heart, will make these

colours so vivid, that willingly shall I see the gentler sister entering my home. This sister, this gentler love, will dwell longer with us. She will listen to the prattle of our children; she will witness the happiness of our home, your housewifely rule, my activity for you and you alone—my little sacrifices of tenderness and complaisance, my efforts to please you, to retain your respect, and make you happy. In intimate confidence she will feel for our troubles, our worries, our little differences and misunderstandings, and will take pains to make all smooth again. Faithfully she will cheer us up and be our teacher, our comforter in sorrows and distress. Finally, when this love grows weak with age, she will, as we, too, grow old, summon to her aid her sister 'Friendship,' and neither will leave us till the coffin is lowered into the earth. Afterwards, Jette, afterwards, our loving God will give us again to each other. I can think of no bliss without you. Is this what all lovers feel? Will you ever see this page? Perhaps our love may be already blessed when some day you see it."

It is notable that this paper, not meant for anybody's eye, should be permeated so much more by the rhapsodical, sentimental, and even tearful vein, so characteristic of the speech and writing of the youth of that day, than most of my grandfather's letters. It would seem to show how, not for effect, not for any literary purpose, not for the sake of conforming to the taste and language of the time, but quite spontaneously, feelings of joy and love were associated, even in the mind of business men, with "hot tears" and "the grave!"

But if this effusion, written apparently to work off the effervescence which was affecting him so profoundly, was couched in highly passionate language, the letter in which he made his actual proposal of marriage to Jette was written in a very different

strain. A more curious love-letter has, I am sure, been rarely penned. He thinks it right to lay before the girl whom he asks to unite her lot with his, a complete and impartial survey of his mental, moral, and physical nature; and though it is possible that in some points he may have deceived himself, yet this confession—this description which he gives of his own disposition and habits and tastes,—corresponds in most respects with his character as displayed in the tone of his letters to all his friends, and with the accounts given of him and his ways by his contemporaries.

The proposal bears the same date as the rhapsody, the 13th of December, 1787, three days after his first outburst to Bertuch. He begins—

"My dear Friend,

"Yesterday I asked for your friendship, and you gave it me; but you did not know that you were presenting a gift to an importunate man who is not content with it, but will put your kindness to a much severer test. But do not be angry. Bold as the fellow is, yet he desires to leave it entirely to your heart whether you will vouchsafe to give him but a kind glance in response to his prayer. The gift for which he asks you is the most precious treasure you possess, a gift of the highest value to him, the dearest object for which he wishes on this earth, the only thing which can make him happy; it is your heart and your hand.

"But, Jette, take back your hand, turn away from me, if your heart cannot be made happy by me. If I do not make you happy, a silent sorrow will gnaw at my heart which nothing will avail to cure."

After which fairly quiet opening, the analysis begins—

"My position in my calling is not brilliant. A very limited income obliges me to direct my wishes

to the calm happiness of domestic life, the pleasures of nature, the enjoyment of a very few friends, and a quiet, unostentatious mode of living. For the next few years I must lack many comforts, and deny myself many pleasures; my future wife will have to kiss away many a care from my brow. Thrift and frugality will be my household gods, and I hope that content and married happiness may join them. Dear Jette, if strong in health, I could eat dry bread with you by my side; but God will give me with you new energy, and so something beyond dry bread.

"The state of my heart is a matter of which I cannot write. Who, indeed, knows himself well enough? But I will honestly think over the catalogue of my defects and lay it before you. I am sure you will abridge it, or my feelings at this moment wholly deceive me.

"The first characteristic which will demand the indulgence of my future wife is a certain silent chagrin—joylessness, bad spirits, call it what you will—which is generally caused by the state of my body, rarely by the state of my mind. Combined with this quality there is some peculiarity in my notions on social duties, and a demeanour in society which people call eccentricity. This is a defect, not of my heart, but of my education. I was never subjected to social restraints, and never watched myself. Hence I often seem cold when I do not feel so, and often proud, which I am really not; hence I am often absent-minded, and cannot sufficiently check my tendency to show my being bored by people who do not interest me; hence I often neglect all the duties of good manners and courtesy. And, informal as I allow myself to be in the performance of my social duties, I am no less unrestrained, till reason pulls the rein, in my ways of thinking and feeling. I am often prejudiced against people before I know them well, whom I am afterwards compelled to esteem and love. And I am no less quickly captivated; but for this I have often been punished by experience. I fancy I shall grow prudent.

"Here I must touch a spot which hurts me as I approach it; this makes it all the more dangerous I am exceptionally sensitive to every kind of beauty—

beauty of mind, moral beauty, beauty of taste, beauty of culture. Here lies the source of my happiness; perhaps, too, of much suffering—nay, not, perhaps, till now this was quite certain. My dearest Jette, I know this source but too well; with the help of a loving and worthy woman, I will divide the bitter from the sweet waters; but, God willing, my wife shall never have to drink the bitter. Therefore, dearest Jette, you are almost indispensable to my happiness. I do not want to bribe you, but I love you as my life, more than any one in the world. A woman who now has long since made the happiness of another man, has hitherto, under a conscientious examination of my passions, always remained supreme by comparison with the other objects of my affection. You only do I love more than I ever loved that other. My love for her has long since settled into the sincerest friendship.

"I am very ambitious. This quality is the basis of most of my virtues and most of my faults. It leads me on to a certain liberality which, in my position, is often an extravagance. Therefore, my dearest friend, I need a thrifty wife who will come to my aid. Ambition often tempts me to be too violent in my assertions, and often to exaggerate the truth. Still, I do not know that it has ever swayed me to any man's hurt. This ambition is accompanied by soft-heartedness. I am rarely able to refuse a request if it merely leads to some loss which does not strike at my honour or my general happiness. Reason indeed seems to be gaining more and more power over me; but here again I need persuasion and encouragement when I ought to refuse for my own sake.

"A great defect in my education is that I was never trained to good order. I love it as the first of virtues. Without order in my house I am wretched; but I often let myself off too easily.

"Providence has indeed endowed me with a good share of common sense and intelligence, deep feelings, and a benevolent regard for humanity; but Nature has given me no single talent. In this respect I am as poor as the meanest beggar. Neither singing, nor music, nor a single art of all the arts,—I speak no language but my mother tongue.

"I am very jealous in my friendships—we have already discussed that chapter. I have been accused of fickleness. There must be something in it, it is so generally believed; but I have never been able to convince myself of it. The reason for this judgment may be that I am so quick in my likes and dislikes, and so little restrained in expressing them. I have subsequently (after liking a person) seen something that has not pleased me; I have drawn back and have seemed to be fickle. All the true friends of my youth are my friends still. I help and serve every man who has once gained my friendship to the best of my power, even though our intercourse should be restricted on political, economical, or moral grounds.

"My body is not of the strongest, though it may seem so. I often suffer from depression which my friends cannot fail to observe. Every step beyond strict moderation affects me; so does any shock to my feelings, every strain on my not inactive mental powers.

"Thus my wife must become my companion and my comforter, and will have, through her union with me, to take her share in many of life's weary troubles, for all which I shall strive to indemnify her by faithful love, honest labour, by care for her well-being, and the most hearty, loving tenderness.

"It is my duty, dear creature, to write you all this. Now ask your heart about it—you have a kind soul and also a tender heart—the gentleness of a woman and a fine courage. Of the rest I will tell you nothing. You can make me unspeakably happy; but, as I have learnt to renounce felicity, you will not make me unhappy even if you say 'No.' Till the last breath of my life I will remember you, and your friendship will still be with me when I have ended my journey here below.

"Dearest creature, God give you joy!

"G. J. G."

In addressing his "friend" in the opening passages we find the formal "*Sie*," but as he warmed to his work, he uses the warmer "*Du*" (thou). In other

respects, Jette may have found some contrast between the final unloverlike declaration that "her refusal would not make him unhappy" and the previous utterance that if she turned away from him "a silent sorrow would gnaw for ever at his heart." But it is clear, as he said himself, that he did not wish to bribe the lady, and that he refrained from putting on the screw. The words "I have learnt to renounce happiness" are very characteristic of a strain of melancholy, due perhaps to the hard experiences of his earlier life, which runs through many of his letters, but which was combined, nevertheless, with a courageous and eager temperament which fought down difficulties, and set itself almost fiercely to attain the desired goal. His ambition was great, but he spoke with truth when he declared it to be combined with soft-heartedness. The passages about the home life which he longed to secure, also give the key to a very marked side of his character. "Thrift and cheerful contentedness," a quiet domestic life, these were his ideals of the best security for happiness. He lived to realize the picture he drew.

The reader may have observed a candid allusion to another woman, who "had long since made the happiness of another man," but had "hitherto, under a conscientious examination of his passions, always seemed supreme by comparison with other objects of his affection." I have no clue to the name or history of this particular lady, but it was notorious among Goschen's friends that he had had very serious passages with another girl. He had, too, apparently, been on the look-out for a wife for a year or more.

In the summer of 1786 he began to jest with Bertuch about marriage. In reply to some suggestion

of his friend, that he should emigrate to Weimar, he wrote—

"First a girl with money; then a little more work in order that the business which bears my name may acquire a little more consequence so that the authors may follow it wherever it may be! If this is achieved, then I shall go to Weimar, and we will live and die together. Here is an idea! I will buy myself a title in Vienna, and then I will propose to your rich Deputy-Councillor for his daughter, and thus become a made man!

"If I did not know that you knew my heart, I should ask you not to take this seriously. God knows that I love simplicity and lowliness if only activity can be united with them, and that the fame of having piloted myself honourably through my difficulties is my greatest aim."

Always this harping on simplicity! But he gave too many proofs during the whole course of his life that this was a true and ineradicable taste for it to be possible to assume that there was any affectation in what he so often declared.

Bertuch seems to have suggested some lady to him. Goschen was about to go to Berlin on the Goethe business, and there he would meet her. But he polished off this part of his mission very curtly. "Here I am back from Berlin. The girl was not my style, though she is handsome and rich. She is as old as I am. She hasn't got a heart such as I require. So there is an end of it!"

But in January, 1787, there had been something rather more serious. Goschen, again making Bertuch his confidant, wrote—

"I shall try to get to you before Easter. By that time another affair may perhaps be in progress—an affair of the heart. I say 'in progress,' for up till now

I have only taken one step. Whether I shall follow it up with a second, third, or fourth, will depend on the success of my first step. Perhaps the 'Herr Papa' will close the turnpike gate, and then we will turn round, and put on a look as if we hadn't intended to go through. You are acquainted with the chosen one, and she is a nice girl, but I don't give you her name, as I don't know whether I shan't have to turn back. I wish I was quit of the anxiety, because my love for my wife would certainly increase my activity, and I should be relieved of many of the bothers of fancy, and because in my wife I look for a happy reward for the labours of life. A fellow without a wife is after all a fellow without aims, and the people about him have no sense of order, no proper care for him, no domestic training. So much I know, that if the affair comes off, friend Bertuch will cry, 'Well done!'"

Clearly on this occasion Goschen's heart was not much engaged. How different from the tone in which he wrote when he had found his Jette!

He went carefully forward. He sounded an uncle of the girl, for he was determined, he wrote, "not to expose himself to a snub;" and in the end he went to Dessau, where the uncle lived and also another lady, a common friend of himself and the girl.

"This sensible woman" told him straight out that the girl, having been thrown into the society of the Saxon nobility on several occasions at a watering-place near Dessau, had been so spoilt for middle-class life, and had acquired so many of the tastes of the great world, that she could not possibly be happy with him. Besides, "such a marriage would have compelled him to launch out in a way which his savings, and the money which the lady would have brought him, would not have enabled him to meet." He winds up in his usual lively and decided style.

"When I had heard all this, I explained myself without reserve to my friend, the uncle, and travelled home. Now I ought to bring a lawsuit against girls and against love, and to put a trump on any more falling in love, and so forth. But I think I won't do it. It is a pity, for the girl has a fine heart and an uncommon capacity for seasoning a man's life with joy. And so '*Punctum*,'" *i.e.* "full-stop," an energetic German phrase which means, "So let there be an end to that business; not a word more."

It seems probable, though this lady's name does not appear in the letter to Bertuch, that she was Sophie Becker, sister of Goschen's intimate friend, Zacharias Becker, the author of the "Help-in-Need Book." Indeed, the last sentence is followed by the words, "I must speak by word of mouth with Becker about his book, and shall therefore have to go to Erfurt to see him in a fortnight's time." But what is certain is that, whether the Dessau visit referred to Sophie or not, Goschen had had an affair with her which had gone rather far, and which was known to Schiller and Körner. The latter were very fond of Sophie Becker, who had had the misfortune of having been previously thrown over by the poet Matthison, and they were irritated with Goschen for exposing her a second time to a similar fate.

Körner congratulated Goschen on his engagement in a fairly friendly letter, but to Schiller he wrote in a different strain (December 28, 1787)—

"Goschen has engaged himself to Jettchen Heun; he saw her again passing through Wittenberg, and fell in love with her. He has written Becker a delicate letter about Sophie, full of fine sentences about the conflict between honour and passion. Becker answered as was to be expected; told him they had

never calculated on him for Sophie. The Kunzes considered themselves satisfied by this, and in order not to let Goschen fall into the hands of another, have on this occasion secured a husband for Jette. My purse fares well by this arrangement, for Goschen gets seven thousand thalers into his business, and can thus pay me off all the sooner."

The somewhat cynical words at the end of Körner's letter are unlike the usual utterances of this most delicate-minded man, but both he and Schiller betrayed some temporary coldness and irritation towards Goschen, of which the latter may have been conscious,—so at least I gather from the following letter which Schiller wrote to Körner in February (1788) from Weimar:—

"Goschen was here, and stayed nearly a week. He is a contented, happy man, but I wish that you would describe his *fiancée* to me and what is to be thought of this marriage, for it is impossible to get a sensible idea of her from him. It is most amusing how the good people here value Goschen. Wieland calls him a first-rate specimen of humanity; Bode delights in constituting himself his protector; and Bertuch's mercantile soul is refreshed by his. We were often together, because he moves about in my circle. I didn't ask him a syllable about you, and he did not begin. I gave him another *Thalia* for this Fair, because after the advertisement of the new *Thalia*, I cannot decently do otherwise. He will finish with *Carlos* this next Fair, and will publish a new edition at Michaelmas."

If the tone of this letter would seem to betoken some estrangement between Schiller and Goschen, we shall find a very few months afterwards the poet writing the most friendly letters to Goschen, discussing new projects, and using language which showed that confidence and affection were thoroughly restored between the two.

In the letter just quoted, it is rather amusing to see Schiller scoffing lightly at the great reception which the publisher, the man of business, had met with among the Weimar literary grandees, but it should be added that the hint about Bertuch's business soul which was refreshed by Goschen's, is the only reference in all Schiller's letters in which he speaks slightingly of my grandfather in this respect. Readers will have seen the frightful struggle which Goschen had to encounter to make both ends meet, and to keep up his system of paying authors liberally and in advance, and before long Schiller, in unstinted terms, spoke of his friend having not only paid him but *rewarded* him. Meanwhile his description bears eloquent testimony to the position which, after three years' work, Goschen had made for himself in the most illustrious centre of German literature at that day.

And did Goschen make a mistake about Sophie Becker? Körner wrote about her to Schiller—

"Sophie is with us. She is a dear creature, a fine feminine character. Neither Goschen nor Matthison were worthy of her. Neither of them knew how to value what was really in her. She finds it difficult to tear her heart from Goschen. She is not easily captivated, but, when once attached, she is very faithful."

Schiller was struck by Körner's description and wanted to know more about her. She had been staying some months with the Körners. He wrote—

"You have not told me whether Sophie goes with you to Karlsbad, and generally how long she is thinking of staying with you. You have made me impatient to make her personal acquaintance, and I wish you would give me more special accounts of her. Tell me in your next letter whether you think she is one of those creatures for whom I have a predilection."

Alas! by this time Körner, who had been so severe on my grandfather for having failed to value her enough, had himself been rather disillusioned. He wrote in reply—

"You want to know more about Sophie. What I can write to you about her, will not be of much use to you. She is less to us than I had thought. Her fate created interest. She has many feminine virtues, but her soul seems after all to be at bottom of an ordinary type. I consider her to be only capable of moral, not of æsthetic enthusiasm."

Körner's allusion, in his first letter about Goschen's engagement, as to the Kunzes being satisfied, shows that Jette's family, too, had felt some scruples, and were anxious to know that Goschen was really off with the old love before he was on with the new. A fragment of a letter from Kunze implies that his enamoured friend had appealed to him for help in securing his sister-in-law's hand, but that some points must be cleared up before the suitor could expect such aid.

"Your proposal does not surprise me. Any man who has two sound eyes can easily read through another man who, like you, has a sound heart which cannot wear a disguise; and probably I found you out all the more easily, as probably you had no wish to keep dark. That is but right and proper between us two. But before I say 'yes' to your proposal, so far as I have a voice in the matter, allow me to put my scruples on certain points before you."

He then suggests that Goschen's decision has been too rapid, and that he had not known Jette long enough. Would it not be better that he should see her oftener and longer, and that "with a speculative eye in regard to what he would want in a wife." Again, does Jette know him enough? "She

should see him a little longer without knowing his intentions" (as if this were possible in the case of a clever girl and a man very much in love).

"Thirdly" (for the letter is highly methodical), "you stood in some relation to Sophie, and Becker is the friend of both of us. I don't know how far you may be bound, but I know there was a time when you wanted to call her yours. If you have ever told her this as plainly as you have told it to me, you must first be free from this tie. You write to me that you have told Becker the undiluted truth. Well, then, let him digest it, and when he says, 'All right, dear brother,' then, and not till then, can I take action in the matter of your present love. It is true I saw plainly enough that you no longer loved Sophie, and I could not wish her to be united with you if you both thought that your marriage would not be happy; but still as regards Jette——"

Here the fragment ends. What Goschen had called "the undiluted truth," but what Schiller had described as a letter, "full of fine passages about the conflict between passion and honour," seems to have satisfied Becker, and the words, "All right, dear brother," were certainly pronounced; for Goschen and Becker remained fast friends.

Goschen's suit prospered quickly, and Jette's family welcomed him warmly. Herr Amtmann Heun wrote him a stately letter of assent, addressing him with the premature title of "Herr Sohn," and expressed entire satisfaction. His wishes will be quite fulfilled if his daughter is, and always will be, what her lover believes of her. He values God's goodness who has allowed his daughter to find in Goschen "a husband of such steadiness, and so attached to religion and virtue." Two of her sisters had had happy marriages, and would be an example

to her. "May God let all my daughters find such worthy husbands as you and my dear Kunze, for whom I have a cordial affection; and how reassuring it is to know both of you to be such warm friends!"

The sisters, too, wrote pretty letters of congratulation, and no family could have received him with more trustful cordiality. The good feeling in the family continued in after-times, and contributed much to Goschen's comfort and happiness. His wife's relations were always deeply attached to him. He seems completely to have won their hearts.

Other congratulations were not wanting.

The pens of many distinguished authors wished him happiness, and all in terms as if his choice had the respect and approval of the world in which he lived. One enthusiastic author assured him that he had wished to marry Jette himself, only their ages were too near!

It was not till May that the marriage took place. In the interval Jettchen wrote her lover simple, charming letters, full of the deepest feeling, of passionate expressions of affection, of sweet humility as regards herself, yet with eloquent innocent pride in her future husband's worth.

She wrote when Goschen was in Weimar on that visit during which Schiller had met him and written to Körner how the publisher had captured the place, and how curious it was that Weimar made so much of him. *She* would not have complained that Wieland had called him "a first-rate specimen of humanity." Goschen's letters from Weimar are not preserved, but Jette expressed her delight to him at the excellent reception and the friendliness with which he had met in every quarter, while playfully warning him of her

secret fear that the delights of the good time he was having, might tempt him to extend the fortnight of his absence to three weeks.

Her thoughts, too, run on the solemnity of marriage: she is dissatisfied with the poverty of her words; she has no literary culture, yet he would be indulgent to "her scribble."

From the expressions in some of these letters, it would almost seem as if her lover had been somewhat misanthropical in his answers to her bright letters. At times, as we know, he was extremely depressed. We know he had cares enough at that period, yet the tinge of melancholy which I have found so frequently in his utterances, and to which he pleaded guilty in his frank exposition of his own character, but which vanished in his later years, and at all times alternated with gay and social moods,—may have been realized by Jette's quick instincts very soon. In one letter she beseeches him, as he loves her, to put in an appearance at the Kunzes' "with an unclouded brow." She could not bear that they should think him the victim of whims and caprice.

Yet withal her happiness was complete, and the marriage took place after the Easter Fair in May, 1788.

Schiller wrote a pretty letter of congratulation.

"Only two lines, best of friends, in which to convey to you my heartiest congratulations on your marriage. The day has come on me by surprise, otherwise I would have given my Pegasus a gallop up to it, but I can't get the idle beast to stir from the spot. May the maximum of joy which Heaven can squeeze into that thimbleful of human life which it bestows on us, fall to the lot of you both in fullest measure! Love your wife always as to-day—that is the best of all that I need wish you—and of that love I think there will be no lack. All that I hear of her

has delighted me. She will turn out a first-rate wife. We look forward to drinking your health on Tuesday with heartiest sympathy!"

Meissner, of Prague, wrote in his usual poetical prose—

"Much happiness and blessing on your purpose. Every engaged man is to be envied; for Hope, the only fair damsel from Pandora's box, leads him by the hand. But you, I trust, will have so made your choice that not Hope alone will remain."

A letter from Zacharias Becker, Sophie's brother, sent to Goschen a few days after the wedding, shows by its extremely cordial tone that he harboured no feeling of resentment on his sister's account. He wrote—

"My dear Goschen,

"I think by this time you will have brought your dear little wife home. These lines will, therefore, reach you in Leipzig, and are intended to tell you how very glad I am that you have taken this important step in your earthly career, and how I wish you everything that is good. But why many words? You do not doubt my satisfaction at all the happiness which you may enjoy. Only one wish I cannot suppress, which I feel as an expert, namely, that the honeymoon may be short, and that the softer and more even mood of the marriage concert may be all the longer and more enduring. That secures greater happiness, and friendship has then no cause to be jealous of love."

And now I would gladly present the reader with a personal description of the bride and bridegroom. Of my own knowledge I can say little. My grandfather died before I was born; but my grandmother I saw several times when a young boy. I remember her perfectly, sitting, as she always did, in the same

sunny corner of a very simple room in the little home in Hohenstädt, which had been the beloved country retreat of the publisher. Kind and sympathetic as she was, her tranquil dignity nevertheless almost gave the impression of some sternness, certainly of a severe tranquillity; and not the boldest retrospective flight of psychological imagination could have reconstructed out of this aged dame, who inspired young people with reverend though affectionate awe, the passionate, high-tempered, bright, and witty woman, whose letters, now in my hands, poured out her soul, first to her lover, then to her husband, with a beautiful naturalness and unstinted frankness, combined with what I may call "tremendous go." Not letters these such as that age habitually produced—letters written in the most high-flown style even when passing between the most intimate friends, and breathing the extravagant sentimentality which the ecstatic idealism of that day evoked,—but letters which could have been written in any century by a natural, warm, and loving woman to the object of her heart. It was, I presume, the duty of a faithful biographer to study so valuable a key to the character and history of his subject as the correspondence between husband and wife; but while I have read, I have often felt the scruples of a listener assisting at an interview, at which his presence was—well, very indiscreet. But is it right to admit the public without reserve? Is it right to throw open the doors and let in the glaring light of day, even after the lapse of a century, and to exhibit in all detail the most intimate communings of two human hearts? I admit the interest, and will not call it curiosity. No one of

Henrietta Goschen,
née Heun.

us has the opportunity of really studying the most secret workings of more than a very few specimens of human nature. As the scientists call for limited vivisection as indispensable for the study of physical nature, so some moral philosophers may not only justify, but demand, that opportunity for posthumous dissection which the production of correspondence, never intended for the light, really presents, in order to illustrate moral and social theories or truths. But some limits must be observed. Some precious leaves surely exist at which the fingers of the biographer, if he were to copy them, would feel a sacrilegious tingle. Some mementos of love and friendship, some secret hoards of stored human feelings, surely seem scarcely to be fair game for public analysis and anatomy!

But let it not be supposed that if I very sparingly use the most intimate confidences between husband and wife, especially of the wife, there is one thought or one expression in that correspondence of which she would be ashamed. The outpouring of her bright spirit, her sparkling mother-wit, her playful humour, her passionate devotion for her husband, are not defaced by one single word of petulance, ill-temper, ill-nature, or weakness. It is not often in this imperfect world of ours that a biographer would not wish, if he could honestly do so, to suppress some passages out of regard for his subject, when he has command of a large number of letters. But no anxiety to avoid even a passing disagreeable impression, limits my use of Jette's letters. I only wish to be decently discreet.

Every letter referring to my grandfather's domestic life bears witness to the extremely happy choice

he had made. Henriette Heun became a model wife to him, a model mother to her children; and Schiller, who had spoken so coldly of the marriage before he knew her, learnt to esteem her highly. She might indeed have sat for the portrait which, in his "Song of the Bell," he draws of the model Hausfrau. Wieland, too, we shall find an enthusiastic friend of the young wife.

Of my grandfather's personal appearance and bearing I have seen several published accounts, besides the traditions existing in my own family. All descriptions enlarge on the fascination of his manner and the charm of his conversation.

One biographer, Professor Lorenz, to whose monograph on my grandfather I am much indebted, writes—

"Goschen was a man of fine carriage, of strong and healthy appearance, noble features, and animated eye. As a schoolboy I saw him several times. Although I had no presentiment that I should one day become his biographer, I yet observed him with attention as the man who had printed the beautiful Homer, in which I read daily. His personality bore witness to his being a thoroughly original and energetic man. His language was full of pathos, his expressions choice, his manner winning, thanks to a delicate tact and *savoir faire*, which are all the more taking when combined, as in his case, with intellectual vivacity and much varied knowledge. These qualities won him the kind reception which he met with in his visit to Weimar."

The following is from the pen of a writer who had visited Goschen in his own home, though at a time when the latter was already of advanced age:—

"In person Goschen was a very attractive man,—a vigorous figure, and a benevolent, expressive face

increased the charm of his intellectual, witty conversation. His enthusiasm for all that was good and lovely made his mind alive to all that struck him as clearly tending to improvement or greater perfection in his wide sphere of activity. And the genial nature which revealed itself in his face, permeated as an animating influence every member of his family, from his wife—a woman worthy of all honour—to his youngest child, a daughter, whose innocent playfulness was constantly the delight of the whole house."

If the reader accompanies me to the end of these volumes, he will see more of my grandfather in his home, working out his destiny as the years went on with serene tranquillity even in troublous times, and retaining charms of manner and sprightliness of mind to the end, weaned by a happy family life from those attacks of sombre melancholy and caprice which beset him in his earlier days.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCHILLER AND WEIMAR—UNION OF FORCES—RIVAL PERIODICALS.

EASTER, 1787—EASTER, 1788.

THE chronicle of Goschen's progressive activity during the year with which we have just been dealing is not illuminated by any contributions from Schiller's pen. The fourth number of the *Thalia* had been issued in December, 1786, *Carlos* had been published in book form at the following Easter Fair; but during the whole of the year 1787 the poet had not managed to place a single sheet of manuscript in Goschen's hands.

In May of that year, Schiller, as has been told, spent a somewhat unhappy and unsatisfactory time at Tharand. Apart from his troubled affections, for which Fräulein von Arnim was responsible, he was passing a phase of much mental agitation and of doubt as to the direction in which his real genius lay, and was in no mood to continue work which he had begun. To the *Geister-seher* he had taken a violent antipathy; the *Menschen-feind*, of which he had dreamt that it might surpass all his other achievements, was laid aside. Contrary to the judgment and feeling of Körner, Schiller now convinced himself

that his true calling was that of a historian, and he immersed himself in the study of history and in work on the *Rebellion of the Netherlands* which was being published by Crusius, Goschen's old master and patron. Various surmises have been started as to the origin of this new connection. One writer has ascribed it to the momentary coldness between Körner and Goschen; but what is more than probable is that Goschen, finding himself with more work than he could get through, had himself introduced Schiller to his old friend; for expressions in letters which passed between Crusius and Schiller show that Goschen was occasionally used as a channel of communication between the two, a step not likely to be taken if Schiller sought another publisher in any spirit of hostility.

In July Schiller went to Weimar, a visit which proved a momentous step, and, though such a result was not contemplated at the time, separated him for good from the Dresden life with "the three."

Bertuch asked Goschen whether he thought that the poet had any idea of entering the Weimar Civil Service, but Goschen rejected the idea. He "almost fancied that some acquaintance was the attraction." "Would to God," he added, "that Schiller felt an inclination for some appointment, or for some master who would pay him without an appointment!"

Goschen, like other friends of Schiller, was at this time full of deep anxiety with respect to the poet's future, for he displayed extraordinary waywardness and restlessness. The acquaintance which Goschen had in his mind as "a source of attraction" to Schiller, was no doubt Frau von Kalb, for whom the poet retained for some time a romantic attachment,

the nature of which he discussed at length with his friend Körner. His letters to the latter from the time of his arrival in Weimar are all of surpassing interest. Not only do they convey the fullest, frankest, and freshest impressions with regard to the character and capacities of all the Weimar celebrities, but as an analysis of Schiller's own nature, of his hopes and fears, his ambitions and plans of life, of his literary and intellectual preferences, of his estimate of his own genius and of his deficiencies,—they present a deeply attractive picture to the psychologist. The letters were generally meant not only for Körner himself, but for Minna and Dora, the caution "omit this passage when reading to the women" being only occasionally given. Körner in his replies remained the absolutely candid friend, criticizing Schiller's attitude, disputing his propositions, blaming him when he thought him blameworthy, and laughing at him when he thought him weak.

But apart from the value of these letters as illustrating Schiller's own character, they have been a source of very special interest to me in respect to this biography. They light up the drier records of so many of my grandfather's friends and clients, bringing into brightest relief, in unconventional language, the kind of life they were living, the impressions they made on those with whom they were brought in contact, their ways and conduct in everyday life!

They bring out the imposing figure of Herder, an intellectual giant, steeped in literature, a pioneer in the romantic movement, at the same time a cold inquirer into the deepest truths; — the wayward, sensitive, classical, loquacious, exuberant Wieland,

bright and youthful even in his declining years;—Reinhold, his son-in-law, the clear-headed expositor of Kant;—the energetic, speculative Bertuch, always intent on some new scheme;—Huber, the unstable, the weak, yet very lovable withal, over whose fate Körner and Schiller watched with tender and growing anxiety; and, above all, the Dresden Committee of Three itself, who sat in council on every turn in Schiller's fortune, and to whom he felt bound to chronicle every changing phase of his head, his soul, and his heart.

Herder comes best out of Schiller's most caustic and most critical descriptions. I say "most critical descriptions," for even Körner, whose extraordinary idealism, as I have explained before, established a standard of merit to which few mortals could attain, rallies Schiller on his having apparently exhausted "the small stock of toleration" which he had taken with him to Weimar.

As for Wieland, Schiller went through several distinct phases. He was delighted with his reception by the veteran, but he could not understand his subsequent conduct. He soon discovered from various sources that Wieland was the most wayward of mortals, with sudden likes and sudden dislikes, capricious to the last degree. My grandfather, in the course of the long and ardent friendship between Wieland and himself, had more than once to combat this capriciousness, though it never led to any serious breach. But Schiller was too highly strung to brook a coldness which in his eyes implied a want of regard for his genius. He was in a fever to know what Wieland thought of *Carlos*. He had been disappointed at not finding a unanimous approval of this

his greatest work up to that day, and he betrayed an extraordinary sensitiveness on that head. He chronicled to Körner all that was reported to him of the manner in which the drama was received in different Weimar coteries, and he showed much indignant contempt for the authors and critics who could not appreciate the full scope and tendency of the poem.

Wieland's long silence about *Carlos* wounded Schiller to the quick; but at last a review appeared in the *Mercury*, not entirely satisfactory, but still favourable enough to make Schiller think it his duty to express his thanks to Wieland when they met casually one day. Their reconciliation followed very soon, and Schiller was able to report to Körner that Wieland had said much to him that was flattering and well conceived. He added that what was particularly remarkable in Wieland was that he had still so youthful a spirit in an old body.

As a matter of fact, Wieland was only fifty-four years old when Schiller wrote these words. But Wieland himself at this date continually harped on his age, and his acquaintances took their cue from him. As will be seen, he remained an extremely prolific author for many years to come.

I cannot forbear quoting from this same letter of Schiller a piquant summary of his impressions of the Weimar set after he had been there three months. Goethe himself was still absent in Italy.

"I spoke to Wieland a good deal about you three. I let him know my wish that you might live in Weimar, for I am convinced that if you, or rather we, were to be here and remain, we should and could change the tone of Weimar society. Wieland and

his most excellent wife, ugly as the night, but good as gold, and natural and cheerful to the point of child-like simplicity; Herder and his wife, both full of intellect and genius; Bertuch and his wife, who are very enjoyable in social intercourse; Bode, Voight, Hufeland, Riedel, Schmidt and his daughter, (who at any rate are worth as much as the dear Dresden people); the actress Schröder, Frau von Stein and her sister, Knebel, and others, all people such as one never finds collected in one place—would certainly present a very fine background to our friendship. This list, with ourselves, would make up twenty-two persons around whom one might live. People are poor here and can manage a pleasant life with little money."

Here is sublime enthusiasm for the incomparable quartette! Wieland and Herder and the rest of the Weimar "gods and their idolaters," as Schiller elsewhere calls them, are to be "a background" for the friendship of the Dresden group!

The pleasant footing on which the young genius now stood with the ageing Wieland brought about an interesting result. Schiller agreed to associate himself in the production of the *Mercury*, of which the veteran was at that time editor, contributor, and publisher. Schiller's advantage in the arrangement was, as he explained to Körner, that such an association would furnish him with a channel into which he could throw the first results of the historical studies which his work on the *Rebellion of the Netherlands* compelled him to pursue; the *Thalia* was not yet quite sufficiently in vogue for his purpose, and he had felt the irksome difficulties of working it alone with the regular continuity which his conscience, as well as Goschen's solicitations, told him were indispensable for the success of such a magazine. The merging of

the *Thalia* in the *Mercury* was contemplated, but this part of the policy of alliance was not carried out.

Wieland, on his side, took up the idea of a union of forces with equal eagerness. The *prestige* of the author of *The Robbers* and *Carlos* was certain to enhance the attractiveness of the steady-going *Mercury*, but it was the relief to his pen which Wieland specially sought. He wished to feel freer, less fettered by the unceasing and inexorable demands upon himself for large contributions to a punctual periodical.

The new departure was announced in the December number of the *Mercury* (1787) in the following notice from Wieland's own pen—a very pathetic tribute from a celebrated writer in his later years to the genius of an illustrious young rival whom he commended with unstinted admiration to the attention of his own circle of readers :—

"Notice to the Public.

"Beginning with next year, Schiller will probably adorn each month's issue with an article from his own hand,—that hand which in its very first effort revealed the future master, and who, now that his genius has reached its point of maturity, justifies the expectations which the public had reason to form of the author of *Fiesco* and *Don Carlos*. Since I have myself for some years been descending from the half-way house of life and have had daily more occasion to experience in my own person how true in more senses than one is the Virgilian expression '*Facilis descensus Averni*,' I feel no slight encouragement when I see at my side this pre-eminent young man, and with such support I venture confidently to hope to be able shortly to make the *German Mercury* distinctly realize its original useful aim."

Wieland sought further relief in another quarter.

He desired to rid himself of his worries as a publisher of the *Mercury* by transferring this department to Goschen, who hitherto had only sold the magazine on commission. But on this occasion Goschen showed no ardour. While fully admitting the attraction to himself of such a transfer, he met Wieland's proposals with an exposition of the difficulties which obstructed the sales of this class of fugitive literature. His reply (January 16, 1788) presents some curious remarks on the circulation of ephemeral literature in those days.

"The large number of periodicals has driven the public to find artificial expedients enabling them to read them all without being obliged to buy them. This explains how 2000 copies of the *Litteratur-Zeitung*, which is read by all classes in every city, in every little town, almost in every village, are sufficient for the whole of Germany. The reading clubs, the lending libraries, are really the sole cause why the *Mode-Journal* is not sold in Germany to the tune of 6000, a figure which would be reached if only a twelfth part of its readers were also purchasers. The present sale of this journal is 1500. Besides the thrift or poverty or ingenuity of the nation, a further hindrance to success lies in the universal impression that the articles by great authors which appear in periodicals, will sooner or later appear separately."

Goschen feared that, if Wieland wished to satisfy Schiller's poetical demands, an arrangement for the *Mercury* would be difficult. Ultimately he made certain proposals which came to nothing at the time, but, a year later, Wieland accepted a round sum per annum of 1600 thalers, leaving it to Goschen to "increase the honorarium at his discretion (!) if the sale should exceed 1600 copies."

Meanwhile the contributions received from Schiller were of the highest value! Not only had he furnished

a portion of his *Rebellion of the Netherlands*, but the *Mercury* was favoured at that time with one of his most striking poems, *The Gods of Greece*, a poem which was not only calculated to enhance the author's fame by its splendour, but evoked one of those controversies as to matters of faith which in all times secure wide notoriety and discussions most useful to the dissemination of the work in which they are raised.

Wieland had another motive for relieving himself of as much work as possible. He had for some time past entertained the idea of issuing a complete collection of his works, and for this purpose he had sought Goschen's advice and assistance. And his hands were now no longer tied. For, in the midst of those agitated days in December, 1787, when all business had been driven out of Goschen's head by his fear lest his Jette should be taken away from under his nose—which "by God in heaven shouldn't be,"—an event of unequalled importance to him as a publisher had occurred, which in his then state of mind he told Bertuch he had forgotten to report to him immediately. Wieland's publisher, the famous Erasmus Reich, had died, the friend during whose lifetime he felt himself prohibited from giving the young beginner who had fascinated him, more than the promise that he should be Reich's successor. This promise was now to be fulfilled, and Wieland was all the more ready to meet his pledge because he was annoyed at the treatment of Reich's widow by Reich's successor, who was a perfect stranger to him. Reim, the manager, appears also to have fared badly. Goschen informed Bertuch that Reim had not inherited the business. "Madame

Reich receives 10,000 thalers, a miserable sum for the widow of such a man, and all goes back to Mlle. Weidmann, an old maid who has nothing to recommend her except 200,000 thalers, the business, and a favourite dog whom she calls 'Milord.'"

Wieland was further irritated with the firm on account of their refusing him an increased honorarium for his *Lucian*,—for which, however, he was not only pledged to them, but had even received a sum on account—and he sounded Goschen as to accepting it for publication. Truly authors were not very squeamish with their publishers. But Goschen would not think of making an offer for it under the circumstances. As he told Bertuch, "The Weidmann firm will not surrender *Lucian*, of that you may be sure —nor can or ought Wieland to withdraw it from them."

The story of Wieland's grand plan for a collection of his entire works, revised and improved, I reserve for a future chapter. For the present it is sufficient to observe that for the incalculable labour involved in revising his most voluminous writings, it was necessary to clear the decks, and thus the transfer of the management of business details connected with the *Mercury* to Goschen's hands, was specially welcome to the author. But, while treating for the *Mercury*, Goschen had no idea of abandoning the *Thalia*, and he besought Bertuch urgently to stir up Schiller, its defaulting editor, who was paying a visit to Weimar. He wrote to him in great perturbation—

"If you can help to induce Schiller to set about the continuation of the *Thalia* (fifth number) you will deserve Heaven's blessing. I have been hoping for it so long, and the public is plaguing me so! And so

our dear Schiller is now quite Wieland's man! I think it will be good for him. But he is not so constituted as to spin long at one thread. He is sure to be deep in History, and strain every nerve, but some other Muse has only got to charm him, and off he will be, and leave History in the lurch. That's how I read our good Schiller. May his genius conduct him to good fortune!"

However much my grandfather suffered from Schiller's dilatoriness, which often seriously compromised him with the public, he scarcely ever mentions the poet's name in his letters without adding some ardent expression of affectionate hope for his friend's happiness and success.

The news which Goschen received back from Weimar was not reassuring; but fortunately he was able to visit that town himself in February (1788), and to make a personal raid on Schiller. He succeeded at last in extracting a promise of manuscript for the *Thalia* for the Easter Fair, but not without grumblings on the poet's part. This was my grandfather's visit to Weimar, when Schiller, for the moment out of humour with him, scoffed at his brilliant reception by the celebrated men of the town, his ill humour being possibly further stimulated by the publisher's importunity. He had "given Goschen another *Thalia*," so he had written, "because, as it had been advertised, he could not decently do otherwise"—a passage which reads like a kind of apology to Körner, in whose house Sophie Becker was nursing her grief. But Schiller was painfully busy at the time. He was bound to supply manuscript for the *Rebellion of the Netherlands*, as well as for the *Thalia*, while Wieland insisted on an essay for the *Mercury*. "Thus," he exclaimed, "I am in a death-sweat." Up to the

present I have felt no interest in the accursed *Geister-seher*. What imp of Satan could have suggested the idea?"

His literary agony was extreme; he soon wrote again about the *Geister-seher* in a very despairing strain—

"The *Geister-seher* is turning out badly — very badly. I can't help it. There have been few occupations—my correspondence with Fräulein v. A[rnim] not excepted—in which I have been so conscious of a criminal waste of time as in this miserable scrawl. But you see I am paid for it, and really I have looked to Goschen's advantage in the whole affair."

Schiller's despondency was quite uncalled for. Goschen's successful insistence had driven the poet to a great triumph. When the fifth number of the *Thalia* appeared in May, what *Carlos* had failed in doing, the "accursed" *Geister-seher* achieved. The public taste was hit, and Schiller was able to report its enthusiastic reception to Körner as follows:—

"The *Thalia* is making a tremendous sensation here. It is circulating in every house, and astonishingly pretty things are said to me about it. So much is certain, that I must take advantage of this taste of the public, and extract as much money from it as I possibly can. You will discover that this continuation of the *Geister-seher* has troubled my head much more than the beginning, because it was no small thing to get a plan into a thing which had no plan, and to tie together again many broken threads."

As I have stated in a former chapter, the story was never completed, and readers are left in doubt as to the respective parts which supernatural forces, magic, and trickery were intended by the author to play in this singular tale. Public taste and fashion were occupying themselves a good deal at that time

with what I may call Cagliostroism, and Schiller himself recounts how he had conversed with Herder about magnetism and hidden secret forces, and had found that he was much in favour of the latter, explaining sympathies and antipathies by physical causes. Herder declared of himself that on first meeting a stranger he experienced a dark physical feeling which told him whether the man would suit him or not. The "General-Superintendent" of the Church in Weimar was in Schiller's opinion extremely inclined to the doctrines of materialism, even if not already committed to them heart and soul.

The same Fair at which this sensational number of the *Thalia* appeared, brought out an announcement which roused Schiller's profound indignation. He saw a third edition of his *Fiesco* and *Kabale und Liebe* advertised by his first publishers, Schwan and Götz. He wrote to Goschen that they had not condescended to say a word to him on the subject, much less to offer him an honorarium, and contrasted his liberal conduct with theirs.

"I won't have you giving me gratis all that you hand over to me of my works beyond our agreement. Look at Herr Götz! He makes me pay for every copy of my pieces which he has published afresh without my knowledge.

"Judge yourself, whether I have any reason to treat these people with any consideration. They know that my very existence depends on what I write, and that I must look to every item of profit, and yet they are treating me so usuriously that I have only gained in all twelve ducats (£5 8*s.*) by a piece of which they are printing a third edition. So I will look this time to my own advantage, and if you will agree with me, I will announce a new edition of my plays for the Michaelmas Fair, to be published by you, which shall be revised and improved throughout, and contain

new scenes. You must do me the favour of letting Götz know that you are the publisher, and let him perceive how shamefully I have been treated. In reality, it is not my plan to manage this for the Michaelmas Fair, but I wish in this way to frighten Götz, who shall pay me a hundred thalers for the two pieces which he has brought out without my knowledge this Fair. If he doesn't do so, I shall keep my word; I shall have his edition attacked in all the newspapers, and will advertise my own in the April number of the *Mercury*.

"You must be so good as to help me by giving the impression of an agreement having been made by us on the subject some months ago."

Schiller was not without some ingenuity in his dealings with publishers when he felt aggrieved by their actions.

Schwan and Götz declined the proposed payment of the hundred thalers. The "ruse" was either not successful, or my grandfather did not lend himself to it. The original publishers continued to bring out editions of *The Robbers*, of *Fiesco*, and of *Kabale und Liebe* till Schiller's death, without any remuneration to the poet. The twelve ducats represented his whole gain, and we may find in such proceedings one of the causes which long kept Schiller poor notwithstanding the fame and wide circulation of the dramas by which he first made his name.

Goschen's visit to Weimar was an immense success in other respects besides his capture of manuscript from the recalcitrant poet. The debates on Wieland's great plan for his "Collected Works," were an epoch in his career; the *Mercury* business had to be talked over by Wieland, Schiller, and Goschen together; and with Bertuch there was the

Goethe edition to be discussed in every detail, in addition to minor projects. Men of mark, as we know from Schiller, overwhelmed him with amazing attention, and his reception among the celebrities of literature, and the *beaux esprits* who adorned the brilliant little Court of Weimar, was a wonderful tribute to the man who, three years before, had been a simple *employé* in a publishing office. To Bertuch who had been his host — Bertuch the fashionable Treasurer of the Grand Duke, the many-sided man-of-letters, who had introduced him to numerous friends —he expressed his gratitude in his usual exuberant style—

"I thank you for your kindness; I thank you for having allowed me to look so clearly into your heart; I thank you for the relations into which you have drawn me. Kiss your wife for me—your excellent wife. Commend me to all who like me, especially to your own circle. A kiss from my girl. Yours always."

Goschen missed the opportunity of meeting one friend at Weimar whose sympathetic regard he had not lost, notwithstanding the transfer of his affections from Sophie Becker to Jette Heun.

Shortly after his return to Leipzig he received a letter from Zacharias Becker who wrote from Gotha, regretting that he had not known of the visit to Weimar, as otherwise he would have joined his friend there in order to make final arrangements respecting the *Help-in-Need Book*.* This project was now on the point of completion. Under arrangements which I have not been able thoroughly to sift, it was not published in the ordinary way through booksellers, but thousands on thousands were despatched

* *Vide* Chapter V. p. 91.

by Becker himself to various towns by various agencies. The price of the book did not admit of the usual heavy discounts. It has already been stated that Goschen printed 30,000 copies, and the fact that so large an issue was entirely sold without the help of the trade speaks volumes for the popularity of the book.

Neither publisher nor author made much pecuniary profit out of this triumph, but Goschen probably benefited through the name of his firm having become widely known in connection with so great a literary success, while Becker himself had in consequence almost attained the office "of a friend and adviser of the people." He looked on the book as his second self—his one object in life, his special domain. When the edition of 30,000 was exhausted, he begged Goschen to leave the whole enterprise in his own hands, so that he might be entirely master of it and manage it himself, and Goschen agreed.

Becker and Goschen remained fast friends. A year or two later, the former bore the following testimony to Goschen's early and bold liberality: "There was a time, Goschen, when, at the risk of all your savings, you helped me out of an embarrassment, and laid the foundation for the bettering of my fortunes. You are still the same Goschen who acted thus."

What a contrast between the estimate of the publisher's character by those who knew him well, and Goethe's attitude towards him when he gave his agent strict injunctions not to hand over manuscript except against hard cash!

Goschen's business correspondence during these

first months of 1788 was extremely heavy, and among the numerous authors who wrote voluminously to him about their affairs, no one bombarded him with greater frequency and at greater length than Archenholtz, of the *Litteratur- und Völker-Kunde.* Indeed, he worried my grandfather, who was publishing this periodical, with such endless details that the latter felt much inclined to throw it up. But Archenholtz was a client to be highly prized. He had migrated a year before from Dresden to Hamburg, the press censorship in the Hanseatic city being less crippling to his work than that of the Elector of Saxony. The prospects of the periodical had improved now that the editor was breathing a freer air, but his Saxon publisher had still to run serious risks. Archenholtz on one occasion had terrible misgivings that Göschen had been arrested for an article on Dresden destined for publication in the magazine, and was immensely relieved when he learnt that his fears were groundless.

English affairs were at the same time engaging the pen of Archenholtz. He told Goschen that he had begun to edit a new periodical, styled *The British Mercury*, in which all the latest English intelligence was to appear. Every post-day he was to receive eighteen folio pages, exclusive of reviews, magazines, and pamphlets. "No one in Germany, not even the British Ambassadors, shall henceforth have such detailed news of all that passes in England as I. I shall try to meet your wish as to Sheridan's speech in case it appears in London in its entirety and not in extracts." I have no further clue to this message about Sheridan's speech, but I quote the passage as showing that some interest must have

been taken in Germany in the English oratory of that day. Archenholtz added that he had a hundred and ten subscribers to his *British Mercury* in Hamburg alone.

As regards the *Litteratur- und Völker-Kunde*, a rumour reached Körner that Archenholtz was beginning to show an inclination to give it up. This, he wrote to Schiller, was a matter of some concern to Goschen, who had reckoned on it as a remunerative publication when he married. If Archenholtz should really part with the magazine, Goschen intended to offer it to him, Körner. "I have considered journalism," he added, "and have proposed the following plan. Its execution is perhaps the only way in which I can attain literary fruitfulness."

The reason he gave for this belief is very characteristic. He "had more hope for himself in such work" — in articles for a magazine — than in complete artistic compositions or in scientific essays. In the latter he was *pursued by the consciousness that he had not reached his ideal, that he had not exhausted his subject.* In fugitive writings, he was free from that sensation. Thus he was keen to begin. He would now feel the time long till Archenholtz made room for him! But his present eagerness for journalistic work was not confined to the *Völker-Kunde*. He proposed to Schiller to go halves in the work for the *Thalia*, Schiller remaining editor as heretofore. He calculated that if the magazine appeared regularly, each would have an income of 360 thalers, and that if they remained faithful to their plan, the *Thalia* would soon be the first periodical in Germany. Plenty of contributions would be sent in, and what they didn't think good enough, he would

assign to the *Litteratur- und Völker-Kunde*, if he could get it. This latter review they would treat commercially; their best wares they would save up for the *Thalia*.

Schiller's elaborate answer may possibly amuse editors of reviews and magazines of to-day and the public which reads them. And, indeed, the prominent part played by periodicals in Germany at the end of the eighteenth century, when great authors frequently published some of their most important works, historical, philosophical, and poetical, in serial form, may be held to justify the insertion of Schiller's long letter, apart from the distinction of the writer:—

"As the basis of a periodical which is to get into many hands, your plan is too serious, too solid —how can I express myself?—too high-minded. Our philosophical letters in the *Thalia* are an example of what, according to your plan, would be a most suitable and beautiful production; but how many readers do they find? If we are to start from *your* idea, we should have to be very particular that it should not be noticed. Cagliostros and spiritualists and *Geistersehers*, secret chronicles, travels, possibly spicy tales, rapid flights into the political world of to-day, and into old-world history, those are the subjects for periodicals. Before all we must lay down an absolute rule to choose our matter either from the topics of the day, *i.e.* from whatever is *newest*—just whatever is current in the reading world—or else from the most remote regions, where we should make our way by means of what is *bizarre* and strange. I do not say this to argue you out of your idea, only we must not expect it to give us the success, at least the first success, of a periodical. But if the periodical has begun to take possession of the public, then your view may perhaps ensure it a long lease of existence. Interesting situations, lightly and elegantly treated, characters taken from history, fiction in the direction of moral stories, pictures of social life, dramatic presentations, possibly

philosophical, especially ethical, subjects managed in a popular, and, at the same time, pleasing way, satirical descriptions, dialogues *à la* Meissner, and the like; such ought to be our *début;* but before all it is essential that the price should not be too high, and that the periodical should recommend itself by means of interesting names.

"It is true that my name counts, but not quite with all the classes whose money is important to us. For these we should advertise, for instance, such men as Garve, Engel, Gotter, or Biester and his gang (I don't mean the men themselves, but their species), perhaps I might succeed in enticing Herder by high prices, perhaps I might get into relations with Goethe. I should also look for contributions from Gotter. My main idea is to make the real work of authors and materials the bait, but to let them be worked up into current articles to suit the fashion of the day.

"Now the chief question will be this—

"It is Goschen's wish and advantage to publish a saleable periodical, appearing regularly every month, and paying its way; our advantage is to have the greatest share in it, and to have it well paid.

"The course of a quite new publication would be beset by much greater difficulties from this point of view. Archenholtz's is current enough, but, to speak candidly, I shouldn't care to be his successor. You tell me the *Thalia* pays its way. Good. Within five months, at least three more numbers are to appear. This must decide whether the effects we desire could be hoped for from the *Thalia.* If the sales improve, I will press on as much as I possibly can, and then with the December number I shall announce the regular continuation and the extended plan of the periodical, together with the celebrated names of its new contributors. You shall put into it whatever you like, and as you may arrange with Goschen.

"I will undertake to contribute something to every number, and, in all, at least twenty-five sheets a year; but he must pay me three louis d'or per sheet for what I supply of original work in plays, poetry, or tales. I think that I have a right to ask this because work of this kind costs me more than other people's work costs them, as I have to await special moments;

secondly, because, on his side, such work will certainly help the sale of the periodical; thirdly, because another party has offered me these terms. For what I supply besides, he will pay me as heretofore "—(two louis d'or per sheet).

On those conditions Schiller would give his name, whip up celebrated collaborateurs, and do all that a publisher could expect from him to make the publication go. "And now," he concludes, "Herr Consistorial-Rath, no playing the fool with the public, but such conduct as becomes an honest coach-horse of a journalist. Let us have a steady pull at the coach, and no tumbling down at the very first stage."

A very business-like, practical letter, but too "mercantile" in tone for Körner, the inexorable idealist! However, he remained eager for the plan, and replied—

"The affair of the periodical is still on the top of the wave with me! What you say about it appears very right if commercial considerations are to govern us, and the rule is to prevail to let one's self down to the public, and to pander to its whims. But should it not be possible to raise up the public to one's own plane of course, without any announcement to that effect? Entertainment only would be promised! The search for famous collaborateurs is a ticklish business. But about all this we can write more by-and-by."

Time showed that Körner supplied an essay or two for the *Thalia*, but the result of all this correspondence was only this, that Schiller resolved to push the latter periodical with greater regularity, and made the most cheering promises to Goschen; promises, however, which once more were destined

to remain unfulfilled. "Special moments" had to be awaited!

To return to Goschen's fortunes, I have now related the main incidents of the year, so eventful to him, which ended with the Easter Fair, 1788. The latter months of it had been full of stir. The emotional strenuous man had passed through some stormy times; he had secured the woman whom he wished to marry; he was well forward with the Goethe enterprise, though the sales were hanging fire; Reich had died, and Wieland was free to make Goschen his successor; Schiller had resumed work for the *Thalia*. His catalogue at the Fair was not so sensational as in the previous year, but it comprised the fifth volume of Goethe, with *Egmont*, the piece which was to lift the whole edition. Wieland's *Mercury* and Schiller's *Thalia* kept Goschen's name before the public in connection with two of the most celebrated authors of the day, and Stolberg's *Island*, and Bode's *Tom Jones*, were supplemented by works of less known, yet still saleable writers. I observe in Goschen's list of this Fair, as in those of other years, a good many religious works, and books on freemasonry and kindred topics.

It was after the conclusion of this Fair that his wedding took place. His honeymoon he spent in Körner's garden-villa, amid the vine-clad Saxon hills. Though Körner bore Goschen a grudge for some time, owing to the episode with Sophie Becker, and had gone so far as to call him a shabby fellow in that connection, he did not betray his feelings to the offending bridegroom who would naturally

take the loan of the villa as a mark of sympathetic friendship.

Here the happy husband spent a couple of weeks of undisturbed blissful repose. "I had mercilessly barred the door," he writes, "against the remembrance of any business, and, after idling for a fortnight, was born again."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FASCINATING FAMILY—RAIDS ON GOSCHEN'S PURSE—SCHILLER A JENA PROFESSOR—THE PUBLISHER'S PROGRESS.

Easter, 1788—Easter, 1789.

It was well that Goschen once more felt strong and brave, and well, too, that his wife brought him 5000 thalers * as her dowry, for the time had not yet come when he could feel that he was out of the wood. On the contrary, a year of much financial anxiety commenced for him at Easter, 1788. But, however pressed for money Goschen might be, Schiller was never allowed to suffer.

The poet left Weimar in June, 1788, to stay for a time in the village of Volkstedt, very close to Rudolstadt, in which little town his friends, Frau von Lengefeld (a widow) and her two daughters, lived. His choice of this abode was a happy inspiration, for the sweet scenery in which Volkstedt was embosomed was a great delight, and the cost of living was extremely cheap. Schiller declared that he could live at Rudolstadt for 400 thalers (£60) as well and, indeed, better than in Dresden for 600 thalers (£90), a remark which throws an interesting side-light on

* Körner spoke of Jette's dowry being 7000 thalers, but it was really 5000.

the minimum on which a man of his position conceived he might possibly manage.

Life assumed a brighter aspect in Schiller's eyes in his rural retreat than it had borne for some time past. He would be careful, too, as he assured Körner, not to allow a love affair to destroy the comparative tranquillity of mind which he had reached. Just now would be the very worst moment to allow a distraction of this kind, an individual attachment, to upset the little measure of order which he had with much trouble introduced into his head and heart and business affairs. Thus he distributed his romantic feelings between the two daughters, and included the mother, too, in his warm friendship. The spirit of the place exercised a most soothing influence on the restless man, while the congenial atmosphere of a fascinating circle of friends, deeply imbued with intellectual sympathy, pleasantly stimulated his productive powers. He had hopes of much good work, though, as ever, he again declared he must work slowly.

Wieland, the father of a very large family, always working energetically, and generally over-worked, envied the poet his country retirement and drifting leisure—the more so, as he felt as if Schiller were leaving him in the lurch as regards the *Mercury*. He wrote to my grandfather on the 16th of June, 1788—

"I am more than ever overwhelmed with work, all the more as our dear Schiller seems to have quite forgotten me in his new rural retreat. I am often surprised at myself, wondering whence I got all the patience to be able to endure such a life. Happy he, who, like Schiller, can retire to the little village of Volkstedt, and there, in all tranquillity, can summon his attendant spirits, and list the soft whispers of his genius."

But Schiller was less idle than Wieland imagined. He sketched his plans to Goschen in the following letter, which, by its very hearty and intimate tone, conveys the impression that any temporary annoyance which he had shown earlier in the year with regard to his old comrade of Gohlis had been effaced :—

"June 19, 1788.

"At the end of this month, dear friend and married man, you will receive manuscript for the sixth number of the *Thalia*. During this month I must still work at my History (the *Rebellion of the Netherlands*), but for the whole of the rest of the summer and autumn, all my work shall be for you. The *Thalia* shall and must go up in the world! In the beginning of August you shall be in a position to bring out two numbers together, in October two more. My plan is to have twelve numbers out altogether by the last day of December. Then we must consider whether it will be worth while to continue the *Thalia* as a regular periodical, and we will construct a scheme together."

The letter concludes pleasantly—

"I am now living in the country close to Rudolstadt, in the midst of exceedingly charming scenery in which I often recall Gohlis! What is life like under the sceptre of Hymen? How is your dear wife? One thing more, dear friend. I wish to make a present to somebody of an English Bible, but it must be a new and beautiful edition. You will be able to execute this commission for me, as you must be in relations with English booksellers, at least indirectly. Still better if it can be found in Leipzig. Good-bye. Let me hear that you are a very happy fellow, which news shall give cordial pleasure to your faithful friend,

"SCHILLER."

Goschen, as requested, procured the English Bible. It is described as "Holy Bible containing the Old and New Testaments (Leipzig, printed for John Grosse's

heir, 1746)," and was presented to Frau von Lengefeld, with a bold inscription which gives us a glimpse of Schiller's theological tendencies. The lines were taken from his *Anthology*,* and may be rendered in English as follows :—

> "Not in worlds conceived by musing sages,
> Nor in the paradise of common men,
> Nor in the Heav'n be-rhymed in poets' pages,
> But yet—somewhere—we shall meet again."

The family of the Lengefelds, clever and highly cultivated women, were very familiar with English—indeed, Charlotte, afterwards Schiller's wife, had love passages with a young Englishman of the name of Heron, who, however, was compelled to leave for service in India before he had actually proposed. Schiller did not confine his gifts of English books to the Bible which he presented to the mother. To Charlotte he gave *Tom Jones*. I find numerous indications of the favour in which Fielding was held, and in the emancipated circle of Schiller's friends, few books seem to have been withheld from young ladies. Many branches of literature and many departments of speculative thought were discussed in familiar conclave by Schiller and the Lengefelds, joined occasionally by some of the Weimar men who were separated from Rudolstadt only by a day's journey. The circle was essentially one of "souls." Popular metaphysics reigned supreme, though the classics also played their part. Schiller sent for Voss's translation of the *Odyssey*, and quotations from it were tossed to and

* "Nicht in Welten wie die Weisen träumen,
Auch nicht in des Pöbel's Paradies,
Nicht im Himmel wie die Dichter reimen,
Aber wir begegnen uns gewiss."

fro in the little letters which passed between Charlotte and the poet from Rudolstadt to Volkstedt. Plutarch was a familiar friend of the girls. Herder's deep and strong writings had exercised a powerful spell on Caroline, while Charlotte had what Schiller called a *coquetterie d'esprit*, tempered, however, by many modest ways. The whole tone was romantic, *schwärmerisch*, unconventional. The commonplace was rigidly barred out. Schiller revelled in his enjoyment of the ideal, the speculative, the poetical, untainted by the lower and narrower and more terrestrial currents of which he had so loudly to complain in his relations with Weimar society.

But though Schiller worked and wrote under the stimulus of the influence of Rudolstadt, and felt himself lifted into higher regions of thought and feeling, the good fortune which seemed in store for Goschen when the poet promised to work seriously for him during the summer and autumn, was not realized. Work for the *Mercury* and for the *Rebellion of the Netherlands*, absorbed his time, and thus it happened that, far from having five or six numbers of the *Thalia* ready by the end of December, that month did not even see the completion of one!

Meanwhile Schiller's labours for Crusius and Wieland slightly eased his financial position. He had been doing his utmost to diminish his debt to Beit, the Dresden usurer, and had paid off 100 thalers. He reported himself as feeling lighter at heart, because he was making more than he was spending. Slowly as the payment of his debts was progressing, still there was some progress, and that was more than he could remember for nine and twenty years! He hoped that Körner was not embarrassed by his

debt to him. "Why," he wrote, "should you suffer through my evil fortune?"

Körner replied—

"I quite understand you in what you write about our relations to each other. I, too, hold it to be desecration to have to discuss such prosaic stuff with you, and I look forward to the time when this will quite cease, but, for the moment, let me set your mind at ease—I am in no embarrassment, and by Michaelmas I shall have all I want. Goschen has paid up nicely."

Some time afterwards the noble-hearted Körner, unknown to his friend, bought up Schiller's bills from Beit, and relieved the great author with that extraordinary liberality which has endeared him, as almost Schiller's saviour, to the German people.

The poet's temporary ability to earn more than he was spending and to pay off debts, unfortunately did not continue long, and by Michaelmas he found himself, once more, severely pinched for money, while, notwithstanding his unusual efforts, we have seen that he had nothing ready for Goschen till the end of the year.

He stinted himself strictly at the same time. But he must pay off Beit. "Perhaps," he suggested to Körner, "Goschen might advance the entire sum, if only some more numbers of the *Thalia* were ready."

Körner replied cheerfully (October 14), "Yes, worry Goschen into advancing you the money for your debt by New Year's Day at the latest."

The publisher, at the time when the two friends were thus planning a raid upon him, was himself in the direst straits; but he was, at all events, able to meet the penitent appeal which Schiller made in the following letter:—

"Weimar, December 21, 1788.

"I thank you, dearest friend, for your remembrance, for your long patience with me, for your continued friendship, for everything! I have certainly had much distraction this summer, but am working all the more diligently now. Bertuch can tell you, that for weeks I have not crossed the threshold. My work has been as hard as your news of me has been scanty!

"Herewith the whole of the sixth number, except the very last sheet. The seventh and eighth are both at the same time under my pen, and you can *solemnly* reckon upon receiving both from me within a month.

"Do, like a good fellow, send me fifty or sixty thalers by next post. I want the money badly for the New Year, and should like to have it within a week.

"I can easily imagine that you are living most happily with your beloved. . . . I fancy her as a very loveable being. Give her warm greetings from her unknown friend. Fare you right well and keep a little liking for me,

"Your ever devoted,

"SCHILLER."

Goschen promptly met his friend's demand. Schiller's letter of thanks in reply described some of the fruits of his summer studies. The classical literature of Greece had acquired a greater hold upon him, and he had not only read Voss's poetical translation of the *Odyssey* with his sympathetic friends, but had gone through the serious labour of himself putting the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and a part of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, into verse—work intended for the *Thalia*. Promising the immediate despatch of some more sheets of the *Geister-seher*, Schiller added—

"You will certainly be pleased with the arrangements I have made as regards this work. I never meant to put it entirely into the *Thalia*, but it is

a great advantage for you and for the story, if I break off at the moment when interest, and therefore the reader's expectation, are at their highest point. This occurs at the completion of about three-fourths of the story. The last fourth shall not go into the *Thalia*."

That is to say, the *Geister-seher* was to be reprinted as a separate book, containing the fourth part not published before. Such was one of the methods by which the pirate publishers, who had an eye on the piece, were to be baulked.

At last, January 26, 1789, the final manuscript for the sixth number of the *Thalia* was despatched; after an interval of eight months, the magazine was again to appear! Körner had actually furnished an essay, *On the Freedom of the Poet in the Choice of his Materials*, practically a defence of Schiller's *Gods of Greece*, against, as a German writer expresses it, the "idle babble" of Stolberg, Herder (!), and Knebel. But the great attraction of this number was the continuation of the *Geister-seher*. The public had indeed had a long time to speculate on the *dénoûment* of the mysteries which had been so ingeniously worked up, only to be disappointed by the story still remaining a fragment, whilst a very long philosophical conversation, said to be the outcome of some of the *séances* of the fair metaphysicians of Rudolstadt, took the place of the presentation of some more scenes from the world of spirits or of magic.

It would appear that the Leipzig censors favoured the *Geister-seher* with their particular attention, for Schiller wrote (10th February, 1789) that he wished that Goschen could have the printing done in Weimar or in Rudolstadt—the censorship in Leipzig cramped him in more senses than one.

The poet then came fairly out with his request for an advance to pay off his debt to Beit.

"Secondly, I would beg of you, but only if it does not hamper you, to make me advances on account, as you go on receiving the manuscript, because I have a great wish gradually to reduce a sum for which I have to pay cruelly high interest. It amounts to a few hundred thalers, and even if I only discharge a small part of it, still something comes off the debt. Would you therefore be kind enough, as you go on receiving copy from me, to send me so much (but mind, not more) as it will be worth when printed?

"My eyes are almost closed with sleep. It is three o'clock in the morning; good night."

Goschen again sent money; the reply did not state how much. But the embarrassed author added, when acknowledging its receipt—

"I know you will do what you can to help me to lighten an intolerable burden. I would gladly give 6 per cent. interest if I could get the whole sum of 200 thalers advanced for three or four months."

The letter ends with the following humorous congratulations to my grandfather on the birth of his first son:—

"Many congratulations, dearest friend, on your newest publication, and I am very sorry that you have only struck off one copy. You might have fairly presented the world with two, but I trust that it is only the first part of a longer work, which, it is to be hoped, may consist of ten or twelve volumes, and of which the second may appear next Michaelmas. At all events, you must have double profit as you are at the same time author, publisher, and printer, and have so good a press in your house. Let the publication be bound in a pretty German binding—I don't love the French style.

"However, to speak without metaphor, I rejoice with my whole heart in the increase of your family,

and take the heartiest interest in your joy as a father.

"With what pleasure do I promise myself to surprise you some day in your home circle, and to convince myself with my own eyes of your happiness!"

Besides Beit's pressing debt, another circumstance contributed to make Schiller's need for money at this juncture even more urgent than usual.

In December (1788), Schiller had been offered the post of Professor of History at the University of Jena, but without salary. It was Goethe, in his capacity of Minister to the Duke of Weimar, who proposed the appointment in a *Pro Memoriâ*, submitted to the Privy Council, of which the following passages show the official tone taken, even under Goethe's auspices, with reference to the rising genius :—

"As regards his [Schiller's] character, too, and his mode of life, persons who are acquainted with him give a favourable description; his demeanour is serious and pleasant, and it is to be believed that he would have a good influence on young people. He has been sounded, and has declared that he might not be indisposed to accept an extraordinary professorship at Jena, even if in the first instance it should be conferred upon him without a salary. On this, the undersigned, having an opportunity in Gotha of speaking of University affairs, opened up the subject both to Serenissimus noster et Gothanus, and to Privy Councillor von Franckenberg, and the plan has been approved by all, especially as this acquisition can be made without expense."

On the 11th of December "a rescript" was made out by the Weimar Government and sent to the Courts of Saxony, Gotha, Coburg, and Meiningen, in whose joint hands the nomination to appointments in the University rested; and Schiller became a professor and an official.

But the poet was not over-pleased with his acceptance of the honorary post. Of course he discussed the pros and cons elaborately with Körner. One great advantage lay in the fact that much of his latest literary work had dealt with history, and he thought that his academical historical studies would thus do double duty, furnishing lectures for his chair, and materials for his books. Bertuch had arranged with him that he should edit a collection of Memoirs to be published by Mauke of Jena, on the plan of a collection which had appeared in London. As editor, he was to receive a "carolin"* per sheet. In many directions Schiller was thus doing historical work, but much of it was hack work, as Körner pointed out to him very plainly.

Nor was the financial aspect of the situation very attractive. Schiller found that he was mulcted in many thalers for fees. Governments in those times sought a revenue by taxing patents and appointments just as we do to-day, and the number of the Courts who had a finger in the University, of course increased the amount which was due on this honorary post. Five exchequers squeezed poor Schiller; for the little Principality of Altenburg, though united with Gotha, claimed its share. "The devil take this professorship!" cried Schiller. "It extracts one louis d'or after another out of my pocket." And that was not all. He had to qualify as "Magister Philosophiæ," which he expected to cost him 30 thalers. He sent Körner a specimen of the "Magister Diploma," that he might have a laugh when he saw his friend "parading in this Latin coat."

And other ceremonies would also help to empty

* A carolin, equal to nineteen shillings.

his purse. His start as professor would involve him in all sorts of expenses, not to speak of the hire of a lecture-hall. Goschen's money he could not use for Beit's debt, owing to the gap thus made in his resources. Körner was indignant at Schiller's acceptance of the post without salary. He advised him to make conditions, and especially to emphasize that he would be forced to give up much of his paid literary work in order to fill the professorship with dignity.

Schiller did not relish the advice. Professor Reinhold received only 200 thalers, and that was an extraordinary case, as his friends had moved heaven and earth to squeeze out this pittance by begging. This made the concession in a second instance all the more difficult. Besides, such abject begging would humiliate him more than he would gain by 200 thalers.

But Körner returned to the charge—

"I have not been edified by what you write about the professorship. Jena makes an acquisition by you, and not you by the title of professor. In your place I should at all events let it be perceived that this was your feeling. You are not to play the part of a beggar, but I should make it clear to the people who take an interest in you what you forfeit by the loss of time. . . . When you speak of obligations which a salary would impose upon you, I don't follow you. You are no day-labourer of the publishers, living on their charity, and who must eagerly seize every prospect of a remote advantage. You have a position as an author which may be calculated as having as great a cash value as many an appointment. Your works are welcome to every publisher. Your magazine (the *Thalia*) need only come out every month to meet your necessities almost by itself. Your essays in the *Mercury*, your reviews in the *Litteratur-Zeitung*, your *Geister-seher*, are as good as ready money. Nothing is more natural than that you should be indemnified if you are to give up some of this work.

This would lay no further obligation on you than to do what is expected of you as professor. In your case, seed is not being sown for the future. They secure a harvest at once when they appoint you."

The side-lights cast by this correspondence on German University appointments in that period will not be without interest to many of my readers. From the same source we may learn much as to the amount on which a professor could live respectably,—information which, in its turn, enables us to judge how far payments received by authors from publishers were likely to go. When we read of an honorarium of 400 thalers, that is £60, it seems a very small sum. Yet Schiller wrote to Körner that he could live comfortably on about that amount in Jena, "where a man could manage on much less than in Weimar." Nor was this unnatural. At one of the roughest of German Universities a professor could live more cheaply than a fêted Rath at Weimar, a "Residenz Stadt," where a Ducal Court might, even in a comparatively homely way, enhance the expenditure of society. Schiller wrote—

"In Jena my requirements are very slight because necessaries are cheap, and no luxuriousness is expected. Without any one noticing it, I can live as a student. All literary requirements are amply provided for."

He then described a club, started by several young professors, "who with Reinhold, Hufeland, Schütz, and myself, make up a nice circle, for which others, too, may perhaps qualify." "Griesbach's house is one of the most select." All the four men here named were clients and personal friends of my grandfather, and the eclectic Schiller's pleasure in their company

shows how the most chosen spirits had gravitated towards the young publisher.

A little later, Schiller sent Körner a regular budget of domestic details. He was delighted with the lodgings he had taken, comprising three lofty rooms, with abundance of excellent furniture. He had two old maids as his landladies, who were most obliging but very garrulous. They would have dinner served to him in his own room at two groschen (about twopence) a meal. Giving some details as to washing, "*friseur*," and attendance, he summed up that on a severe estimate he would not want more than 450 thalers, an amount which he hoped to receive for his *Memoirs* published by Mauke, so that all the rest of his receipts might go in diminution of his debts—sanguine calculations in both directions.

With reference to the value of money in Schiller's days and the aspect of domestic expenditure, I have come across other evidence in the correspondence before me.

In one letter Schiller wrote to Körner that if Minna should be left a widow, she could live well with her children on 1000 to 1200 thalers (that is £150 to £180). "For there are still beautiful parts of Germany where this is a considerable income," and the Körners lived in a superior style as belonging to a wealthy family. When Schiller started married life at Jena, he estimated that he should require 800 thalers (£120), and this with three servants,—but a servant we are told elsewhere cost less than £1 per quarter. Furnished lodgings at Weimar cost 70 thalers a year (less than £11). Two horses, a coachman and a carriage, cost 200 thalers a year (£30).

The emoluments of authors, professors, civil servants and ministers in Germany at the close of the eighteenth century, cannot be fairly judged unless such facts as these are taken into account.

But to return to Schiller's state at the time when the outlay connected with the professorship was nipping in the bud his nascent hopes of paying off the intolerable Beit. On the 8th of March, 1789, he wrote Goschen an interesting letter about his plans of life and his literary aspirations. To judge by the opening phrases, my grandfather had tackled his friend on the subject of marriage before.

"Many thanks for your letter, dear friend. The question of the *wife* we will submit to providence—providence will have a thought for me that I may be content. The chief point now for my domestic and my public life is an *etablizzament* (*sic*) to lift me above care and ensure me a tranquil and cheerful existence. As soon as I have this, my intellectual work will bear the marks of its good effects. . . . I only await this tranquil life, and sufficient familiarity with my new department to devote myself to a continuous work which appears to be reserved for me in our present literature, and for which all that I have produced hitherto has been only preliminary study. This work, which can be begun at the latest in two years, and which will not be concluded earlier than with my life, will not fail, as I think, to be and to remain a lucrative publication for my friend Goschen, uniting, as it will, the advantages of a *Journal-debuts* (*sic*) with the permanent value of a separate work."

It is not easy to gather what precise plan Schiller at this time had in his mind. He frequently dreamt of the foundation of a great journal, and in later years effect was to be given to his aspirations; but how it was to include the "permanent value of a

separate work" is not very clear. And Goschen may have smiled at the notion that any work of the unstable genius would only end with his death while rejoicing in Schiller's most friendly words that he, the publisher, would be connected with it for all time.

A few weeks later he received another letter, written in the same spirit of friendly assurance, with another promise for the future. Sending manuscript for the *Thalia*, Schiller added—

"The enclosed *History of the Rebellion of the Netherlands* I beg you to accept as a remembrance of your friend Schiller. When I have practised my historical pen in a few more attempts, you shall then be the publisher of whatever work I shall produce with the greatest maturity and leisure."

Schiller then, relying on the publisher's friendship and liberality, took the strong step of drawing a bill on him on the chance of his being willing to accept it.

"I have taken a liberty which I hope won't be disagreeable to you. Not liking to worry you so often with demands for money, and wanting money badly to establish myself in Jena, I have had 24 carolins advanced to me on a bill upon you, payable on the 24th of May. By that time the *Geister-seher* will be printed, and we can then square our accounts. You will do me a great favour if you will accept this draft."

But Goschen had anticipated him. He had already sent so much money that, if he accepted the bill, part would have to be returned to him. The poet wrote very gratefully—

"A few minutes after my last letter was posted, yours with the money arrived. I thank you, dearest friend, with the utmost gratitude for your kindness. Your friendship towards me is unbounded, and I am really ashamed not to be able to requite it by similar service."

The incidents here related show how extremely friendly were the relations between the poet and the publisher at that time, and how warmly the former acknowledged the services of the latter. A German writer, having some of the letters quoted in this chapter before him, says—

"Schiller held faithfully to Goschen for a long time. Nevertheless, their relations were loosened. Schiller was won over by the greater means and higher offers of Cotta with whom a journey into Swabia had brought him into close contact."

The story of the break in the connection between the two friends will have to be told by-and-by.

Schiller was after all unable to finish by the Easter Fair, 1789, the work for which Goschen had paid him in advance. The tardy seventh number of the *Thalia* had appeared at last, but the editor had once more to write as a defaulter, and to apologize warmly for a delay which would compromise the announcement in Goschen's catalogue at that same Fair of the "only authorized, new, complete edition of the *Geister-seher*" (May 29, 1789)—

"Pardon me, pardon me, dearest Goschen, for having put you into a hole this time. The change I have passed through during these last weeks was too distracting to enable me to be up to any part of my work which required a collected mind. Preparations for college lectures, visits paid and received from professors and students, which were unavoidable on my entering on my new office—absorbed my time and mind, and I would not for anything in the world spoil the *Geister-seher* by hustling it. But I will go at it again, though I won't promise to be very quick. If you like, I will have a notice put into the *Allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung* as to the breach of the promise which you made to the public on my assurance.

"Once more, forgive me, or, if you are irreconcilable, let me turn to the softer heart of your little wife.

"The sensation which I made when opening my course of lectures, I feel to be very flattering to me. In two months I shall see you in Leipzig."

Schiller had indeed every right to speak of the sensation which his opening lecture had made. The preliminary notice had been published on the blackboard of the list of lectures in the following terms: "Friedericus Schiller publice introductionem in historiam universalem horâ nondum definitâ sed justo tempore indicandâ proponet." On the 26th of May the great event came off. He had chosen Reinhold's lecture-hall, which held about a hundred persons. It was full to overflowing more than an hour before the time announced. Schiller is described as standing at a window with beating heart, while troop on troop of students still came up the street in endless procession. Nothing remained but to change the hall. The students were invited to migrate to the largest hall in the University, Griesbach's lecture-room. Amidst tremendous excitement, the whole crowd rushed to the fresh place. The hall, which held four hundred people, was crammed. Every nook and corner was filled to the very doors of the ante-room. And Schiller did not disappoint his audience. His address made a deep impression, and that night a serenade and enthusiastic cheers bore eloquent testimony to Körner's declaration that the University of Jena had gained more by Schiller's name than Schiller by the University.

No wonder if Schiller's absorption and excitement, the new duties, the new life, the publicity

which he hitherto so sedulously shunned, checked his literary work at this time, all the more as he was at last becoming aware that his distributed affection for the ladies at Rudolstadt was fast merging into individual love for the younger daughter. Before the promised journey to Leipzig came off, Schiller had declared his love to Charlotte von Lengefeld, and had learnt that it was returned. Under such distracting circumstances in the whirl of violent emotions, how could he carry out his pledges to his publisher?

His plea for forgiveness to my grandfather who had begged to be allowed to be his host was very pretty (July 30, 1789)—

"Believe me, dear friend, that I have been my own enemy in not having kept faith with you; but the difficulties were beyond my courage and strength. I have long been thinking what reparation I could make for the harm my delay may have caused you, and I shall not forgive myself till I have made all right again. I am bringing a little fragment of the *Geister-seher* with me to Leipzig in order that the eighth number of the *Thalia* may yet be ready in time. I am delighted, dear friend, at the prospect of seeing you again, and of at last getting to know your dear wife. But at this moment, when I have so much to be ashamed of in connection with you, I really cannot accept your kind invitation to stop at your house. Your kindness would only heap coals of fire on my guilty head, and your tables and chairs, cupboards, slippers, and even the bed I slept on, would preach to me with awful voices the sacred duty of an author towards his publisher, to me the miscreant who had so wilfully violated it. I, therefore, only invite myself as your guest for a cup of soup or coffee, with the express request that you will not sit opposite to me, and that your eyes, as Shakespeare says, will not open their silent mouths against me to remind me of my sins. With most cordial greeting,

and begging you to order a kindly look for me on your Henriette's face,

"Ever yours,
"SCHILLER."

Schiller arrived in Leipzig on the 3rd of August. Lotte and her sister Caroline followed him in a few days and were introduced to his dear Saxon friends. As so often happens in similar cases, the visit was not an unqualified success. Schiller's letters during the first part of the year had by no means prepared Körner for the engagement, and we know that he was severe in his judgments on such matters. As when Goschen was engaged to Jette, so in Schiller's case, Körner was cold. For many months the Schiller-Körner correspondence contains no reference to the ties which Schiller had contracted, till at last he reproached his friend for having "overlooked" Lotte's lovely heart and high-toned soul. But Körner replied that he could not play the hypocrite. "Overlooked" was not the proper word to use. He only felt he was no competent judge of the value of Schiller's choice; he had seen too little of her. What could he have seen of that which had fascinated Schiller in half a day, while he and his beloved talked *tête-à-tête?*

It had been arranged that the Körners and Dora should return with Schiller and visit Jena and Weimar. But they must have made up two parties for the journey, for Schiller and Dora travelled to Jena in the same carriage with my grandmother who had been invited to visit the Reinholds,—Kunze, now a widower, completing the party.

The following lively letter from Jette to her husband gives a glimpse of their simple way of

journeying, of the intimacy of the little group, and of the young wife's delight at seeing fresh places and the great stars of Jena :—

"Jena, August 13, 1789.

"Dear Angel, most beloved Husband,

"I can't get to sleep at all, for it is written, 'Watch and pray that ye fall not into temptation,' and Kunze is going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may kiss. . . . But I must stop writing such fine things, or I shall not get to anything sensible. Our journey passed off well, but was very slow. Will you believe that we didn't get to Nauenburg till three in the morning? Here we slept for three hours, Kunze and Schiller on the carriage-cushions in the parlour on the ground, and Dora and I on the ground too, but with the difference that we had a mattress. We arrived here in Jena at one o'clock. The Reinholds were very glad to see me, but regretted your not being with me. In the evening there was a large party at Schiller's. Yesterday morning I saw all the sights of Jena. We dined at the Reinholds. The afternoon we spent in Griesbach's garden. I am very well and happy, and if only you were with me, you good angel, I should indeed enjoy myself. Whenever I see a fine landscape, I wish you at my side, for you haven't seen nearly as much as I have.

"To-day we dined at Schiller's, and Rath Becker from Gotha joined us. To-morrow we all go to Weimar, 'die Reinholdin' with us, but I can't find out when I shall get back. When I am with you again, and once more feel myself happy with my husband, I will tell you a thousand things which will please you, and will amuse you very much.

"I am dying to see you, you dear boy. My only compensation for your absence is to think of you in the morning when I am quite alone, to bless you, and to wish you all that is good. Good-bye, my beloved. Keep me as dear to you as before.

"I am, ever yours,

"Henriette."

"You will pardon my scribble. It is difficult to concentrate one's ideas, for all around me are chattering, laughing, and romanticizing."

My grandmother, as she herself declares in some of her letters, was not what is called an intellectual woman, and among the Professors of Jena and in the Weimar literary set, she occasionally felt somewhat lost. Her husband, writing to Bertuch to express his gratitude for the kindness shown to his wife in Weimar, assured him that Frau Bertuch had more than all other women attracted her heart, that Jette had seen a great deal, but had not thoroughly enjoyed much, because the highest form of enjoyment, the clever intellectuality of most of the ladies, did not quite touch her simple homely spirit. I have found, however, that her gentle ways, her sound good sense, and her general charm secured her life-long friends in every place she visited. Wieland and his family were extremely taken with her. He wrote to Goschen that she had quite stolen the hearts of himself and his family by her sterling worth, her amiability and charming ways. Goschen himself felt Wieland's appreciation of her deeply. He wrote very gratefully (August 22)—

"I thank you most heartily for the great kindness with which you treated my other half. My dear Jette is very proud of having been received with such winning condescension by one of the first men in Germany. From past experiences she had come to look on all great men as an order of beings who only deign, at the most, to confer a gracious smile on ordinary mortals, and who are, therefore, only to be admired like a rare animal. What a different impression kindness and pleasantness make on our hearts! Neither Jette nor I will ever lose this impression."

While Schiller, as we have seen, never appealed in vain to Goschen's purse in the year which ended at Easter, 1789, the publisher, notwithstanding the dowry which Jette brought him, appears to have been harassed by money troubles during the greater part of its course. Still involved in more ventures than his small capital justified him in undertaking, re-investing, as he subsequently wrote to Wieland, all the funds which came in, he struggled on very bravely, sacrificing to his ambition nearly all the enjoyments of life except that extreme domestic happiness which sustained him amid all his cares, and of which no man ever drank with more faithful and passionate joy.

The Michaelmas Fair of 1788 was disastrous. All available money among the booksellers, so Goschen wrote to Bertuch, had flowed to Voss and Decker, the two publishers who sold the works of Frederick the Great, and would not sell except for cash. "Thus the old king after his death had once more levied a contribution on Saxony." Goschen, disappointed of the payments he expected, found himself compelled to appeal to Bertuch for indulgence in respect of what he owed for the *Pandora*. All his creditors had pressed him, but scarcely one of his own debtors had come up to the scratch. He wrote on the 4th of November—

"Of course the poor devils of printers, paper-manufacturers, etc., had sought refuge with those from whom they were accustomed to punctual payment. Thank God, I am through with it! Mauke and you, and then I have done with it!"

On the same day, he poured out his trouble to Wieland—

"At last, dearest friend, the Fair is over. It has been one of those in which the trader needs all his courage and all his determination to prevent him from hanging himself as a commemorative offering on his office wall."

But the indefatigable man was not one to be downcast long. He was busying himself even at this time with preparations for the next *Pandora*, to be issued in the autumn. He wanted to have his head free for the summer, for he had a grand plan brewing. However, a frightful vexation upset his equilibrium a little later. Notwithstanding the manner in which he had met his liabilities, hostile rumours as to his solvency were communicated to him by Bertuch. The incident roused Goschen's fiercest indignation. He wrote by return of post a hot reply (December 1, 1788)—

"It is indeed a pretty thing that a man is to be supposed insolvent when he has just got into full swing. It is quite incomprehensible to me how such a rumour could have got put about. My expenditure is much less than I might afford. I entertain no 'clique;' if I have a friend in my house, I give him one dish. I have avoided balls, and everything which costs money. My wife and I go about like well-to-do artizans. On my honour, I have no bill unpaid. I don't owe anybody in Leipzig a farthing. All the booksellers hereabout are in debt to me. I have settled with the printers; and, as to booksellers in other parts of Germany, I have balances to claim from all of them as the result of the Michaelmas Fair. I have paid my city rates a year in advance. It is impossible the rumour could have got abroad from here. Still more, I have paid the interest with such strictness on my capital from Körner, the only capital which I have, that something is already written off the capital debt. Still more, no author has a penny to claim from me! My debts are to you for the *Pandora* of 1787; Mauke, whom I shall pay next week; and Bode for this and that, which he can have as soon as he likes,

but which he doesn't want now. The devil take any one else who has a claim upon me! . . . And now, once for all, to make your mind easy, as truly as I believe in a God, so truly, I assure you, that I will write to you at once if I find myself in a bad way, and that I am incapable of leading a man whom I call a friend into a bog by such concealment.

"But now help me to discover the source of the rumour, not in order to avenge myself, but only to know in what way I have been at fault; for it must be by some fault of mine that I have roused jealousy so desperately. It is to avoid rousing this jealousy that I live in such a retired way. I do not let the Hoffmanns have anything, because they do not pay me. Is that possibly the cause? I insist on what I am entitled to before God and man. Is that possibly the cause? If there is any publisher here who, taking all in all, pays more honestly or more promptly than I, up to this very day, I am content to be held a scoundrel. I should have cut this matter very short if you were only my friend; but as you are connected with me as a business man, it is my duty to write at greater length. From this day forth I lay it down as my fixed rule never again to have anything to do with joint partnership. . . . As soon as I am free from everything in which I am involved with other people, then people may say what they like, and it shall be a positive enjoyment to me.

"I thank you for having spoken straight out from your heart. I recognize in this the honest friend, and I entreat you to believe in my assurances till you or anybody else can convict me of a single dirty trick!"

Goschen at once acted up to his declaration that in future he would have no joint undertakings. He wanted to be his own master, responsible to no one, and free from the additional worries which partnership with others involved. Before a month had elapsed he gave an elaborate history of the *Pandora* to Bertuch; he proved to him that there was not enough profit in it for three, and he offered to sell

it on commission for Bertuch and Kraus without asking for any remuneration for his pains. It had absorbed much of his capital, as "the lady" was very expensive; decoration and binding playing so large a part in this *Journal of Fashions*. In the end Bertuch and Kraus themselves dropped the *Pandora*, a fortunate circumstance for Goschen, as it enabled him to utilize his connection for a much more important annual, which he had planned and intended to publish entirely for his own account.

Goschen's catalogues of Michaelmas, 1788, and of Easter, 1789, explain to some extent the nature of his business during the year beyond his transactions with Schiller, Goethe, and Bertuch; while correspondence with other noted men of letters, in addition to the authors whose names were published as clients at these particular Fairs, gives evidence of preparations for further activity. And Archenholtz's *Journal*, the *Mercury*, the *Pandora*, the fitful *Thalia*, were not the only periodicals which absorbed much of Goschen's attention. Another review, *A Critical Survey of the Newest Belles Lettres of the Germans*, as well as a *Repertoire of Theological Literature* containing judgments on all the theological writings which appeared in successive years, were issued by him.

Overshadowing all in his list at the Easter Fair, 1789, were the announcements of Goethe's eighth volume, and of Schiller's *Geister-seher* as a separate work. But the lower rank of popular authors was well represented. Hufeland, a great scientific authority, appeared with a medical work. Bode and Jünger remained true to their friend, and for the first time we find the name of a most interesting man, Seume,

PANDORA

ODER

KALENDER DES LUXUS UND DER MODEN FÜR
DAS JAHR 1789

WEIMAR UND LEIPZIG BEI G. J. GÖSCHEN

who some years afterwards became proof-reader to my grandfather, and an intimate friend of the family. He figured in this year on Goschen's list as the translator of *Honoria Warren*, an English novel. Amongst other new clients I find the name of Johann Georg Jacobi, brother of F. H. Jacobi, the philosopher for whom Goschen had published the pamphlet against Mendelssohn a few years before.*

A. H. J. Lafontaine,† described by a contemporary as one of the most fruitful and graceful of German romance-writers, had also placed a work in Goschen's hands. He belonged to the school which, influenced by *Werther*, and abounding in exaggerated sensibility, revelled in painting the alternations between rapture and despair, the conflict between duty and passion to the accompaniment of floods of tears. But the book which my grandfather published for him dealt with a classical subject—*The Liberation of Rome.*

About another curious book, entitled, *More Notes than Text; or, The German Union of the Twenty-two, a New Secret Order for the Benefit of Humanity*, I find a good many allusions in letters to Bertuch, but not enough to reconstruct the story.

Works on Freemasonry again appear. Possibly it was Bode, great among freemasons, who conducted literature of this kind to Goschen's firm. Thus I find "*The Jesuits expelled from Freemasonry*, translated from the French," and "*Scotch Freemasonry compared with the Three Vows of the Order and the Secret of the Templars, from the Fourteenth Century*, translated from the French." Religious books and school-books also

* *Vide* Chapter V. p. 113.

† Born 1756, not to be confounded with the French author of the famous fables.

play a considerable part. A speculation by Ewald, *Should and can the Religion of Jesus be a Universal Religion?* was upon the list; whilst a French work, *Letter to the Exegetical and Philanthropic Society concerning the Phenomena of Animal Magnetism and Somnambulism*, represented another side of public interest in those days. A classical book, the *Agricola* of Tacitus, edited with notes and a German translation by Engel, also made its appearance, the forerunner of future editions of the classics which made a great stir in the German literary world.

But amongst all the names which for the first time graced Goschen's catalogue at the Easter Fair of 1789, there was one which was of unequalled importance to him. The veteran Wieland now joined Goethe and Schiller on the list, not simply as the editor of the *Mercury*, which Goschen only sold on commission, but with acknowledged products from his own pen. In November, 1788, he offered my grandfather "an excellent little work in French," entitled *Natural Ethics*, by Necker, supposed to be the brother of the famous minister, which had been sent him with the request that he would revise it and see to its being printed. Goschen readily promised a small honorarium, and received the following characteristic reply, in which business and pride of authorship are rather amusingly blended (November 27, 1788) :—

"Here, my dear Goschen, I send you the first half of *Natural Ethics*. You will but too clearly see the time and trouble it has cost me to lick the young cub of my Swiss friend into shape. I wouldn't have touched it if I had known that I should find so much to do upon it; but now it is done, and you will at least receive a very nice little work which has certainly not lost under my file.

"I could not help garnishing it here and there with my observations—these, too, will not hurt the thing; and, lastly, I also promise you a little preface, and the name of Wieland under it, if you should consider it a talisman which would entice all the more admirers to the little bijou.

"But, dear friend, since I, as you know, am so situated as to have to place some metallic value on all my expenditure of head and time, the larger share which I now have in this little work will have to cost you a few extra ducats, and I think you will not think it inequitable if I ask you to multiply the half-dozen by two."

Still, though Wieland's preface might be a "talisman," the book was by a foreigner, and not equal to an original work by the great German author. At last, a few days later, Goschen received the offer of this crowning benefit. Wieland had heard that an essay by him, *Thoughts on the Right to Philosophize in Matters of Belief*, published in the *Mercury*, had made a great sensation in Berlin, and that the wish had been expressed that it should be printed separately in order to push its circulation in the German States. Wieland asked Goschen whether he would undertake such an edition, and needless to say the publisher eagerly grasped at the offer.

The essay was accordingly published at the Easter Fair, and thus Wieland, in the face of the literary world, linked himself with the young Leipzig publisher, who was already at this time, by rumour or otherwise, more or less pointed out as the probable successor of the great Erasmus Reich in the favour of this voluminous and popular author.

CHAPTER XV.

GOSCHEN AT BAY—WIELAND—SOME FINE SEED-PLOTS.

EASTER, 1789–1791.

IF the year 1788–1789 had been a period of unceasing anxiety to Goschen, the times which followed were even worse, and shipwreck seemed almost impending. And yet his connections surpassed his most sanguine hopes. It is true that no new writers of much repute were added to the circle of his clients in the catalogues of Michaelmas, 1789, and Easter, 1790, but in the eyes of us of to-day these Fairs were marked by the most splendid works which had yet adorned his lists. The sixth and seventh volumes of Goethe's Collected Works, containing *Tasso* and *Faust*, were then announced, and as the eighth volume had preceded them, the work of publication was complete. Still, as we saw in a former chapter, they were received with no excitement and raised no great sensation, and the issue of these masterpieces scarcely replenished the publisher's exhausted exchequer.

Never were his finances in a more critical state. The condition of the book-trade throughout the year 1789 was disastrous. Immediately after the Easter Fair, Goschen was again compelled to appeal

to Bertuch as the friend whom he judged most likely to be indulgent. Would he allow a balance of what he had to pay on account of the *Pandora* to stand over till Michaelmas? Repayments to him had fallen short of his expectation by 5000 thalers! The most famous firms in the trade had failed to discharge their debts to him. In consideration of his having himself made no profit at all on the endless trouble taken with the *Pandora* for three years, might he at least keep the profits of Bertuch and Kraus in hand for some months, paying interest thereon? He promised to pay two-thirds of the sum (1500 thalers) at Michaelmas, and the rest by the New Year.

"It has been a hard time for me and all my colleagues here. Almost all that was due from the last Michaelmas sales has remained in arrear, probably because the works of the King have been the chief reading of the winter. I thought, the fault might lie in my books, but as Weidmanns' Heirs, Crusius, and Dyk have not fared better, I console myself. I have written this Job's letter with a sensation which flowed hot from my heart into my cheeks, for to be in debt is death to me!"

The *Pandora* had weakened Goschen even more than he thought; he made a great commercial mistake in putting into it so much money and work, but then it was a pet enterprise of one of his greatest patrons and friends!

Bertuch met Goschen's wish, and left the sum due to him in the publisher's hands, at interest, but the Michaelmas Fair (1789) brought matters between the two men to a final crisis. Goschen found, to his profound dismay, that he could not keep his promise of paying off the 1500 thalers. Of 3000 thalers which

were owing to him, he had received only 500. He had borrowed 1500 thalers from a friendly banker, which he had destined for Bertuch, but he had been compelled to employ them in satisfying the poor printers and authors. "What can I do now? Despair? No, not that! Meanwhile I cannot and must not take up more money on loan, so as not to lose my credit. You are in a better position to help yourself out." He sent him a bill payable at Easter, to ensure absolute certainty of payment, and promised to curtail his business.

"Bear in mind that I bought all the paper necessary for Goethe in the summer, and all that was wanted for my four periodicals! You will see I could not entirely restrict my operations. But this winter I must manage it. Besides these periodicals and Goethe's writings and a volume of Schulze's novels, I shall print nothing this winter, and so, with God's help, I shall hope to get 6000 thalers into my hands by Easter."

But he had to confess to Bertuch that, even at this moment of stress, he had advanced Wieland 500 thalers on his great scheme for the publication of his entire Works. He felt bound not to hide this fact, but urged as an excuse that, as the Weidmann firm had issued a declaration of war against him with reference to such a collection, it was imperative on him to bind Wieland to himself all the tighter.

This time the patience of Bertuch and Kraus gave way. The purport of their letters in reply may be judged by Goschen's answer. He wrote to Bertuch in extreme agitation (November 24, 1789)—

"I have not yet read your letter, and unless I can obtain greater command over myself, I won't read it till I have found the money for you, which I shall

hope to be able to do in a week. The beginning of Kraus's letter almost turned my brain. I only read two lines. If I had not lost more by the *Pandora* than I thought I had; if I had not had two-thirds of the copies sent to the commission agents returned to me unsold, I should have sent you 1000 thalers long ago. For that is what I lose. You would never have heard of this if other people had kept their word to me. But, God willing, I shall get over this too, and then never again will I get into similar relations with any other man."

But his agitation did not lame his energies. He formed a desperate resolution, and succeeded in finding the money. Three weeks later, he wrote—

"I laid hold of all my books. I put every account before one of my colleagues, drew my balances, and then went to Küstners (the bankers). 'You have already given me 1500 thalers; I want 1500 more. Ask my friend and comrade in business, Kummer, how I stand! for I must beg you to give me this further sum simply on my own assurances.' Kummer* offered at once to take the 1500 on his own account, but Küstners wouldn't have it. Thus I have escaped from a situation which I could not have endured another fortnight."

No sooner, however, did he realize the strength of his credit and overcome his difficulties, than his hopefulness reasserted its power, and, with renewed confidence, he determined not to be deterred from pushing his business! It might have been supposed that, as his troubles with his friend had driven him to the decision never again to enter on partnership undertakings, so the anxieties from which he had only just escaped would have inculcated on him special lessons of prudence. But no! His philosophy was different. The crisis only stimulated his determination "not to

* A Leipzig publisher of great position.

allow his years to pass unused!" So even to Bertuch, whose insistence on payment had in part brought about the crisis, he explained what it had taught him.

"As all crises serve some good purpose, so this crisis has been useful in showing me that I have no occasion to be timid in my enterprises. By Easter time I shall be able to look every one in the face. I cannot allow my years to pass unused. I *must* bestir myself!"

The evolutions of his temper were rapid, but his courage always crushed his anger and despair! Körner at this time, far from being able to help, was again so pushed for money that he asked Goschen for five pounds! "My exchequer is desperately exhausted this Christmas. How does yours stand? Can you pay 30 thalers to Kunze for me?" The wealthy friend had himself become a necessitous claimant! He added, evidently on hearing that there was a breach of some kind between Bertuch and Goschen—

"I am glad that you no longer stand in close business relations with Bertuch. I honour commercial activity, and the spirit of speculation in every one; but with a man who can play the man of business towards a friend, or rather uses what he calls friendship only for the purposes of business, I would rather have nothing to do."

Still, notwithstanding what had happened, Goschen, who never forgot services rendered him, continued to speak kindly of his friend who had so powerfully pushed his fortunes.

Having occasion to write to Wieland about some plan of Bertuch, he felt compelled to say that he did not think well of it, but he felt a jar in writing as it were in a tone of depreciation of so good a friend

as Bertuch had been to him. He poured out his feelings thus (March 6, 1790)—

"And yet I love this indefatigable and upright man, and am truly his friend. I will serve and respect him as long as I live, although I can never again undertake any mercantile transaction in partnership with him. I must be sole master of my business if I am to say good-bye to it some day with a mind at rest, and if, while I live, I am to have the free disposal of my time, my labour, my brains and my cash."

Unfortunately, even after repayment of the 1500 thalers, Goschen still owed Bertuch money, and I find one or two more letters written in the worst of spirits. Just before the Easter Fair of 1790, he declared he had been "tortured" by this correspondence, though without Bertuch's fault, but from May onwards he hoped to be once more cheerful, gay, and free.

And, to some extent, I gather that his hopes were realized. His letters to Bertuch, which had been so frequent that they almost took the place of a journal, from this time forward became much less numerous. But from other sources it is evident that the result of the Easter and Michaelmas Fairs of 1790 left Goschen at least in a better position than he had ever reached before. The sale of his publications must have made good progress, for we come to a much higher scale of figures altogether. Goschen explained his financial situation to Wieland thus in the month of June of this year (1790)—

"This last Fair has weighed very heavily on me in the way of payments. I have honestly paid 23,000 thalers, and have satisfied everybody up to the last trifle, but 6000 thalers are in arrear to me. Thus for a year I am still unable to get any pleasure out of my money, and am obliged to live most economically,

though I have really some property. Perhaps it is as well. Who knows whether quiet, peaceful happiness, seasoned as it is with a few cares, is not thus all the better sustained and developed?

"I have now drawn the boundary line of my undertakings at Easter, 1791. My plan is only to undertake so much as to have a surplus of some six thousand thalers, in order then seriously to attack our great plan."

Thus, though he was still oppressed by the dead-weight of the lock-up of his small capital, at all events the overwhelming sense of care had now been lifted from the shoulders of the too sensitive man. By the autumn of the same year he really began to see light, and was able to prophesy relief from those cankering anxieties which had really weighed upon him from the earliest days of his publishing career. Friendly intercourse might then, he hoped, take the place of business chafferings in his relations with Bertuch. Thus he tells him (October 8, 1790)—

"Then, when we have separated our *mercantilia* entirely, the ties of our friendship shall be more closely knit. The time when I shall be able to act more freely according as my heart may prompt, is no longer distant. In half a year I shall be free from all care. A heart full of anxieties is not always quite adapted for the finer feelings. Enough if it only faithfully preserves the impressions which it has received."

The efforts of the man of business to prevent the wearing troubles of his heart from submerging "the finer feelings," and dulling the capacities for other than commercial interests, were, in Goschen's case, successful throughout his life.

About the same time (September, 1790), writing to Wieland again on the subject of "our great undertaking," he incidentally summed up his then position

so graphically and in terms which throw so much light on the cause of his successful career, that I cannot do better than quote those passages here as bearing on the story of his issue from the ocean of his embarrassments—

"Now for our great undertaking. I have weighed, for a year and a day, every point which your good feeling suggested for my consideration. Only a word from you, and I am in marching order! God has blessed me more than I ever expected. I only need to pause in other work, and the necessary resources for the execution of our *magnum opus* will be at my disposal. Hitherto I have always at once re-invested in my business every penny that I took out of it. I have denied myself all the enjoyments of life which were not necessary for my support and for the credit of my firm. Thus by sheer force I have raised this firm to some height. Kind people have helped me in that task. Thus last Easter I was able to repay 23,000 thalers, all of which I had invested in my business. So you can see that if I come to a halt with other things, I am able to embark on a new venture.

"I should not wish what I mention as to my prospects in this letter to become known. My simple manner of living has hitherto thwarted envy, and has enabled me to utilize a fortunate concentration of circumstances quietly and unmolested. My success has induced many young people to start a business, but as they were not lucky enough to enlist the interest of authors or the support of capitalists; as, moreover, they had not devoted themselves to the study of business matters from the age of fourteen to that of thirty-two—as I had done—they were unsuccessful, and in a certain sense it is my fault. Iron resolution and a host of cankering worries have been my companions through these six years of my career. After last Easter I saw land ahead at last from the restless ocean of the sphere in which I toiled, and the prospect endowed me once more with the strength of youth. Next Easter I shall be a made man!

"Forgive my gossip. With inexpressible love and esteem, I am ever

"Yours,

"GOSCHEN."

The fierce conflict with his difficulties was gradually drawing to its close. His emancipation from financial bondage was not quite effected at the Fairs of 1791, for we find him then looking forward to 1792 as the time when it would lie in his own hands to meet all his liabilities, and when he would not simply depend upon the punctuality of those who owed money to him; but freedom was in sight, and he looked back with a deep sense of relief to the long period of his desperate struggles. Announcing the near fulfilment of his hopes to Bertuch, in a letter of November 7, 1791, he exclaimed—

"And it is really time, for in the last seven years I have suffered more from the unworthiness of my colleagues than from my own physical nature. I should not like to live through these seven years again; but in half a dozen months they will have been overcome. The fine manly spirit which lends to man dignity and frank cheeriness, which protests against all meannesses, may be lost under pressure of too heavy cares. I have often trembled at the fear of such a loss. But I am conscious that I have preserved that spirit in all the anxieties which weigh me down."

And the time did come at last when he felt his footing firm beneath him. His resources remained limited and his ambitious schemes taxed them severely to the very end. But henceforth we may look on the publisher as standing on a higher plane, able to face his clients and his colleagues in a more confident tone. Bravely and resolutely, "by sheer force," as he wrote himself, he had made his way

up to this point. He was free from partnerships, master of his own business, and the reader will henceforward be less troubled with stories of financial straits, which have necessarily filled a somewhat large space in the history of the man who, starting without means of his own, after a seven years' struggle, was now well advanced on the high-road to fame.

The light of one great success, both literary and financial—indeed I fancy the first great financial hit in my grandfather's career — penetrated the gloom of the dark year 1789. Early in that year Goschen conceived the idea of an *Historical Calendar for Ladies* (*Historischer Kalender für Damen*),* generally known as the *Damen-Kalender*, the second number of which was to be lit up by *The History of the Thirty Years' War* from Schiller's pen, a work which achieved phenomenal fame.

The *Pandora* had been a failure. Fashions became stale by the year's end, so Goschen reasoned, and articles on luxury attracted but a small class of readers. An Annual for ladies was, however, conceivable which would be suitable for all classes of purchasers, namely, an historical Annual, and for such a publication he invoked Wieland's aid.

"'The History of Elizabeth, Queen of England,' might fill one-half in the first year, and the other half would be given up to instances of domestic, civil, and feminine virtues. Would you, dearest Hofrath, undertake the preparation of this half, comprising four or five sheets?"

* The *Kalender* was a little 16mo volume containing about 500 pages. It began with an almanack of the usual kind, the remainder consisted of essays.

Receiving an encouraging answer, Goschen dilated in his usual style of hopeful enthusiasm on its probable influence on women (January, 1789)—

"The hope you hold out of undertaking part of the *Ladies' Historical Calendar* gives me the greatest delight. I thought of entrusting the *History of Elizabeth, Queen of England*, to Archenholtz for this year. If you do not care for him as a colleague, we will leave him out. You, my dearest Hofrath, will, if you are kind enough, undertake all the rest, comprising about five sheets 16mo of small print, in whatever style you please. I thought of devoting this part to the treatment of the subtle development of civil and social virtues and vices in history, which might be likely to influence women's hearts for good. Such an Annual, from one possessing so great a knowledge of the world and of the human heart as Wieland, will be as useful for the public good as the *Help-in-Need Book*.

"We have absolutely no Annual for ladies which could be called a refined popular book for the better classes, and, if you will carry out my wishes, I will answer for its success. Artists and coloured plates I shall not want. The Annual will succeed, and so will other ventures which enable me to offer no inconsiderable honorarium for their elaboration."

On this occasion my grandfather's instincts were absolutely true. The plan of the book and the selection of the contributing authors were specially happy. Archenholtz, "spurred on mightily," as he declared himself, by the idea of appearing in company with a man like Wieland, dealt as proposed with *Elizabeth*, and Wieland suggested four articles "so well chosen, so original and judicious," that they highly delighted the publisher. He had told Wieland (March 11, 1789)—

"Write what you like, the public will gladly read it, and I am sure to gain. I make a sufficiency by all that you write. How greatly I value your kindness in condescending to undertake a task which is

set you! I am aware how distasteful this must be to a Wieland, and can conceive no greater sacrifice to friendship."

When, later, the first part of Wieland's manuscript arrived, Goschen and his wife were both in ecstasies. He wrote (August 2, 1789)—

"I have received your first contribution for the *Historischer Kalender* with the most heartfelt gratitude, and I read the touching outpouring of feeling with which you conclude, with a delight for which I can find no words. It will impress every true heart more than whole volumes of moral precepts and sermons. You have in this memorial to your wife raised at the same time a noble memorial to yourself, and, above all, to your heart."

Brought out in good time before the end of the year (1789), the *Kalender* was everywhere received with acclamation. In December Goschen informed Bertuch that—

"This undertaking has really turned out well. I have only 500 copies left of an edition of 6500. All who receive copies present themselves with demands for more than I can satisfy. So it is in the world that everything depends upon a name. Archenholtz, Chodowiecki, Wieland—I name them alphabetically, as they figure on the title-page—may produce what they like, it will go."

The edition of 6500 did not suffice; extra copies had to be printed off. By March, 1790, 7000 had been sent out.

Such was the result in the first year of the scheme. Successful as the *Kalender* had been when written by Wieland and Archenholtz, it rose to a higher plane, when, in the following year, Schiller filled its pages.

Before proceeding, however, to relate the circumstances under which his *Thirty Years' War* appeared,

I must briefly place some other works on which my grandfather was engaged in 1790–91 before the reader. Scarcely interesting to-day to any but careful students of German literature, some of the books which he published at this time nevertheless made a stir in their day, and were landmarks in his progress to success.

In the course of the year, he had the good fortune to obtain two new books from Wieland's pen, *The Secret History of the Philosopher Peregrinus Proteus*, and *Die Göttergespräche* (*The Dialogues of the Gods*), a political treatise written in the style of Lucian, in which the gods are made to discuss the events of the French Revolution with much pungency.

Goschen's delight was great. He wrote on September 6, 1790—

"All that you offer me of the fruits of your intellect I accept at once, and, certainly, with infinite satisfaction, *The Dialogues of the Gods!* Make your own conditions.

"I am quite content with the terms noted on the margin of your letter, where I have just discovered them — viz. two louis d'or in the case of the first edition, and one louis d'or in the second. In the present state of affairs it is not advisable to print *large* editions. It is by *frequent* editions that we shall frighten the pirates most effectually. But this makes a very low price impossible, and yet we must remain reasonable."

A later letter from Goschen to Wieland (November 11, 1790) bears again on the extreme severity of the Saxon censors. Once more Berlin appears as a centre of enlightened liberality in this respect. In Saxony the rights of man were not to be discussed!

"Accept my sincere thanks for entrusting me with the publication of the *Dialogues*. If the converse of

the gods beyond the Stygian River has such wit and pungency, such reasonableness, such nobility and delicacy of thought, who would not willingly abandon the country on this side and long to join those gods at whom you have been peeping? But so long as the good gods suffer their interpreter to remain at Weimar, we will not push forward too impetuously, but put up, for the present, with sojourning amongst mortals.

"I could not have had the *Dialogues* printed here, dearest friend. Our censors are under an authority (*Collegium*) which always flogs them with rods. The printers in Berlin, who printed your *Ethics*, are to undertake the *Dialogues* also.

"I haven't been able to resist reading your ninth Dialogue which I received an hour ago. I repeat, we couldn't have got it printed here. An order has been just laid on the censor to let nothing pass muster which discusses the rights of man! Heaven grant that the Berliners may be wiser!"

These *Dialogues of the Gods* are very characteristic of Wieland's style and intellect. They exhibit at once his liberal opinions and his constitutional moderation—a very difficult combination in those days when French excesses were driving timid men into more pronounced conservatism, and when, on the other hand, the emancipating process of the French Revolution was awaking deep enthusiasm amongst the *Stürmer und Dränger*. The Thirteenth Dialogue is specially interesting, inasmuch as it displays the extremely hearty appreciation of the British constitution felt by one of the most conspicuous of German writers towards the close of the eighteenth century. Clothed in a mythological dress, Wieland presents a piquant debate on the merits of various forms of government.

The Dialogue is conducted in a council summoned by Juno, to which she has called Semiramis,

Aspasia, Livia, and Elizabeth of England, as those who played the first parts in the first nations of their time, and opens the proceedings by explaining that all the monarchies, of which she is protectress, are threatened by daily increasing dangers. Her spouse has, she says, become of late "a great moralist," he appears to favour democracy, and sets limits to her zeal in favour of the good cause. She sketches the careers of these her colleagues, saying of "Elizabeth" that she "bequeathed to the world the unique example of an absolute reign over a free people, by whom she was adored, and to preserve whose affection and esteem was her highest ambition." What do they advise as to the best means of hindering the downfall of surviving monarchies, of restoring the lustre of the throne, regaining the confidence of the people, and rendering impossible such upheavals as they had witnessed of late?

"Semiramis," speaking first, recommends monarchical despotism as the simplest and most efficacious of all forms of government. Such a form of government came to early races with the Divine stamp upon it, and the conqueror and king became naturally their divinely ordained ruler. There was no single example, to her knowledge, of untutored races choosing a democratic or aristocratic rule.

Semiramis developed her thesis at such great length that Juno indulged in a humorous aside to Livia: "Who would have imagined that this old Queen of Babylon could be such a chatterbox?"

But Semiramis has more to say. Acknowledging the falling off of monarchial institutions from their original purity, and the anarchical trend of events, she holds that the evil should be stopped at its

source. The remedy which she suggests—evidently a skit on the blind autocrats who dreamt of stemming the Revolutionary tide by absurd reactionary measures—is to withdraw from all but a privileged class the liberty to discuss human rights, law-making, and government. The study of philosophy, above all, should be made impossible save to a few to whom learning should be entrusted. As for the boasted enlightenment of the times, it seemed that in this, as in all things, extremes met; it had now reached its highest development with the result that the general desire was for primitive simplicity.

Aspasia combats these views of Semiramis, contending that with the Western nomadic tribes, accustomed to freedom, the king was never the despot of the East. She concedes that government by one ruler is the most natural form. She instances Pericles, Scipio Africanus, and Andreas Doria. Pericles was skilful enough to let the Athenians impose no commands on him save what he thought advisable, and clever enough to do nothing on his own responsibility save what was pleasing to the people. Far from agreeing with Semiramis as to checking the flow of enlightenment, Aspasia believes that to rob a nation of its inherited stores of learning is impossible, such knowledge being the "property of humanity, like air and sunshine." She recommends for the security of monarchies, that kings should leave full play to all human capacity, furthering intellectual progress like Pericles, who by engaging the attention of the nation in art and learning, thereby diverted it from interference in matters of state.

Livia, the wife and counsellor of Augustus Cæsar, speaks of his sway over the Roman Empire.

Fortune it was, she says, in part that raised him to the throne. But once there, he had the wit to make himself of no account; he deferred in all to the people, deceiving them when necessary, for with a corrupt nation like the Romans deception was an imperative necessity. But she recognizes the responsibility of kingship; the best and strongest should reign, and he who was incapable of bearing the crown, should resign it.

Elizabeth, the last and most eloquent speaker, points out the futility of attempting any return to the primitive relations of king and people. Such dreams, such hoodwinking of the people, were but sops to Cerberus, mere palliatives of an ill which must break forth again; and even the "political coquetry, with which she herself once courted the favour of her capricious people," deserved no better name. The time must come to every nation when the choice must be made of living under civic law, or of a return to primitive conditions. Under one condition only could the first be carried out; and then Elizabeth characteristically dallies around this unspoken condition, till Juno says, "You make me nearly as impatient as you made your lovers of old, Queen Bess!"

Then at last Elizabeth unfolds her great idea—that nothing but a Constitution, defining clearly the rights of all classes of citizens, and guarded against all encroachment, could save kingdoms from ruin. *Deception* would but raise a mist, to be dispersed by the light of reason; *force* would but hasten terrible catastrophes; a Constitution was the only means of salvation.

True it was that those who had power would be

loth to circumscribe it. Had it not cost England the head of one king and the crown of another ere his successors recognized the rights asserted by the nation? And when Juno, still pleading for her favourites, says that kings are wiser now, that Elizabeth trusts too little to the fatherly instinct of the ruler, Elizabeth replies, with a touch of cynicism, "I myself was a queen!" Juno must make allowance for her incredulity.

The outcome of the discussion is that Juno decides to send Iris to the god of dreams, who shall cause all kings and princes to dream of the harmony that Elizabeth's ideal might produce, and of the misery certain to follow a departure from such an ideal. And so the council of ladies is dismissed by the presiding goddess.

Such was the use to which Wieland put his mythological illustrations, such the means by which he sought access to the minds of German potentates. While Goethe was purifying taste by works of the highest art, producing masterpieces to live for all time; while Schiller was raising the whole tone of literature by the loftiness of his conceptions and the simple magnificence of his diction, and, like Goethe, working for posterity;—Wieland was active, as will have been seen, in a different field, striving to influence his contemporaries in the sphere of politics, and laying humour and irony under contribution to steady men's minds in a period of chaotic agitation.

My grandfather was an enthusiastic ally in such a crusade!

While Goschen was at this time contracting his

operations, and possibly modifying that dangerous tendency to which he had himself confessed—to re-invest every penny of his modest capital as soon as any part of it was set free,—it would have been quite unlike his energetic character to have carried out his new policy of contraction too rigidly. He wrote to Wieland, in June, 1790—

"I am issuing this year some splendid things: *Peregrinus Proteus*—an excellent work by Thümmel (this *sub rosâ*)—Alxinger's *Bliomberis*, Schiller's *Historical Calendar*, Schulze's *Leopoldine*, and Reinhold's *Continuation of the Philosophical Letters*. These are fine seed-plots which promise a fair harvest, but it will be at the expense of much anxiety."

Alxinger had followed up his *Doolin of Mainz* by a new poem, entitled *Bliomberis*. He had worked on it "with love, almost with passion," and had consequently been rather afraid of the Vienna censor. The poem had, however, been sanctioned, and Goschen had forwarded the specimen sheets in August. Alxinger was delighted with the paper and printing, though he found fault with the proof-reader—"the most careless and obstinate donkey in Germany."

Another of "the fine seed-plots" was a work by August von Thümmel. A student at Leipzig University during the Seven Years' War, he had there made the acquaintance of Gellert, Gottsched, Weisse, and other distinguished *literati*. Among them was Boie, who in later years was editor of the *Deutsche Museum*, one of the four periodicals issued by Goschen. Boie for a time was in the service of the Saxe-Coburg Court, of which Thümmel, too, had been a member, first as an equerry, afterwards as

a Privy Councillor and Minister of the Duke. It was in consequence of a whimsical wager with Boie, as to whether it was possible to express one's self as powerfully and cleverly in German as in French, that Thümmel was incited to try his hand at literature, and composed a mock-heroic poem in prose, *Wilhelmina; or, The Married Pedant.* It was issued anonymously by Reich in 1762, and was greeted with universal applause. Goethe called it "an ingenuous composition, as agreeable as it was bold," and Lessing was struck with it to such a degree that he wrote to a friend, "I thank you for having drawn my attention to *Wilhelmina.* I do not know the author, and God grant that he is a man whom neither of us knows, for thus Germany will have one genius more."*

A second poetical narrative by Thümmel, *The Inoculation of Love*, was frequently assigned to Wieland, who was so pleased with it that in a letter to Reich he expressed the wish that he had written it himself. These two works had speedily made their author famous, but it was not till after an interval of nineteen years that he recommenced his literary labours.

Thümmel had been brought into relations with Goschen in 1786, when he announced himself as a subscriber for four copies of Goethe's works. After the

* *Wilhelmina* was translated into several languages, and was received in all Europe with curiosity. The author of *Le Roman d'une Impératrice* mentions that in 1781 Catherine the Great of Russia, the correspondent of Voltaire, the intimate friend of Grimm, put her hand on the poem of Thümmel, while she remained ignorant of the existence of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. As eccentric in her choice and appreciation of books as ever any woman was, this German princess had also read with delight a novel of Nicolai, imitated from *Tristram Shandy.*—*Vide* Waliszewski, *Le Roman d'une Impératrice*, p. 436.

death of Reich he followed Wieland's example, and transferred his patronage to Goschen, who thus gained another valuable client.

The work which Thümmel was now proposing to publish was his *Reise Roman* (a romance of travel), his wittiest and most important production. Having suffered heavy pecuniary losses, it was an object to him to make his labour as remunerative as possible, and he exacted excellent terms. The honorarium which Goschen paid for ten thin volumes amounted ultimately to 5000 thalers—a very large sum indeed compared with the remuneration of other authors.

The *Travels* began to appear in 1791, but the last volume was not issued till 1805. Their success was only moderate. Schiller condemned them severely. They "had a light tone, but were flat, often shallow, and did not betray much *esprit*." They had been loudly trumpeted, but he had expected something better. Goschen told Wieland that he was very well satisfied with the way in which *The Travels* were going, but that he did not expect to be particularly fortunate in the venture, as he heard that many people did not know what to make of the book.

In the printing of Alxinger's and Thümmel's works Goschen made his first step forward in his efforts to improve typography. We have seen that Goethe and Schiller had not been slow in earlier years to find fault with the printing of their works, and Goschen was now straining every nerve to raise the reputation of his publications in respect of outward appearance. Wieland was greatly impressed with the splendid edition of *Bliomberis*. He wrote (March, 1791)—

"Dear, dear Goschen, on what undertakings you are embarking! Or do you really stand so with *Doolin*, which, as far as I know, was received with much indifference, that, out of gratitude, you make a first edition of *Bliomberis*, on which you run the risk of losing all that you may gain by Thümmel's *Travels* and other books?"

Wieland then pointed out how not only the price of so fine an edition, but the discomfort of a large book, might damage the sales. Doubtless he had the future of his own collected works in his mind and trembled for the success of splendid quartos. Largely endowed with the vanity of an author, he had little sympathy with the vanity of a publisher.

But Goschen himself had no fears as to the success of his typographical experiments practised on works of high merit. He thanked Wieland for his friendly anxiety, but assured him that he had nothing to fear. The edition of Alxinger's *Doolin* was almost exhausted. This gave him courage for *Bliomberis*. He would lose nothing by it, even if he did not gain.

But amongst the "splendid things" which Goschen announced with pride to Wieland as issuing from his firm and promising a fair harvest when he wrote in June, 1790, none equalled in contemporary importance, and none could even distantly approach in the verdict of posterity, the *History of the Thirty Years' War*, Schiller's historical masterpiece, which filled the second number of the *Damen-Kalender*, as will now be told.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCHILLER'S MARRIAGE—THE *HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.*

1789–1791.

SCHILLER, during th ese years with which we are now concerned, filled so large a place in my grandfather's thoughts and business, that the various phases through which he was passing, apart from their great intrinsic interest, could scarcely be omitted from this biography.

The poet had been in a very unsettled condition of mind since the summer of 1789, when he had engaged himself to Lotte von Lengefeld, and he had found his University labours most distasteful. The reader will remember the earnest and humorous apologies which he sent to Goschen before his visit to Leipzig in August of that year. At that time the eighth number of the *Thalia*, promised a year before, was still unfinished; and it was not till October that he was able to send Goschen an extract from the second volume of the *Geister-seher*, to complete it. The belated number appeared in December, and contained some other fine contributions from Schiller's pen. But for the ninth, issued almost immediately afterwards, he had written nothing. In the press of his business and in his unsettled state of mind, he had persuaded Huber

to edit it, and had endeavoured, but in vain, to induce Körner to take charge of the tenth. In view of the extraordinary irregularity with which the periodical appeared, and the uncertainty respecting Schiller's own contributions, it is wonderful that it should have continued to hold its own at all; and yet, as Schiller informed Körner, Goschen was keen on it, because, after all, "it was at least making so much way that he made a profit from it." And to Schiller himself, his remuneration as editor, which was at the rate of so much a number, was at this particular time of very great importance.

During November and December, 1789, Schiller's letters to Körner were full of domestic budgets. He reckoned up his income and his chances over and over again. He now hoped that when he married, the Duke would at least assign him a salary of 200 thalers. His lectures ought to bring him as much again. His private classes had been a failure. There had been a muddle about the notices given, and the students had disposed of their ducats elsewhere. But his literary work would help him out, and easily make up the 600 thalers which he needed.

In a later letter Schiller sketched another budget, on the basis of a joint *ménage* with Frau von Lengefeld, her daughter Caroline, and the latter's husband. Lotte would get 200 thalers from her mother for her personal expenses; he would require an equal sum for his. Thus 500 thalers would be all that he would want to earn, and this sum he "contemplated drawing from the *Thalia* alone." He would then keep over the receipts from the *Memoirs*. In this new phase he excluded all revenue from Jena. He would ask for a salary which would be refused. He would then throw

up his appointment. His mother-in-law, *liée* as she was with the nobility, and his wife, would feel out of place in Jena amongst his *bourgeois* friends. They and he would be exposed to every kind of shabby annoyance. Much better to settle down in Rudolstadt. One reason was decisive. He wished, living as a private person for four or five years in a happy frame of heart and mind, to be able to give his spirit that strength and maturity which alone would furnish him with the necessary confidence for a second public appearance, and then, after all, literary cultivation was the highest aim for which he had to strive. "But how can I reach it as a schoolmaster at a University?"

Körner was delighted at the evolution. From the beginning he had hated the University scheme. He now wrote that it positively disgusted him. But his satisfaction was of short duration. A day or two afterwards he learnt from Schiller that Frau von Lengefeld had consented to his immediate marriage, and, to please her and his father, he would endure the academic life a few years longer. The Duke would probably assign him 200 thalers after all.

Once more (December, 1789) he reconstructed his domestic forecast, this time in rose-coloured tones! He would continue to live in the house which he was inhabiting, hiring some more rooms. His old landladies would look after the table. He would only want a maid for Lottchen and a servant for himself.* Thus the start, the most difficult stage, would be made easy for him. "Poetical as I may appear to you, you would doubt it if you were to surprise us

* The idea of a joint *ménage* with Frau von Lengefeld was given up.

in our new domestic arrangements." And he had had a most timely windfall! "Goschen gives me four hundred thalers for an essay on the *Thirty Years' War* for his *Historischer Kalender*. The work is easy as the materials are so rich. These 400 thalers come to me at a most fortunate moment."

If the 400 thalers were useful to Schiller, Goschen on his side was no less pleased. He had won Schiller for the periodical to which Wieland and Archenholtz had given so propitious a start, and, while at this time pressed for money to a most uncomfortable degree, paid Schiller for his work nearly a year in advance—for the second issue of the *Damen-Kalender* would not appear till the following Michaelmas at the soonest.

So far as may be gathered from Schiller's letters, he does not appear to have told many of his friends, or his family generally, of his engagement till the time had come for discussing the date of the wedding, but he assumed that rumour had been busy. He wrote as follows to my grandfather to announce his happy prospects (January 6, 1790)—

"Pardon me my long silence in reply to your last letter, dearest friend. You will gladly pardon me when I tell you the cause of my neglect. It is an excuse which even holds good in the gospel. I have taken a wife, therefore I cannot—write.

"Taken; no, I have not taken her yet, but have wooed her! and it won't be very long before I do take her. Prepare yourself with your congratulations, my friend, and, as a young husband, draw up rules of conduct. When we see each other again, which I hope will be soon, you will already find me a—husband.

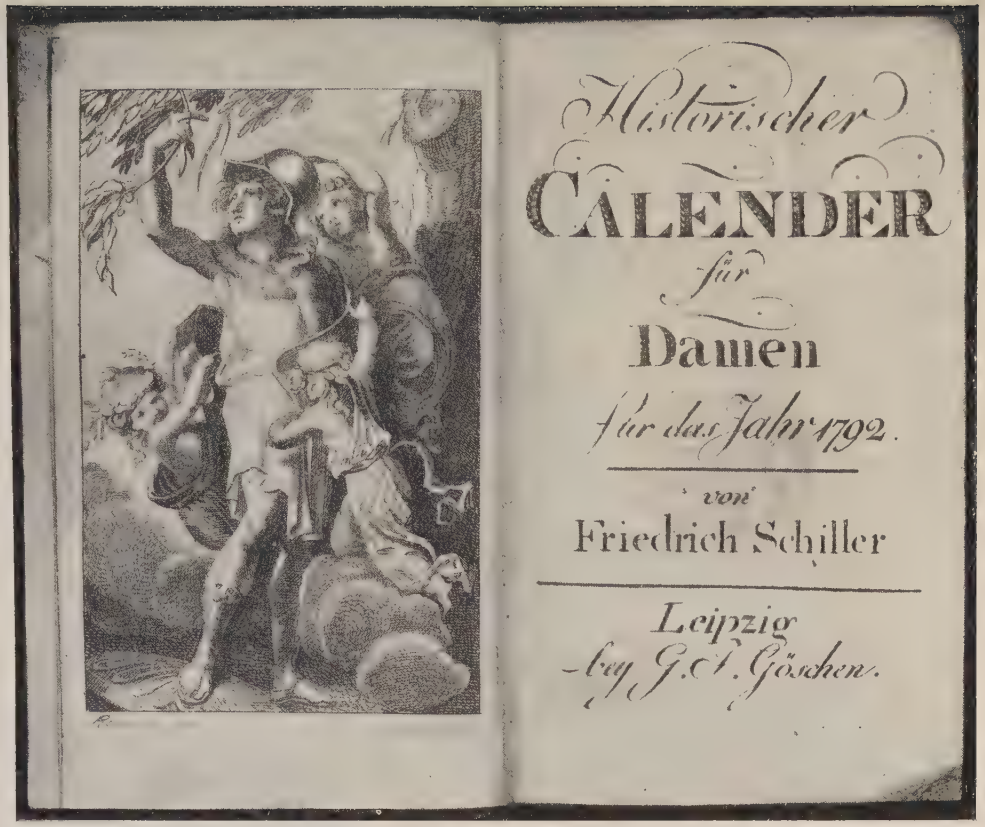
"If you had paid me a visit at Rudolstadt last year with Kunze, I should not have to describe her

to you now. Perhaps you have guessed her already. She is the Fräulein of whom, I expect, I have talked or written to you—the magnet which, for the last two summers, has drawn me to Rudolstadt. It has been all right now since three weeks ago, that is to say, with the mother; rather longer with the daughter, as you will probably imagine.

"My good Duke makes me a wedding present of a little pension, and other circumstances are such that I can venture on an establishment of my own. Perhaps I may be able to write to you about my wedding at the beginning of next month; if not, certainly at Easter. I shall work with all the more pleasure at our *Kalender*, dearest friend, and it will turn out all the better for the ladies, when I have one at home whom I can consult. You may count on there being no delay on my side. At the beginning of August my manuscript will be in your hands."

The wedding came off on the 21st of February, 1790, very quietly, in a village near Jena, an arrangement by which the professor gave his colleagues and the students the slip. "The secret has been kept beyond my expectation, and all the plots of the students and professors to surprise me were thus baffled." "The service was conducted with closed doors by a Kantian theologian, and was a very amusing scene to me." And the married man was thoroughly happy and contented. His spirit, so he declared, was beautified, nourished, and refreshed! His existence had entered on a harmonious stage. Not in passionate excitement, but in restful serenity his days flowed on.

Meanwhile Schiller's friends were deeply interested in his new condition, and speculated with much friendly anxiety on the effects which it would have on his life and work. Körner had written (January 26, 1790)—



FACSIMILE OF WRAPPER OF THE *HISTORISCHER CALENDER FÜR DAMEN.*

[*To face p.* 376, *Vol. I.*

"I rejoice in your present joy, but I believe, too, I am justified in hoping much for your future life from this union. You have chosen a wife according to your individual needs, uninfluenced by paltry considerations, and on no other road was it possible for you to find the treasure of domestic happiness of which you stood in need. You are not capable of living as an isolated being only for selfish enjoyment.

"Sometimes some lively idea, which creates in you an intoxicating feeling of your superiority, drives out all personal attachment for a time; but the need for loving and being beloved soon returns to you. I know the spasmodic pulses of your friendship, but I understand them, and they do not remove you from me. They are necessary to your character, and bound up with other things which I would not wish to have different. It will be the same with your love, and I could wish nothing better to your wife on her wedding-day than the talent not to misunderstand you in such moments."

Körner's wish was fulfilled.

Wieland wrote to Goschen two days after the marriage—

"Though I shall not take any part in the second issue of the *Historischer Kalender*, I take none the less a keen interest in its prosperous continuation. You will oblige me by letting me know whether Schiller has kept his word to you with respect to the *Thirty Years' War*—circumstances make me doubt it. It is now a couple of days since (as you probably know) he was married to a very amiable Fräulein von Lengefeld, and Heaven grant that this new condition may contribute largely to cure him of that overwroughtness (*Überspannung*) which has been damaging to him in some respects, though it has been the basis of his great reputation and of the rare *faveur populaire* of his dramatic works. So soon as he has settled down and has become more restful in his inner self, he will without fail be one of the first men of our time, just as he is one of the best men whom I know."

Goschen replied (March 6, 1790)—

"Schiller has quite lately assured me that I might depend upon him. I count a great deal on my good luck with Schiller and on his friendship. Hitherto he has never left me in the lurch. If Schiller could only succeed in mastering himself to the point of making some definite plan for the disposal of his time, I do not doubt his success. That excellent Frau von Kalb has deserved well of Schiller in many respects. I only wish she would give some hint to her friend's young wife, which love would know how to put to use for the happiness of the future. With respect to this happiness, it seems to me that the dice are on the table. Either his new state will lead Schiller up to steadiness and order, or else the new cares of the doubled necessities of life will weigh him down to the earth. I live in a state of anxiety about this such as has never come over me before in any case which has evoked my sympathies. I have loved few men so well as I have loved this man."

My grandfather was generous in his statement that Schiller had never left him in the lurch, if we remember the many cases where the poet had been compelled to plead for pardon.

As for "that excellent Frau von Kalb," she was in no humour at this time to give the young bride good advice. Stormy scenes had occurred between her and Schiller just before his marriage, and he had written in great wrath about her to Lotte.

Before long Schiller reported himself to my grandfather as a married man (March 16, 1790)—

"Since the 21st of February I have been a married man, and am rejoicing in all the beauty of domestic life. My whole outer and inner being has gained by the change, and it is only from henceforth that I can properly date my life. Be sure to come here very soon, dear Goschen; do not grudge me the pleasure

of receiving you in my domestic circle and making you the witness of my happiness. Come with your Jette, and let us knit a friendly tie between you both and my Lotte."

Soon after his marriage Schiller was busily engaged on the *Kalender*. In May he wrote to Körner, still in a spirit of radiant happiness and confident activity—

"The holidays are over, and I am at work again, but more for Goschen than for the University, and I do not allow business matters to spoil the lovely May days for me.

"After all, life is quite different by the side of a dear wife than when one is deserted and alone, even in the summer.

"Now, for the first time, I thoroughly enjoy the beauties of nature, and myself in her. Again poetic shapes cluster round about me, and once more I feel the quickening in my heart. Depend upon it, the *rôle* of University coach shall never do me damage. It is true I shall never qualify myself for a pattern professor; but you know for that post I was never intended by Providence. So expect few students' manuals from me, but all the more certainly something beyond that. For my pleasure, and also that I may do something for my two hundred thalers, I am giving private lectures on Universal History, also giving a public lecture on that part of æsthetics which treats of tragedy. Do not imagine that I am consulting a book on æsthetics for the purpose—I construct the æsthetics myself, and they are none the worse for that, I fancy."

Goschen at this time must have been specially pleased that his famous client was working more for him than for the University, and his hopes were high. He "counted on his good luck with Schiller"—a confidence justified by the increasing enthusiasm with which the public hailed every fresh product of

his pen. But such hopes were gravely threatened by the state of Schiller's health, which soon aroused much anxiety. Whether from overwork or from other causes, he began, in August, 1790, to show the first symptoms of that long illness which at one time threatened to cut short his life. His wife wrote on his behalf to Goschen to explain the delay in forwarding the manuscript of the *Thirty Years' War* (August 6, 1790)—

"My husband charges me to ease your mind with reference to the non-arrival of the manuscript this week, but he wants you to know that next week all arrears shall be made good, as he will give up lecturing in order to be able to finish this piece of work undisturbed. You will oblige me very much if you will present my respects to your wife, though I have not the pleasure of knowing her. My husband begs to send you his best remembrances, and you will allow me to assure you of my devotion.

"LOTTE SCHILLER, *née* VON LENGEFELD."

On this occasion the arrears seem to have been promptly made up. Early in September Schiller was able to write thus to his Dresden friend—

"At last I have finished my troublesome work on the *Thirty Years' War*, but have not got further than the battle of Breitenfeld. The whole will be concluded next year. You can imagine how heartily glad I am. The Fair will be supplied pretty freely by me this time, without much that is good. There will be two numbers of the *Thalia*, a volume of *Memoirs*, and then the *Kalender*."

To Goschen he wrote about the same date: "A thousand good wishes for the approaching Fair. I should send up prayers for you and your undertaking, if I stood on the necessary footing with Heaven;" and in a further letter he bids the publisher

to have no anxiety about the continuation of the *Thirty Years' War*. He should be less distraught than in this his wedding-year. As a matter of fact, Schiller had been unusually punctual this year; and, for the first time, I note the absence of continued pressure for money. But this was soon to recur.

At last the preparation of the *Kalender* was quite completed, and Schiller was highly delighted at the way in which it had been got up. His unusual satisfaction with all that had been done and his effusive gratitude for the remuneration which Goschen gave him, are happily expressed in the following letter (October 27, 1790)—

"My best and kindest thanks for the *Kalenders* which you have forwarded to me, and which have turned out very brilliantly. My own copy you have sent in such a tasteful dress, that I fancy myself most particularly in it. I shall not let this copy leave my hands, and I shall always value it as a memento of my friend. I cannot tell you, dear friend, how full of impatient expectation I am to hear of the success of our *Kalender*, more impatiently anxious than I could be about the issue of a battle. You have ventured on a large, bold throw, and for your courage alone you deserve to gain thousands, and only when you have gained some thousands, begin to think of me. You have not paid me, but rewarded me, and you have exceeded the wishes even of the most exacting author.

"In a few weeks, dearest friend, the Fair will be quite over, and then I count on seeing you in my home. My wife, too, wishes very much to enjoy you for a longer time. You will lodge with us, and then we will gossip till the morning dawns. I have several ideas which I want to place before you, and which you will not reject.

"Good-bye, dearest friend.

"Ever yours,

"SCHILLER."

The boldness of Goschen's venture consisted in the size of the edition. Schiller wrote to his father that the printing, engravings, binding, and honorarium would cost Goschen 4500 thalers, but that he was reckoning on a sale of 7000 copies and more, and to Körner he also wrote in a tone of great solicitude for the publisher—

"Heaven grant that Goschen may have reason to be contented, since he must print off 6000 copies to cover the costs. I am only too glad that he assures me from time to time, directly and through others, that my work has satisfied his expectations."

It is pleasant to see how exuberantly at this time Schiller's heart went out to his liberal paymaster, whose bold and capable management had done so much to ensure success, and with what friendly anxiety he longed to hear that the publisher had not missed his profits. He wrote to him a little later (November 5, 1790)—

"Next Wednesday, dearest friend, will be my birthday, which you promised to celebrate with me in my room. Be sure to keep your promise. My wife unites her request with mine. Do come if your business at all allows it. Champagne shall flow; and in between we will talk a little sense also. You will lodge with me; you need not trouble yourself with any other visits if you would rather not. I can invite Hufeland if you want to talk to the *Litteratur-Zeitung*. Once more, try to make it possible.

"The Duke of Weimar writes in a very obliging way about my *Kalender*. He has sent a copy to the Duke of Brunswick. People tell me that I ought to treat the *Thirty Years' War* more in detail, and to utilize the Weimar archives for it.

"I am impatient to hear how you are satisfied with the sales up till now. Snatch me out of my impatience as to how you are getting on. Write to me! Come to me! Good-bye."

The Duke of Weimar's letter spoke of the *Kalender* as "a beautiful and remarkable work," and Schiller appreciated the prince's compliment very much, for he mentioned it to Körner almost in the same words as to Goschen, adding—

"I hear much that is nice about it. I scarcely know how I have got all this honour so cheaply. I think the *Kalender* won't hang on Goschen's hands. They tell me everywhere that the other Historical annuals lag very much behind it in external appearance, and, as to the contents, I hope they don't compete with ours. Goethe was very much pleased with the engravings."

The publisher as well as the writer had done his part well.

But more than all this, Körner the critical, Körner who had persistently thrown cold water on Schiller's historical efforts, was pleased at last. He expressed the warmest admiration of the masterly arrangement of the subject-matter, the vivid pictures of events and characters, and the philosophic ideas which underlay the whole. The ornamental style of the *Rebellion of the Netherlands*, which had been founded on that of *Don Carlos*, had been exchanged for the more restrained style of Schiller's later prose writings, and prepared the way for the classical grace and dignity of his great dramas. Schiller himself thought that rapidity of execution had helped to improve his diction.

As to the magnitude of the sales, Schiller wrote to his father, that the 7000 copies of his *Kalender* had been sold as expected—a larger number than any piece of writing had reached for many years. And not only in Germany had the success been great.

Schiller congratulated himself that even in foreign countries he had not shamed his patron, the Duke.

The great impression made by his *Thirty Years' War* encouraged Schiller to contemplate the execution of an idea which had long been afloat in his mind, namely, to write a German *Plutarch.* The finance of the project had taken a very definite form in his mind. The honorarium received for the *Thirty Years' War* justified high expectations, and he expressed himself thus, rather cavalierly, to Körner—

"Goschen has every reason to reckon on an unusual sale, because the work will be important both for the learned and for the general reading world, for women and the young. I shall demand three louis d'or from him, so that I may derive about 700 thalers from it. If he sells 2000 he will retain a profit of 800 thalers. I won't work the thing out for a cheaper price, or I shall take another publisher."

These last words seem a little ungracious if contrasted with the more than satisfaction with his treatment by my grandfather which Schiller had so eloquently expressed to him only a few weeks before. The shower of compliments through which he was passing not unnaturally created a sense of triumphant authorship and of absolute command over the literary market. It was a different phase of feeling from that under which he had written his eager letter of gratitude and comradeship, when he invited Goschen to share his lodging, drink his champagne, and gossip with him till morning dawned. Körner, in reply to Schiller's letter, expressed the view that only the fear of being pirated would make Goschen shy, "otherwise, I should think, you would easily come to terms with him, and in the last resource another publisher

would easily be found." Generally, Körner approved of the project; but, like many others which floated through Schiller's fertile brain, it was not carried out.

The spell of hopeful activity which the poet dreamt at this time was about to open out to him, was, alas! almost immediately cut short. At this very moment when the dawn of good fortune was lighting up his horizon with such rosy colours, and when his early confidence in himself seemed to be justified by the ever-increasing love and admiration and favour of the public, he was laid low by another illness which left its mark upon him for the rest of his too brief life.

The following letter to my grandfather was written when he was first struck down (January 12, 1791):—

"A journey to Erfurt which I took during the Christmas vacation, and a cold which I caught then and which kept me in bed for a few days, must be my excuse, dear friend, for your not having received till so late the thanks of Lotte and myself for your beautiful, beautiful present! You gave my wife and me indescribable pleasure by it. My Lotte is full of impatience to thank you by word of mouth, and you can come any day. I am longing to see you. Perhaps in this mild weather your Jette may be able to accompany you. You deserve a holiday. Don't defer it any longer. I don't write anything about business, as I count upon being able to tell you everything by word of mouth."

But before the ink was dry on this cheery, friendly letter, Schiller was completely prostrated by a fresh and aggravated attack. For more than a fortnight he was dangerously ill, hovering for some time between life and death. And money troubles now once more beset him, and must have cast a deeper gloom over the long painful hours during which he

wrestled with his disease; for no sooner was he able to hold a pen again than he was compelled to make an appeal for funds. He wrote to Goschen, on the 28th of January, 1791—

"You were good enough, dear friend, to send me advances last Easter for the *Damen-Kalender*. Would you do me the same kindness this year? Counting upon your goodness, I have drawn a bill of exchange upon you for 60 louis d'ors (300 thalers). Do me the favour to accept it, and bear me no malice for the liberty I have taken. No more to-day, dear friend. These are the first lines I have written for seventeen days, for I am just slowly beginning to recover from a severe chest complaint which nearly killed me. Next mail day I hope to be able to write you more.

"Adieu.

"Yours always,

"SCHILLER."

Already during these bouts of that cruel disease of the chest which so often threatened, and ultimately took, his life, Schiller showed extraordinary spirit and strength in fighting down the disasters which laid him low. The poet, with all his extreme sensibility, his idealism, his romance, was cast in a heroic mould, and his splendid powers were simply purified by the fiery ordeal of continued physical suffering.

It was not till near the end of February that Schiller felt well enough to resume his correspondence with Körner, and to send him the details of his illness. He had passed through a terrible crisis; but excellent nursing had pulled him through, and the untiring attention and sympathy of the members of his classes had much assuaged his sufferings But the popular professor had to give up his professorial work; the Duke graciously relieved him of his

University duties, and for the rest of the year Schiller was practically working for Goschen alone. Yet glimpses into his mental habits, during the long season of his convalescence, reveal no lassitude. Scarcely risen from his sick-bed, he wrote to Körner, "You won't guess what I am now reading and studying; nothing worse than Kant." This was his light intellectual diet—his recreation. But he was sorry he would not be free from work during the summer; he would have to set to on the *Thirty Years' War*.

A certain indisposition to face the labour of writing is apparent for some time to come. The work for the *Kalender*, as we know, pre-occupied him most, and a revision of *Carlos* for a new edition, and projected additions to the *Geister-seher* were discussed in letters to Goschen; but, with few exceptions, these were the only letters, besides those to Körner, and a few to his family, which he wrote for many months.

One of these exceptions was a very grateful letter to Wieland. The fine old veteran, vain and egotistic as he undoubtedly was, displayed a splendid breadth of sympathy towards Schiller, and a wonderful absence of jealousy. The reader may remember the pathetic manner in which he introduced this "pre-eminent young man" as his coadjutor in the *Mercury*. Now, again, in the pages of the *Mercury*, he inserted so favourable a notice of Schiller's last achievement that the latter was deeply touched. Most heartily the poet thanked Wieland for this fine memorial (*Denkmal*) of his love, for that was the light in which he regarded the review. "It was a flower of joy which I found on my return to life, and I could not have found it blossoming at a more fortunate time."

In May the poet, for the third time, succumbed to

another terrible attack, the medical features of which he described to my grandfather in most minute detail. He had thought that his last hour had come; but when he wrote he was able to hope that his health would gradually improve. "For our *Kalender*," he said, "I must admit these accidents are not very favourable." Towards the close of the letter he recurred to questions of finance in words which were, indeed, pleasant reading for the publisher as well as for the affectionate friend.

"From your account, which you send me, I have once more realized how great my obligations are to you, and how much your kindness makes that a duty to me, which, indeed, my own heart would teach me without any stimulus from without. Rely upon it, my beloved friend, that I shall do all that may lie in my power to link my good fortune with your interest, and to think of both as inseparable."

Sincerity and friendship rang in these precious words, and Goschen doubtless stored them in his memory with happy content.

Meanwhile, Körner, that most faithful friend, was anxiously watching over Schiller's welfare, on the look out for any financial stress which he might help to mitigate. Goschen was consulted as to what amount of cash Schiller might rely on at his hands, and the answer was reassuring. Körner wrote—

"Goschen has eased my mind very much as to your pecuniary position. He admits that he has had better fortune with your work than with any other, and he has quite made up his mind that you will have the power of disposing of a thousand dollars annually at his hands."

But if the publisher was to finance the author,

the supply of manuscript for the *Thirty Years' War* became more and more essential, for it was imperative that the *Kalender* should be ready by the Michaelmas Fair. As the months passed by and no manuscript arrived, Goschen was not without anxiety. Schiller, too, was very desirous not to put his friend into a difficulty, and made use of his wife's pen to ease his mind. Wieland, it would seem, had written to the poet, hoping that means would be found to relieve him of work for the *Kalender* by the enrolment of other contributors. Frau Schiller wrote to Goschen (June 19)—

"Schiller wishes that I should communicate this letter of Wieland to you, dear friend. Many of his friends have already expressed the same desire which Wieland expresses. Since his illness does not take a turn as quickly as he hoped and as we all so fervently wish, and since it seems so obstinate—Schiller does not think it probable that he will be able to finish as much of the *History of the Thirty Years' War* as he had intended. He therefore wished to make you this offer, and to let you know Wieland's idea; he is quite sure that Wieland would agree to contribute an essay himself, and also a preface which would satisfy the public. Thus you would be guaranteed against all accidents. He begs you to answer by return of post, for he will then ask Wieland who will be sure to consent.

"I cannot tell you, dear friend, what pain wrings my heart when I see my beloved Schiller in such pain. You know what it is to see the suffering of those we love. Now good-bye, worthy friend. Accept Schiller's heartiest greeting, and assure your wife of our warmest devotion.

"CHARLOTTE SCHILLER, *née* VON LENGEFELD."

Wieland received the proposition with some consternation. He entirely agreed that Schiller ought to be spared, using words which bear eloquent

testimony to the extreme interest which the German public was taking in his health; still he could not promise help himself. He wrote to Goschen (June 20, 1791)—

"It is absolutely necessary for the preservation of our Schiller that he should refrain for at least six months from all work and mental exertion. This conviction prompted me to propose to you at the earliest date, that you should let the *Historischer Kalender* for 1792 be filled up by any one or more of the *beaux esprits* of your acquaintance, never mind with what, and that you should inform the public which most certainly cares infinitely more for Schiller's life than for the earlier or later completion of the *Thirty Years' War*, what is the real reason why Schiller on this occasion could not keep his word. But that Madame Schiller or you should hit on the idea that *I* might be the saint who would help you out of the trouble, that never struck me. However, if nothing more were needed than good-will, you should not make your appeal in vain. But, my dear friend, what you demand of me is quite impossible for several important reasons. I cannot explain myself at length on the matter now—enough, I should be promising what I could not perform if I were to undertake your commission."

Goschen could not gainsay Wieland's position, but the latter was not entirely obdurate. He hoped that the publisher might find means to fill up the gap which there must necessarily be in the *Kalender* through the critical state of health of "our beloved Schiller whom none can replace," in a more suitable way than he, Wieland, might in the last instance be able to manage. "For sooner than allow you to suffer so serious a loss, I would attempt the possible and the impossible with the sacrifice of my reputation as a writer," a generous offer on the part of so sensitive a man as Wieland, whose reluctance to write

in the *Kalender* was clearly due, not only to the pressure of other work, but to the fear of furnishing an occasion which he did not desire, for comparison between himself and Schiller in the department of historical writing!

Fortunately Schiller and Goschen were able to fall back on their old comrades, Körner and Huber, both of whom contributed essays. And, happily, Schiller himself felt his strength reviving, and hoped to be able to complete a portion at least of his work. His wife wrote to Goschen from Rudolstadt (June 30, 1791)—

"My husband wishes me, dearest friend, to acknowledge with kindest regards the receipt of your letter to-day. He begs that you will have patience till next mail day, or the one after, before coming to any decision about the *Kalender*. On Monday I wrote at his wish to Wieland, begging him in Schiller's name to provide an essay. Schiller is therefore anxious to wait for Wieland's reply, on receipt of which you shall hear immediately. Perhaps Wieland may have changed his mind. I am to beg you very earnestly to enter into no negotiation about the essays, or at least to make no final arrangements, till the receipt of Schiller's next letter. But in any case you are to make your mind easy, dear friend, that things will be so settled that you are not the loser. Last week Hofrath Starke* was here; he gave us pleasant prospects for the future, and has proposed to Schiller to go to Karlsbad, from which he expects much. We hope to come to Karlsbad in twelve days or a fortnight, and are delighted at the idea of finding you there. I hope that your dear wife is with you, and that I shall have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. A thousand cordial greetings from Schiller, and with the assurance of my sincere regard,

"Yours,

"C. SCHILLER, *geb.* VON L."

* Schiller's doctor.

Schiller himself wrote a few days later (July 3, 1791), and must have greatly cheered the publisher by the prospect that he should, at all events, have a certain amount of work from his own pen.

"I have now thought well over the arrangements which might be made for the beginning of the *Kalender* for this year. My health is still so uncertain that I have not been able for two whole months to lay out or promise any definite scheme of work. At present I have not got so far as to read a letter or a book, much less to write. Perhaps Karlsbad, where I go in a week, may set me up sooner than I can at present hope, but even then my doctors have laid injunctions upon me to abstain entirely from work for some time. But from September until the middle of November I will provide you without fail with ten or twelve sheets of the continuation of the *Thirty Years' War.* * * *"

Schiller's announcement in this letter that he was going to Karlsbad found the publisher in a similar position. He, too, was about to go through a "cure." Jette and Marianne, his sister-in-law, accompanied him. At Karlsbad the Goschens saw much of the Schillers, and the joy which my grandfather who worshipped the poet with such intense and loving admiration, found in his society, can well be imagined. He hastened to give Wieland news. He wrote on the 17th of July—

"Schiller has been here four days, and is drinking the waters of the place. His doctor, who is also mine, has great hopes of his recovery. The journey has not tired him much, and he is very well to-day. Yesterday he arranged the plan for the *Kalender* in such a shape that he is to be spared for about eight weeks, and in such a manner that we shall need no extraneous help. But we both address our petition to you to give us a preface in which you would tell the world that a

dangerous illness has prevented Schiller from supplying more than a few sheets. If you would add something about the value of history and the character of a good author, so as to make up about one or two sheets, you would render us infinite service."

Wieland was delighted. Here were cheery hopes of Schiller's recovery. He replied—

"The preface to the *Historischer Kalender* is the least that I can do to prove to you and to our Schiller the sincerity of my desire to be of some use to you. All considerations must disappear in a case of need such as this, and though I can go bail for nothing beyond my good will, yet we will hope that my good attendant spirit (*Dämon*), on whose inspiration all my confidence rests, will not desert me in this hour of stress."

Goschen received this letter in Schiller's presence. He wrote back—

"The messenger with your letter, and Schiller, stepped into my room at the same moment. You should have seen the joy which your affection caused Schiller. A ray of the fire which had been so long extinguished, shone from his eyes. If you assume it to be certain—all doctors so declare, and all experiences confirm the fact—that no consumptive person, or such as suffer from diseases in the chest, can drink the Sprudel for three days, then our experience that Schiller drinks eighteen glasses every day, without the slightest bad consequences, is alone sufficient to render all his friends happy with the most glorious hopes. But that is not all. He was so weak when he came here that he could not mount a small eminence. But yesterday I took him across a very tiring hill, and to-day he ran pretty quickly without noticing it. I myself hope to be cured of my spasms."

Schiller himself wrote most pleasantly to Goschen after the party had all left Karlsbad (August 27)—

"Many thanks, dearest friend, for the news you sent me of your safe arrival. May the many sacrifices

which you have made for your health have all the results you desire! I myself have your well-being at heart as that of a brother, and I know that mine touches you very nearly. I am satisfied on the whole with my health. The spasms, though they never quite miss a day, are less violent and less prolonged. My stomach keeps up well, and my spirit is cheerful. But as to my work, I can't as yet get into the swing. I can't manage to make my thoughts hold on. However, gradually I try to familiarize myself again with the materials for the *Thirty Years' War*, and hope that you will not have to wait more than ten days for the first sheets."

And money was not unnaturally wanted.

"Write to me, dear friend, whether you could possibly send me 500 thalers by Michaelmas. I have made calculations, and find that I want that amount to arrange my affairs fairly comfortably. I know very well that of the honorarium for this year in respect of the *Kalender*, I am only entitled to one half, and that I am very heavily in your debt through your many advances to me, but you allowed me to address myself to you without ceremony, and you will tell me with the same frankness whether the sum is too large for you. Perhaps the new *Carlos*, the *Geister-seher*, and the *New Thalia*, may help me to be square with you by Easter."

A little later Schiller's wife sent Goschen a favourable report of her husband—

"I hope, dear friend, that you are now quite well, and that the mineral springs have cleared off all that was bad, and, if I am to have my wish, your beloved Henriette is well also, and both of you are enjoying this beautiful world with fresh vigour and health. Schiller, too, looks more cheery from day to day; his spirit is gay, and you see, don't you? he is working. As he does not write himself, he finds things go more easily. I am doubly pleased that he has gained so much more strength, so much confidence in himself, and then that he gives you, too, some pleasure by this progress."

Schiller was certainly, as his wife wrote, giving Goschen pleasure by his progress; but work still did not come very easily to him. He wrote to the publisher in some anxiety (September 22, 1791)—

"I have kept you waiting long, dearest friend, but I can hardly tell you how difficult any connected work has become to me. Last year's *Kalender* was child's play as compared to these ten or twelve pages, and the ten which I have yet to send you. Do let me know how Wieland, Körner, and Huber are, and if they have set the compositors to work."

The friends *had* set to work, and before very long Schiller and they sent in their respective contributions. Schiller had not been able to complete the narrative, but he had written sufficient to fill about seven sheets, breaking off, as he suggested to my grandfather, at an interesting moment. He had brought Gustavus Adolphus to the river Lech. Wieland followed with his share. But Goschen himself had to undertake a piece of literature. The engravings which had been prepared belonged to a period in the *Thirty Years' War* which Schiller had not reached. Thus the publisher himself "read through folios at night" and composed a connected story, explaining the engravings.

And so the *Kalender* for 1792, the cause of such prolonged anxiety, was completed at last.

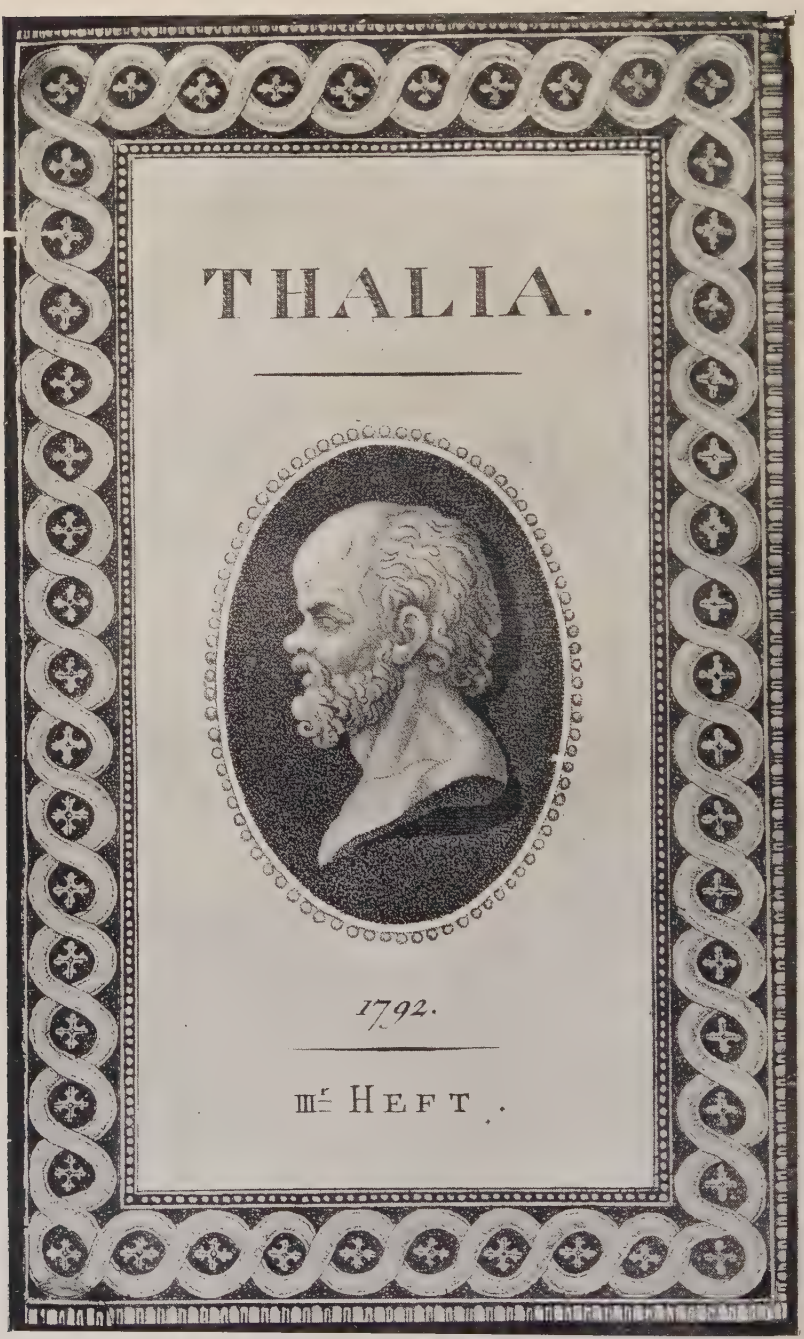
Schiller had now relieved my grandfather's apprehension, but he could not overtake all his arrears. Goschen had been fortunate in obtaining precedence. Crusius, on the other hand, had remonstrated at the neglect of the *History of the Revolt of the Netherlands*, and extracted the following letter of excuses from his client (October 3):—

"At last, after a long interval, I can again take pen in hand and think of the fulfilment of my promises. Doubtless you know how ill I have been for nine whole months, and also that more than once I have been near death. This has brought all my affairs to a standstill. Even for the *Thirty Years' War*, which will be continued in the *Historischer Kalender* for 1792, I could only supply a few sheets, which for the greater part had been worked up before my illness. You did me wrong, most worthy friend, if you thought that I had postponed you to another man, and had thrown back the *Revolt of the Netherlands* through undertaking the *Kalender*. A work for ladies and the world of fashion is one thing, a work for posterity is another—the latter ripens but slowly, while the first flows easily from the pen."

Schiller, in his desire to soothe the feelings of Crusius, was surely unjust to his *Thirty Years' War*. But he candidly stated another reason bearing on the honorarium which he was receiving from my grandfather.

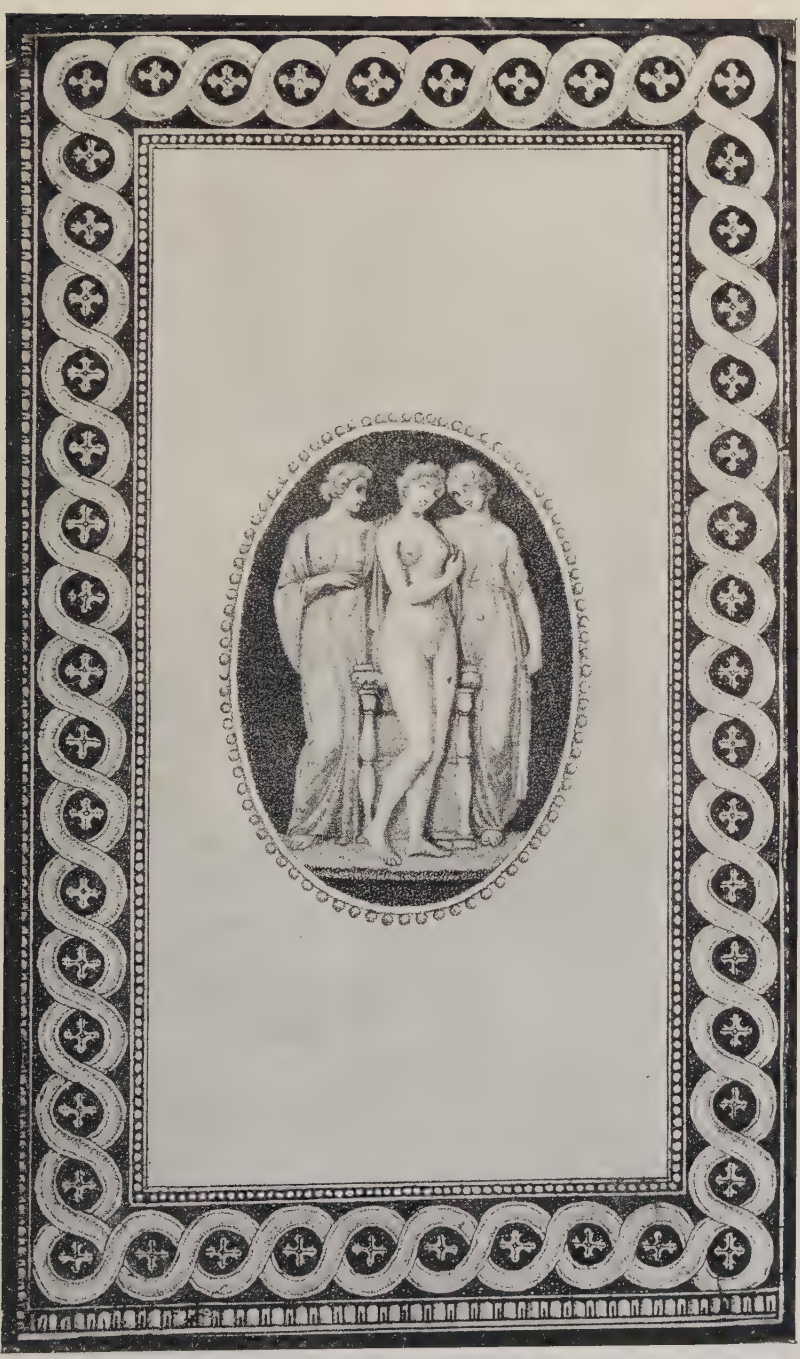
"As I am not yet in the position to waive the consideration of what my works will bring me in, you will, I am sure, be fair enough not to reproach me for undertaking pieces of work which are paid just four times as well, and *could* be paid four times as well, as my *Revolt of the Netherlands*, without having cost me more, yes, not even so much, time and trouble as this. But this circumstance alone would not have induced me to delay the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, if I had not required more leisure for its development than I have had."

To Goschen Schiller wrote a little later in a cheerful strain. He had in his mind not only the *Kalender*,—the neglected, irregular *Thalia* was again coming to the front, occupying his thoughts very seriously. A new series, to be called the *New Thalia*, was to be commenced in January, 1792.



FACSIMILE OF WRAPPER OF THE *THALIA*.

[*To face p.* 396, *Vol. I.*



FACSIMILE OF OUTSIDE WRAPPER OF THE *THALIA*.

[*To face p.* 396, *Vol. I.*

"Soon, dear friend, as I think and hope, the business of the Fair will have come to an end, so that one will be able to have a quiet chat with you. I confidently hope that with the *New Thalia* we shall carry off the honours before all other magazines. There will appear in it the whole of the second book of the Æneid, the *Sack of Troy*, which forms an independent whole in 135 stanzas which give me more pleasure than many an original production of mine. You will live to reap great satisfaction from it. But because I am a little crazy on these verses, I must plague you to look to a very elegant style of printing; for stanzas must be as beautiful to look at as to read. Indeed, generally, I put in a very earnest petition to you on behalf of our *New Thalia*, to be sure to dress her very prettily."

Schiller dilated on these 135 stanzas in a letter to Körner of the same date, as a proof of his improved health and energy. It gives us a glimpse of what the poet thought light work—eight hours a day!

"Difficult as this work appears, and indeed would be to many, it ran off the reel quite easily as soon as my mind was once on fire. There were days on which I completed thirteen, even fifteen stanzas without devoting more time to them than four hours in the forenoon, and as many in the afternoon.

"The result will please you, for I have succeeded in it. . . . But don't think that I am overworking myself. On the contrary, this occupation has had a very happy influence on my health. I am now engaged in translating the *Agamemnon of Æschylus*, partly for my *Greek Theatre*, partly for the *Thalia*. But, generally speaking, and chiefly, my aim is by the help of these translations of the tragic poets, to acquire the Greek style."

Schiller was specially pleased that Goschen now intended to do more for the externals of the *New Thalia*. The editor, with great earnestness, had decided that it should appear with thorough regularity, though

only every two months, during the next year; and so once more, after its chequered fortunes, this periodical, which had been the first literary link between Goschen and Schiller and the vehicle of so much that was beautiful of the poet's work, was to take rank as an object of high interest, and to appeal to the public by every charm which editor and publisher could secure. Goschen did his best, and when Schiller saw the proofs he declared that paper and type were beautiful, but the printers failed to give satisfaction. Never had an author a more critical eye than Schiller to discover the shortcomings of compositors.

Scarcely had the work on the *Kalender* for 1792 been wound up, when Schiller began to suggest situations which occurred to him as striking and dramatic for the conclusion of the *Thirty Years' War*, to appear in the *Kalender* for 1793. The direction taken by his picturesque taste is apparent in his following remarks to Goschen (November 28, 1791) :—

"Mansfeld would be the subject of a nice picture, and Christian of Brunswick too—the former in the action at Fleurus against the Spaniards or at the Hungarian Frontier when he discharges his troops, Christian as he crosses the Main at Höchst. Wallenstein's conspiracy deserves another engraving, particularly as I have yet to describe it in the third number. The artist must choose the moment when the officers are summoned to sign the declaration of mutiny. Wallenstein's murder, if presented in an elevated style, and at the moment before the halberd is plunged into his body, deserves an engraving to itself. It is only fair that there should be an engraving of Bethlen Gabor of Siebenbürgen as well. The Saxons before Prague would also make a good picture. Ferdinand II., still Arch Duke only, when besieged at Vienna, the balls flying into his

BETHLEN GABOR,

PRINCE OF SIEBENBÜRGEN, TRANSYLVANIA.

From the Historischer Kalender für Damen, 1793.

From the Historischer Kalender für Damen, 1793.

[*To face p.* 398, *Vol. I.*

chamber, and a rebel grasping him by the doublet, 'Wilt thou sign?' would supply a splendid picture. Gustavus' passage over the Lech, of which I shall give an interesting account, must also have a plate. His sojourn in Munich would also offer a promising subject. But I would most particularly recommend you the situation when Ferdinand III. is nearly captured in camp near Eger by two Swedish troopers. These two troopers penetrate in the early dawn as far as his tent, dismounted, killed the body-guard, and were just about to force their way into the Emperor's bed-chamber. He was still in his dressing-gown, having only just risen. But at the decisive moment one of the Swedes is stabbed, the other made prisoner. Then we ought, I think, to represent the assembly hall of the ambassadors at Münster or Osnabrück at some moment of interest, perhaps at the final signature of peace, and then it might be taken for the last plate. I will think of some suitable portraits before long, and also of an idea for the frontispiece.

"Set your mind quite at rest, dear friend. In the beginning of January I shall commence work on the *Thirty Years' War*, and I shall not part company with it till it is finished. At the end of May, if my health continues as tolerable as at present, I shall certainly have finished with the *Kalender*, and then, you see, it will be just about the right time to decide about the Reformation." *

At no period of Goschen's relations with Schiller can I find more strenuous intentness on the author's part than in this time of recovery from sickness, and of jubilant confidence that whatever he produced would be hailed with delight by the public, and would be worthy of his pen. Soon he wrote to the publisher again, promising eager work.

"I have safely received the 200 thalers, dear friend. The books have also arrived. In a week I shall set

* The question of a work on Luther and the Reformation, which had been in Schiller's mind for some time, has already been mentioned, and had been discussed both with Goschen and Körner.

to work body and soul on the continuation of the *Thirty Years' War*, and shall never pause till I can write 'Finis.' Don't hurry about the frontispiece. Perhaps Goethe can think of one. Adieu for to-day, dear friend. I wish you a pleasant holiday with all my heart, and a little breathing time from your manifold occupations.

"Ever yours,
"SCHILLER."

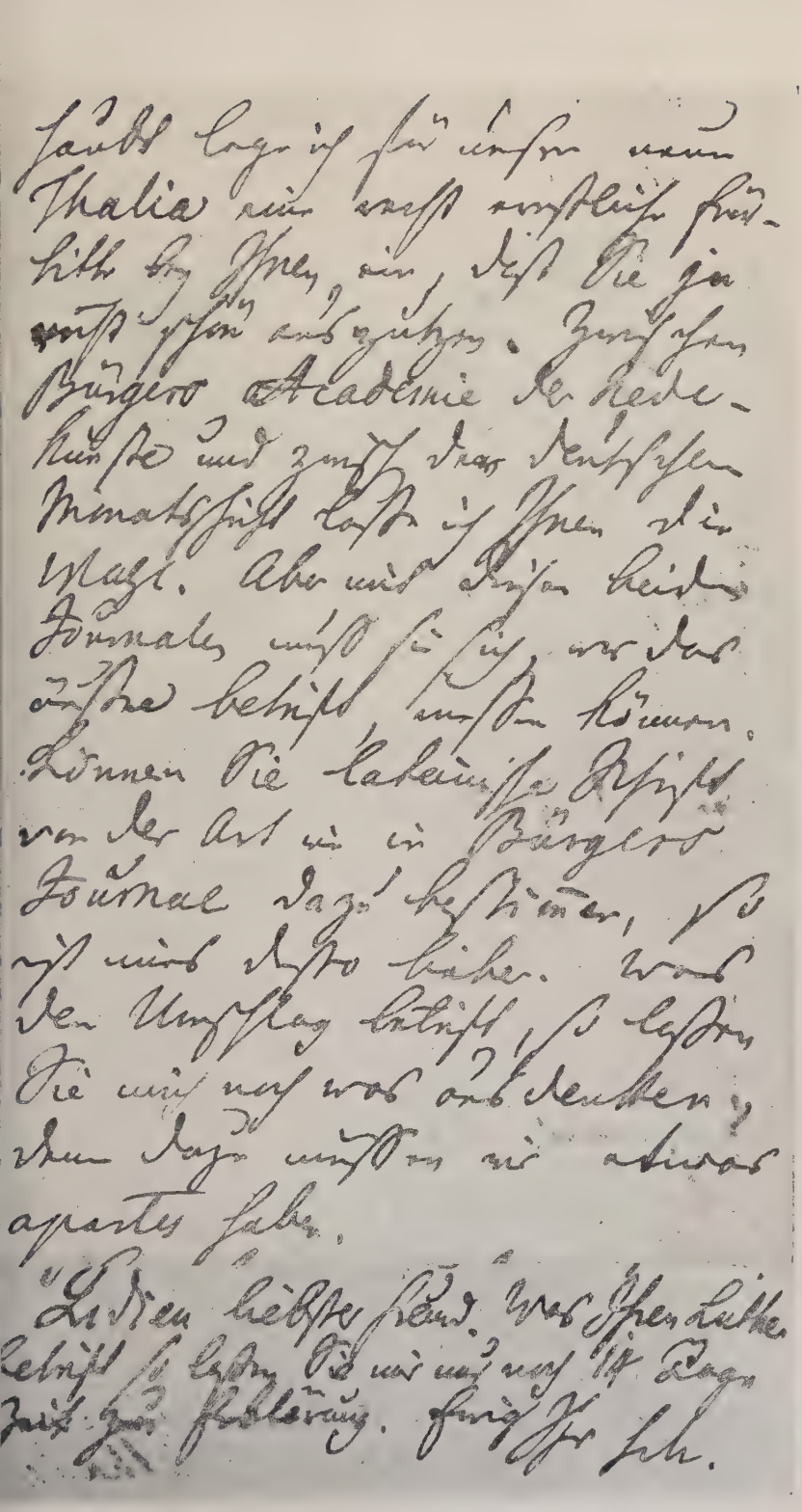
Among the books here acknowledged by Schiller was a copy of Kant's *Practical Reason*. So popular had the study of the great philosopher and of the most abstruse problems become, under the auspices of Professor Reinhold, that Schiller and a circle of friends found them a congenial topic for dinner conversation. He wrote to Körner—

"There is a good deal of change now in my domestic life, and this makes me fresh for work. I have arranged to take my midday and evening meals in company with five good friends, mostly young graduates, who are boarded by my landladies. In this way I have a sociable table every day, without being bothered with looking after it, and as they are partly Kantians, matter for conversation never fails."

Much of Kant, he told his friend, he had annexed himself, and converted into his own property, but he wished to study other systems at the same time. He would like to read Locke, Hume, and Leibnitz. Did Körner know of a tolerable translation of Locke? It would be glorious if Körner would undertake one himself. Such a translation would be as interesting as meritorious, and if he, Schiller, understood English enough, he would take it in hand himself.

And now the year 1791—the opening of which had

Mit
dem besten Dich Dr neuen
Thalia, sollen wir wir ihr
ganz sehr, vor allem andern
Freundschaft, schmeicheln. Ich
verspreche davon das ganze
2 Le. Buch der Aeneide, die
Zerstörung von Troja, ein sehr
viel bestechendes Ganze, in 135
Strophen, die wir noch stärker
machen, als manches originalgedicht,
was ich jetzt gemacht habe. Ihr
werden sehr stark davon absehen.
Glaub ich aber in diese Strophen
wie bisher vermarkt bin, so
muß ich Sie bitten, daß Sie
für mein recht elegantes
Dr. sorgen, denn Strophen
müssen schön angeschaut sein,
ehe sie sich lesen lassen. Ueber-



SCHILLER TO GOSCHEN, OCTOBER 24, 1791. (See p. 397.)

[*Between pp. 400 and 401, Vol. I.*

seen Schiller struck down by a terrible illness, and through the course of which he had to fight his way back into literary activity by slow degrees yet with ultimate success, being "fresh for work" at its close, —brought him in its last days a happy event which relieved him for a time from absolute dependence on publishers, and from the necessity for writing on "tasks set him by others" which were so distasteful to his wayward mental temperament, and so inconsistent with that obedience to the inspirations of the moment on which he considered the serenity of his existence to depend.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCHILLER'S TASK-WORK CLOSED—GERMANY AND THE REVOLUTION—LITERARY PROJECTS.

1792–1793.

The romantic story of the unexpected and unsolicited allowance of a thousand thalers per annum, offered to Schiller by the Duke of Augustenburg for a period of three years, has filled an interesting page in all the biographies of the poet. Similar in some of its features to the incident which ended in Schiller's transfer from Mannheim to Leipzig at the instance of "the quartette," the pleasant surprise was due to the unbounded admiration felt for the author of *Carlos* amongst some of the immediate friends of the generous prince. It was a Dane, Jens Baggesen, who in the first instance roused the feeling in Schiller's favour among Copenhagen friends, a man of rapturous enthusiasms, the expression of which, it must be admitted, carried him sometimes to grotesque and ranting excess. Thus he wrote to Erhard, in 1791, of "our Messiases the Christs', the Kants', the Schillers', the Reinholds'." But in Schiller's case this enthusiasm bore substantial fruit. Baggesen evoked Schiller-worship in Copenhagen, and converted the Duke, to whom the poet's earlier and wilder work had not

appealed, by the stately sentiment and sonorous verse of *Carlos*.

The extraordinary Schiller festivals held in the Danish capital; the rites which followed on the false news of Schiller's death; the gatherings prolonged for three days, at which the whole of Schiller's writings were read; the letters which passed between Reinhold and Baggesen, and by which the Duke was informed of Schiller's illness and financial straits;—have been graphically told in the biographies of the poet. The story is so rich in the special characteristics of that romantic and sentimental epoch as to tempt any writer to linger over it. As in Körner's case, so in that of the Duke of Augustenburg, intense admiration did not simply dissolve into phrases or quaint festivities. The Duke and his minister, Count Schimmelmann, sent a joint letter to the poet, which in its tone recalls Körner's lofty style, and in its offer his spontaneous generosity. After expressing the reverential admiration of two friends, bound together by cosmopolitan feelings, for the newer works which his genius had raised to the most sublime plane of any mortal creations, the letter conveys the offer of a yearly gift of a thousand thalers for three years, and continues—

"Accept this offer, noble man. May the sight of our titles not prompt you to decline—we know at what value to set them! We know no pride except to be human creatures, citizens in the great republic of which the boundaries encircle more than the life of single generations, more than the boundaries of the Universe. You have simply *men* before you, your brothers who through such a use of their wealth only pay tribute to a nobler form of pride."

Surely a notable letter to have been written by

a prince and an aristocratic minister at the close of the year 1791! While, in France, the Revolution was assuming from month to month a blacker character, the Teutonic world was beginning to feel the influence of some of the higher doctrines of equality and brotherhood in the cosmopolitan circle of enlightened men.

Schiller received the announcement on the 13th of December (1791). He wrote at once in rapturous delight to Körner. What he had yearned for so ardently was now fulfilled. For a long time, perhaps for ever, he was free from care, and was put into possession of that mental independence which he had desired so long. "At last I have some leisure for study and concentration—leisure to work for eternity!"

Körner wrote back in the same spirit—

"You can imagine our delight. Now enjoy the rest and leisure which is granted you! Throw all publisher's stuff on one side, except so far as it gives you pleasure. *Live* for yourself and the future!"

Goschen heard of the great news as a rumour, and sent congratulations. Schiller's reply struck a somewhat different chord to what he had touched in writing to Körner. He could not so fitly boast to his publisher of his literary independence now partially secured. He simply spoke of "a decided improvement in my circumstances." The letter (January 11, 1792) begins with best wishes to my grandfather on the birth of another son.

"I congratulate you with all my heart on the Christmas gift which your Jette has presented to you; at the same time I hope that you may live to see many new editions of these living specimens of publication without the older ones being sold out.

"The event on which you congratulate me is no

newsmonger's tale, although I could wish that the newspapers had heard nothing of it. It is indeed so; and I am indebted to the Prince of Holstein and Count Schimmelmann for a decided improvement in my circumstances. More by word of mouth, for I hope to see you soon. . . ."

The Danish largesse could not have arrived at a more opportune moment, for during the whole of the year 1792 there were few weeks when Schiller's health allowed him to write. Practically his new work was limited to the *Thirty Years' War*. He bestowed some fine contributions on the first numbers of the *New Thalia*, but the fourth number of the series contained nothing from his pen.

Schiller wrestled heroically with his terrible malady. He reported his struggle to my grandfather in manly words (February 10)—

"I am just recovering from a severe bout of fever. My inner man may still have to fight for a time against his enemy before he has entirely conquered him or succumbed himself. I brace myself for several more storms in the next years. But my powers still hold their own in knightly fashion, and I have still the best hopes. Don't fear for our *Kalender*—I hope for peace, at least until this work is complete. Perhaps I may see you in four or five weeks, for I am very much inclined to meet the coming spring in Dresden, and to fulfil my old wish to see you in your domestic circle."

However, it was not till April that Schiller's wish to see Goschen in his domestic circle was fulfilled. Late in that month the poet and his wife travelled to Dresden and took Leipzig on their way. I can imagine my grandfather's delight at this meeting, but I have no record of what passed. At Dresden Schiller stayed six weeks with Körner, and in company with his inspiring friend revelled in metaphysical

speculations. Never did the intercourse of two friends move on a more exalted level. Both were full of Kant, but Shaftesbury and Hume were also under review, and before the summer was over the study of Fichte was added to that of Kant.

On Schiller's return to Jena, philosophy and poetry fought an interesting battle for the mastery in his breast. It was a drawn battle. Each retained its sway over him, though he desired poetry to win. He was full of impatience, he wrote, to undertake something poetical. "My pen is itching for Wallenstein"—Wallenstein, the great figure which was always with him in his labours on the *Thirty Years' War*, a magnificent subject for a dramatic poem. Years passed before the germ in the poet's mind took living shape; ultimately it developed into the splendid tragedy, the fruit of his matured genius, which placed the author on the highest plane, and, beyond the dramas of his stormy youth, exhibited the loftiest qualities of poetic and dramatic art. But in the mean time he found the conflict between poetry and metaphysics somewhat perplexing. The constant theorizing, the self-criticism, which emanated from his lucubrations on systems of æsthetics, had, in his opinion, damaged him.

"For damaged me they certainly have. For several years past I have missed the boldness, the living fire which I possessed before I knew any rules. I now contemplate myself creating and fashioning, I watch the play of inspiration, and my imagination behaves with less freedom, since it is aware that it is no longer without witnesses."

Could an author more vividly express the evil effects of an exaggerated literary self-consciousness?

But Körner, delighted at Schiller's return to creative work, comforted his friend—

"I congratulate you on your revived craving for poetical work. He who has talent to create himself, commits a sin on himself if he wastes his time worrying over subtleties. What makes you timid now in your work is the delicacy of feeling, the fruit of the completeness of your personal development. Much that your fancy offers you, and which formerly you would have eagerly seized, you will now reject. But that doesn't frighten me. You are rich enough to be able to select from your materials."

Meanwhile, the humdrum task-work—the *Thirty Years' War*—progressed, and in the early autumn of this year Schiller was able to announce to Körner in a joyous burst that the long looked-for moments of his release, the goal of his hopes, had been reached at last. He had finished his task.

"Wish me joy! I am just sending off the last sheet of manuscript. Now I am free, and will remain so for ever! No more work which another man puts upon me, or which has any other source than inclination. For eight or ten days I shall do absolutely nothing, and will see whether complete mental repose, fresh air, exercise, with a dash of society, do not improve my health."

Thus closes the long story of the publication of Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*. It appeared, as has been seen in the course of this narrative, in three instalments—the first occupied 450 pages and filled the whole of the *Kalender* for 1791; for the *Kalender* of the following year Schiller's sufferings in 1791 prevented him from contributing more than 84 pages; the third and final instalment, now exultantly concluded, was about equal in length to the first, and formed the whole of the contents of the *Kalender* for

1793. A great content must have filled the publisher's soul when at last the trying suspense which had hung over the progress of this popular work was happily at an end!

But the future of the periodical had now to be reviewed. It was necessary for Goschen to look ahead, and to consider what historical work should fill its pages in 1794, and what authors should be invited to write it in the almost certain event that Schiller would not be available.

The idea of the Reformation as a suitable subject had remained in his mind, and the name of Pestalozzi, the famous Swiss educationalist, had suggested itself to him as a possible resource. Schiller was aghast at the notion. After agreeing with Goschen that he himself could not be counted on for the *Kalender* for at least two years, and doubting whether it was wise to continue the form of a *Kalender*, as such publications lost their novelty, and Goschen had many rivals in the field, he expounded his views as to the Reformation and Pestalozzi as follows (October 14, 1792):—

"I think it would be better (should you continue the *Kalender*) to choose a lighter and more generally attractive subject than the Reformation, since I must repeat that Pestalozzi is sure to come to grief over it. Such a history should be written in a perfectly free philosophical spirit, to say nothing of the style which would tend to become dry in the case of this more than of any other subject. I have tried to think of another man for it, but confess that I can find none; but there are ten who would make as good a job of the matter as Pestalozzi, or better. I will gladly give my name as editor and preface-writer of the history if it will give you pleasure, but you will understand that I can only do so if

the author of the *Kalender* should not consider the Reformation from an entirely different point of view to myself, and this would I fear be the case with Pestalozzi. I must confess that I should be very sorry if this splendid opportunity of exercising influence on the class of conceptions which the whole German nation might form of religion, and of possibly preparing through this one book a mighty revolution in matters of belief, were not made use of. To write now about the Reformation, and moreover in a periodical so generally read, I consider a great and politically important task, and an able writer might really here play a famous part in the world's history."

Schiller then reverts once more to his favourite scheme of a new and great periodical. It ultimately resulted in the appearance of *Die Horen*, but not, as we shall see by-and-by, under Goschen's auspices.

"I still continue to think that you would fare best if you carried out my old idea of publishing a large fortnightly periodical at which thirty or forty of the best authors in Germany would work. You would necessarily become the first and most respected bookseller in Germany, and even in the first few years you could not fail to make 1000 thalers of net income by it, which would be trebled and quadrupled by permanent regularity. If you are not averse to this idea, I will send you a plan, and show you the possibility of its execution from the point of view of the contents and the authors."

Schiller wrote to Körner the next day—

"Goschen has the odd idea to let Pestalozzi write the history of the Reformation which the next *Kalender* is to contain. As I haven't got to write it, this might be all the same to me, but he would like to have my name on the *Kalender*, and begs me to introduce his man formally in a preface. But I am afraid that Pestalozzi's point of view is absolutely and entirely opposed to mine, and on this assumption, I shall not be able to do him this service. Otherwise I would do so not unwillingly if the work turned out well; for

Goschen would in any case be obliged to *pay me* for this favour. However, I have advised him not only against Pestalozzi, but against the whole plan of the *Kalender*. This form of periodical is now already antiquated, too many rivals share this bit of bread with him, and the taste of the public is changeable. If Goschen, instead of his Kalenders, his military periodicals, his little devotional books, and so forth, would undertake nothing except Wieland's writings and our *Mercury of Germany*, he might in five years be the most considered publisher and a rich man."

This passage is somewhat curious. The reader will remember that Goschen was at this time selling Goethe's works! He had bought the copyright of Lessing's. Reinhold, Thümmel, Bode, Archenholtz, Alxinger, Meissner, were all creditable clients, and the *Thalia* was Schiller's own child. It is true that Goschen's list contained educational and devotional books; true, too, that Goschen had not made much money, but his list contained names which bear witness to the great advance he had made in a short time.

The suggestion that a publisher, by the issue of one periodical however great, and of the work of a single author however eminent, could rise to be "the most considered publisher and a rich man," was not likely to commend itself either to the business-like side of Goschen's mind, or to his ambition.

As a matter of fact, Goschen, in a sense, was pursuing a policy, not entirely out of keeping with Schiller's advice. He was contracting his operations, and making many sacrifices to be able to carry out his vast speculation in Wieland's Collected Works, and it is odd, in view of Schiller's words about the veteran author in this letter, that the precedence

which Goschen gave him over all other German writers supplied the subject for a scoffing *Xenion*, concocted at Goschen's expense by Schiller and Goethe, a few years later.

At this very time we light on a conspicuous instance of the publisher's caution in embarking on fresh business. He refused an offer made to him by Schiller himself of an essay by a man destined to exercise a powerful influence on the political thought of Germany, Wilhelm von Humboldt, who had been so strongly attracted by the poet that he afterwards migrated from Berlin to Jena in order to live near him.

Humboldt had contributed to the *Deutsche Monatschrift* an article on "The Duty of the State to provide Security against Foreign Foes," and another on "Moral Improvement through State Action." He now wrote to Schiller that Vieweg, a great Berlin publisher, had refused a treatise by him, under the plea of having already too much to do for the Easter Fair. He would therefore gladly let Goschen have it if Schiller would be so kind as to offer it to him, and if Goschen would pay a carolin per sheet of the treatise itself, and a louis d'or for so much as Schiller might put into the *Thalia*. The latter at once executed Humboldt's commission (November 16, 1792)—

"I am to ask you whether you will publish a treatise, entitled, *Ideas for an Attempt to Define the Limits of State Action*. The author is W. von Humboldt, Prussian Councillor of Legation. The essay contains very fruitful political hints, and is built up on a good philosophical basis. It is thought out and written with freedom, but as the author always remains on general ground, there is nothing to fear at the hands of the aristocrats. Pamphlets of such

contents and written in such a spirit, are a want of our age, and I should think also good wares for a publisher."

Schiller then stated Humboldt's demands, adding that the treatise would fill two small volumes.* From a letter of Humboldt's to Schiller, it appears that Goschen, like Vieweg, declined the offer.

It will be observed that Schiller reassured Goschen as to the absence of risks at the hands of the "aristocrats" in the case of Humboldt's treatise. The correspondence between men of letters now begins to contain frequent allusions reflecting the influence on German affairs of the stupendous events which had been convulsing France since 1789. The references to contemporary history in the many letters belonging to the years 1789–91, which it has been my duty to peruse, are astonishingly few. But in 1792 the dangers to independent thought, which might follow from the action of Governments—terrified lest an epidemic of subversive doctrines should break out in their own dominions with all the fury of the French example—began to be brought home to the chosen spirits who were the guardians of the sacred fire of free speech and of the threatened cause of rational liberty.

Despotic authorities were alarmed quite as much by the rushing sweep of new currents of thought, which, set in motion by the French Revolution, might

* In another sentence of this letter Schiller asked Goschen not to forget "Wepp" and "Mendelssohn." These books were ordered by Schiller for his studies in æsthetics. He intended to write a dialogue to be called *Callias, or Concerning Beauty*, and when he asked for "Wepp," he meant Webb's *Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting* (London, 1761); *Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry; Observations on the Correspondence between Poetry and Music* (1769).

carry with them the heirs of the *Stürmer und Dränger*, as by the actual mad excesses of the insurrectionary French. And, indeed, while in some literary quarters liberalism was shocked and became submissive, in others the influences of the apostles of culture and enlightenment, and therefore of social reform and emancipation, were conveyed to the public subtly, though potently, distilled through the channel of apparently innocent writings. Schiller's æsthetics were not simply the abstract dreams of an idealist. It has been well said that his letters on æsthetic education, though no reference to politics was permitted, were to what Körner called the "secret public," quite as much a political manifesto as a philosophy of art.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that amongst the earliest references in the letters of the Schiller group to the new conflicts and forces which were moving the world, we find allusions to a tightening of the chains which, in their dread of the nascent revolutionary spirit, the startled censors of literature deemed necessary for the protection of the German public.

Early in 1792 Körner wrote: "A heavy blow is threatening our freedom of the press, but the good cause is losing nothing by it, and the Government only makes itself ridiculous."

And in another letter—

"There are sad prospects for the freedom of the press in our regions. The talk is of severe regulations for the censorship and the prohibition of books. The *Mercury* (notwithstanding Wieland's conversion), the *Deutsche Monatschrift*, and other periodicals, are named. The Reichstag is said to have set the Elector in motion as the prince responsible for the districts

of Upper Saxony. It is said, too, that the *Litteratur-Zeitung* would be forbidden in Prussian territory."

Then follows a passage most characteristic of Körner's wise philosophy—

"For my part I am convinced of the propriety of certain limits in literary freedom, only I think that they ought to be enacted not by legal compulsion, but through the elevation of taste. To destroy is an unworthy business for exceptional powers so long as there is anything still that remains to be created. Hence the respect for every germ of life in head and heart which, according to my notions, belong to the human ideal—hence a wide toleration for feelings, opinions, institutions, which contain a germ of human value worthy of being developed."

Körner's fears were not immediately realized. Schiller wrote in reply (March 15, 1792)—

"The storm which was brewing in Berlin against the *Allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung* is happily dispersed, and I hope that you will take the example to heart in Dresden. Surely the Elector will not be so much an enemy to his town of Leipzig as to take a step against the freedom of books, which would as certainly damage the book-trade in Leipzig as it is certain that it would miss its object. Now, the death of the Emperor * will make a considerable sensation amongst you, and indeed it is no unimportant event for our German Empire. As for us authors, and all friends of liberty of thought, it is a very welcome occurrence."

In Saxony the authorities remained anxious and watchful, but the Leipzig publishers were still spared, and Körner was able to report—

"At present nothing important has been done here against the freedom of the press, but the intention to put limits to its abuses is still preoccupying

* The Emperor Leopold. Schiller's comment on his death is curious. In many respects it was a calamity, as his wise and moderating counsels were most important to Germany at that particular juncture.

the Committees. However, I must bear witness that there is no indifference to public opinion, and that the necessity is recognized of treating the book-trade of Leipzig with consideration."

Meanwhile the unrest produced by the French Revolution began to take shape on German soil, but so far only in a contemptible form. Some internal troubles broke out in August, but Schiller and Körner were simply disgusted by their mean and paltry character. The latter wrote—

"The late playing at revolution seems more childish and miserable to me every day. Low tricks on one side, a fire of straw on the other—a disgusting spectacle! Never has the poverty of great men in our time showed itself more conspicuously!"

And Schiller replied—

"If I don't write to you about the troubles here (in Jena), the reason is because they are really too paltry, and because on both sides there was nothing but the most patent mediocrity."

At this time, before the "September massacres" and the execution of Louis XVI., it was not the revolutionary spirit itself, but its miserable counterpart, which aroused the indignation of Schiller and Körner. The feeling among Germans who had passed under the influence of the school of "Storm and Strain," leant not unnaturally towards the side of the struggle for emancipation from feudalism and privilege in France, so long as it remained within bounds.

Humboldt was among those who, with the high aspirations of social reformer, rejoiced, as he confided to Schiller, at the emancipating influence of the Revolution. He would not like to see the French defeated. A noble enthusiasm had evidently possessed the whole nation. At last there were other things to

occupy them all than the inclination and limited points of view of a few individuals, and the cause of energy must gain immensely thereby.

A genuine note this of the *Stürmer und Dränger!* The cause of energy must gain!

But the progress of events after the imprisonment of the King destroyed such sympathy as noble men of the type of Humboldt might have felt at first. The wild intoxication and mad fury which, after the extraordinary success of their armies during the last months of 1792, had seized the French, drew the following sad confession of disillusion from Körner:—

"I hoped much for the French from the happy results of their war. The feeling of their strength might have given them a new moral impetus, and the horrors, which were only a consequence of their weakness and despair, ought to have ceased. But, alas! now there arise new horrors of arrogance, ingratitude, ignoble revenge upon the vanquished, and self-seeking. Individual great men are overborne by a thoughtless mob, or by the abandoned tools of ambitious rascals."

And Schiller, enthusiast for liberty and energy as he was; Schiller, the author of the *Robbers*, on whom the Constituent Assembly at Paris had, unknown to himself, conferred the honour of French citizenship, had an extraordinary inspiration. Troubled by the thought as to what would become of the King, dreading that the cause of the Revolution would be shamed by a terrible crime, the ardent poet, an intense believer in his own powers, conceived the idea that he would himself step into the arena as a pleader for the King. He communicated his singularly Quixotic scheme to Körner, on the 20th of December, with great sobriety of language.

"A German author who would declare himself with freedom and eloquence on this dispute might probably make some impression on those drifting minds. If a single individual out of a whole nation delivers a public judgment, men are inclined, at least as a first impression, to look on him as the spokesman of his class, even if not of his nation; and I believe that the French just in this matter are not quite insensible to the judgment of foreigners. Besides, the subject seems exactly fitted to admit of such a defence of the good cause as would not be open to abuse. The author who publicly enters the lists in the cause of the king, may on this occasion utter a few more truths of importance than another, and enjoys also a little more credit. Perhaps you will advise me to be silent, but I think that, in the face of such motives, one ought not to remain indolent and inactive. If every man of emancipated views had been silent, no step for our improvement would ever have been taken. There are times when public speech is commanded because there is a disposition to receive it, and the present seems to me to be such a time."

Schiller required a French translator, and found a ready co-operator in Zacharias Becker. He wrote to him (December 30, 1792)—

"I should not like to trust this work to any hands but yours, both on account of the execution, and on account of the secrecy which, at present at least, is necessary. I hope to get a number of copies to Paris through the Duke of Weimar. For the loss of time which the translation may cause you, I can offer you eight thalers per sheet on Goschen's behalf."

To my sorrow, I have found no letters from or to Goschen bearing on Schiller's idea. And the project never came to full execution. The king's head fell on the scaffold a fortnight after Schiller's appeal to Becker, and in despairing tones he bade farewell to French politics. He asked Körner—

"What do you say to these French affairs? I had really already begun a memoir on the king's behalf, but I did not feel comfortable over it, and there it now lies. The last fortnight I can read no more French newspapers—those miserable knackers sicken me to such a degree!"

While the deep import of the French Revolution, with all its momentous social and political consequences, was gradually being brought home to quiet German citizens, war with France had commenced.

Early in the year (1792) the Emperor Leopold, as sovereign of Austria, had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Frederick William, King of Prussia. Anxiety for the personal safety of Louis XVI., for the imperilled monarchical principle, and for the suppression of the revolutionary propaganda, had drawn the crowned heads of the Continent together. But, in addition, Leopold, as Holy Roman Emperor, had special duties and interests. The rights of the numerous princes of the Empire on the Rhine and in Alsace, lay and ecclesiastical, were menaced and invaded by the French. The *émigrés* naturally flocked to these border-lands; the French would not suffer them to plot and recruit in such close vicinity, and the German princes would not surrender them. The Holy Roman Emperor, independently of his position as sovereign of Austria, was bound to protect them. Many of these princes were prelates, such as the Elector-Archbishops of Treves, Cologne, and Mainz, and the Bishops of Spires and Worms.

On the other hand, the French revolutionaries were inflamed by hatred of priestly rule as well as by the growing passion to impose the abolition of feudalism and of all privileges, as well as their various

new democratic institutions, on all these petty states, at least as far as the Rhine. No diplomacy could deal with their mutual exasperation, and war became inevitable.

In the middle of the year France was invaded by a splendid army of Prussians and Austrians, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. The glove of defiance thrown down in his famous proclamation to the French nation was taken up by the Revolutionary Government. The expectation of a simple military promenade against raw, undisciplined levies had melted into air when the abortive cannonade of Valmy proved that the despised recruits would stand fire. Then in a cloud of intrigue and negotiation the invaders were led back by the Duke in retreat across the Rhine. Soon the tide of war swept on to German soil. The capture of Spires, Worms, and Mainz—the key to the western provinces of the Empire—the crushing defeat of the Austrians at Jemappes, and the occupation of all Belgium by the French, completed the discomfiture of the Allies; Nice and Savoy had also been conquered, and the succession of French military triumphs culminated in the famous declaration of the Convention, which in September had succeeded the Legislative Assembly, that they were ready to wage war for all peoples and against all kings, and to carry into all countries the doctrines of the Revolution.

The fortress of Mainz had been surrendered to General Custine by the so-called Clubbists of the town—German Jacobins. Its capture had a singular bearing on the fortunes of several members of the circle of intimates of whom my grandfather was one. He himself was involved in its consequences by the

extraordinary dangers and terrible sufferings which the political turmoil in the city brought on his beloved foster-father Rulffs, a plight from which Goschen rescued him, as shall presently be told, by one of the best and most unselfish actions of his life.

To Schiller the change of government in Mainz appeared in the light of a personal misfortune. He had repeatedly built his hopes on the favour of Dalberg, the "Coadjutor" to the Elector-Archbishop of that city. The expectations of this prince to succeed to the Prelacy were lost by the transfer of Mainz and its territory to the French, and with them went Schiller's hope that, as a reigning potentate, Dalberg might be able to bestow on him some sinecure appointment and thus place him in a position to devote his talents permanently to working for eternity, not to publishers' speculations. And Huber lost his post as secretary of Legation in Mainz. Georg Forster, the talented man of letters, a contributor to the *Thalia* and to many German periodicals, Huber's intimate friend, led the Clubbists, passed over to the enemy, and took service under them. Then the catastrophe occurred which had long been incubating. Forster's clever wife, Therese, left her husband and went off as Huber's mistress—Huber till so lately the betrothed of Dora Stock; Huber over whose early fortunes Schiller and Körner had watched with such brotherly anxiety.

Körner and Dora had remarked a growing coldness in Huber's letters, and Dora had at last allowed her brother-in-law to call on her lover to explain. Huber, in a reply which was frank enough, admitted that his feelings had changed, and made excuses for having allowed matters to drift. Körner answered

coldly that it was indelicate on his part to have sacrificed several years of Dora's life to his own want of character. And to Schiller he wrote that Dora had felt the wrench deeply at first, but was gradually convincing herself how little she had lost. This was Schiller's opinion also. Huber had behaved "as was to be expected of him;—without strength of character, without manliness." Such was the sad breach among the members of the quartette, who had started on their lives' journey with such high hopes of immutable friendship and mutual encouragement and help!

Huber continued to write to Goschen about his literary work, but I find no allusion in his letters to his domestic relations. Goschen heard of them from other quarters. For he wrote to Schiller in July, 1793—

"Huber is in Neuchatel. The Forster woman holds him fast, but is as certain to dupe him as she duped her husband. That she didn't love her husband, that she separated from him, that she loved Huber,—all that may be excused; but the way in which it all happened, makes her contemptible, and I fear that Huber's happiness will be destroyed by the woman."

This prophecy, however, was not fulfilled, and a good many years later friendly letters passed between Therese herself and my grandfather.

Another blow fell on "the three" in Dresden in the same autumn when Huber fell. Körner had nursed legitimate hopes of inheriting the larger portion of the fortune of a rich old uncle, prospects which justified him in considering himself almost as a wealthy man. And now, after a few weeks of great suspense with flattering rumours of a legacy of 12,000 thalers,

in the end Körner learned that he was to receive but a paltry sum of 3000! "The mountain has brought forth a mouse. With this disappointment many a castle in the air tumbles to the ground." But he pulled himself together with the philosophy which was so conspicuous in his fine character. He must no longer trench on any capital sums. "They are sacred to my wife and child." He must live on his interest and his pay, and he found that he was 500 thalers per annum short. To procure such a sum only two resources were open—a better post, or authorship; the latter was the course he preferred.

Bound to bestir himself in his new position, he opened a lively correspondence with his old partner as to literary work, of course consulting Schiller also at every step. The parts were changed. No longer the financier of the group, it was now to the poet that Körner looked to help him to turn his writings into gold. Schiller must make himself responsible more or less for his work. How would it be to write three sheets a month for the *Thalia?* Generally speaking, he must himself remain anonymous for fear of injuring his official prospects.

To Goschen he unbosomed himself very fully and frankly. His circumstances had changed, and he counted on his old friend being able to find some lucrative employment for his pen. The wisest course would certainly be to write for the *Thalia*, doing his best to accustom himself to a lighter manner, But he would not like to wait till the editor paid him in ordinary course. If possible he would wish for the money directly after the manuscript was in print. "The sight of the metal has an inspiring power of its own. It is a soothing opiate against pricks of conscience

to an author compelled to let down his ideals." Poor Körner! This was the most cruel prospect of all! And notwithstanding the shimmer of the metal, he did not feel confident that he could do such work, and would rather bind himself to some occupation which did not require a "special mood," such as translations, by preference, in philosophy or history. Possibly Goschen might hit upon some plan. He was not to fear that Körner might be disgusted with translations or any other paying literary job. Circumstances had changed, and he knew now what he wanted.

He followed up this letter with another before Goschen had replied, submitting further ideas.

"It has struck me that an *Almanack for Germans* might be a good speculation, namely, a collection of historical essays, which would be interesting to every cultivated German for the sake of his Fatherland. It would include—

"(A) Biographies. Here Schiller would certainly contribute, because, in any case, he would only have to supply a few sheets.

"(B) Such national events in the past year as might have a special character, and be important for all Germany. Ordinary political events, of which the treatment might be too ticklish or require too much space, such as the coronation of the Emperor and the French war, would be left out.

"(C) Notices of men who have been an honour to their nation, and have died during the past year.

"(D) Accounts and opinions about institutions and undertakings which merit the attention of the nation.

"Many more such headings might be found. Above all, any partiality or preference for one particular part of Germany must be avoided. Austria, Bavaria, and Swabia must not be able to complain that Saxony or Brandenburg has supplanted them.

"If you think this would be a good speculation, I would gladly furnish many a contribution. Perhaps Schiller would give his name to it, and some one else might undertake the editing under his direction."

I have given this letter almost in full because it exhibits the evolution of Körner's high-toned mind at a time when he professed to be prepared for "pot-boiling" work. The patriotic feeling which permeates the whole, the aspiration for something specially and characteristically German and national, the desire to raise the tone of the entire race, were not so common at that period as not to deserve special notice, especially when contrasted with the absence of any feeling for Germany as a whole, which was a marked feature of the period, till the insurrection against Napoleonic despotism united the various kingdoms and principalities of Germany in the great outburst of the War of Liberation.

A long triangular correspondence ensued between Schiller, Körner, and Goschen. Schiller was against translations, as a bad translation was the worst of all bad things, and a good translation took much time. He had his own hobby, the *Merkur von Deutschland*, the plan which was to be an El Dorado to the publisher who carried it out.

But Körner clung with equal pertinacity to his predilection for scientific philosophy! Under the heading, "Letters from a Jurist to a Philosopher," he might send into the world all kinds of ideas as to the improved treatment of juridical science and legislation, and also as to the relation of Kant's philosophy to jurisprudence. He feared that Goschen would shy at such a subject. If so, would Schiller negotiate with Crusius?

Goschen forestalled such a dilemma to himself by suggesting another alternative. Would Körner fill the *Kalender* with a work on Cromwell? But Körner had qualms. The revolutionary situation in 179-, with the King of France a prisoner in the hands of the Jacobins, was not a period very opportune for a work on the great Protector who had signed the death-warrant of a king.

"The subject appears to me too ticklish for the present times. You will think when you read this sentence that you are listening to the Dresden man and the Elector's servant in one person, but I can justify it on the most democratic principles. According to my convictions, I should be doing no good if I were to direct the attention of German readers just now to this subject.

"I do not deny the possibility of treating the said history as a warning example; but such a treatment would cause the mode of presenting it to the public to lose too much of æsthetic value. Every such history requires a hero to constitute an interesting whole. Charles I. *cannot* be such a hero, and Cromwell *may* not be."

Schiller, on the other hand, had warmly backed Goschen's idea. Körner would not have to read much except Hume and Sprengel, as the main object would be to frame a striking picture, a whole without details. It would be very interesting just at the present time to lay down a wholesome creed about revolutions; and, as it must clearly turn out to the advantage of the enemies of revolutions, the truths which must necessarily be told to the reigning powers in such a work, could make no hateful impression. Schiller added—

"I have boldly and heartily promised Goschen to name myself as the editor (*Herausgeber*), and only

stipulated that your manuscript should pass through my hands, and that you should reserve two or three descriptions and portraitures of characters for me, so that the work may at least have a scent of me, and may show here and there some peculiarities of style. He won't give you less than 400 thalers, and you will have time and materials left for the *Thalia*."

But Körner was not to be persuaded. He restated his objection to the subject of Cromwell very graphically.

"To treat it as a warning example is a spiritless business, and if worked up with enthusiasm for the greatness which it undoubtedly does contain, it becomes risky for the present time. The fire which is burning now, I honour as the work of a higher hand, and quietly await the result. I will neither pour oil nor water on it. What I think about these events I may not write, and what I may write I do not care to think. And besides, whatever the treatment might be, the very title would stand in bad odour."

The publisher at last proposed, as an alternative, that the *Kalender* should contain separate essays relating to the eighteenth century, written by different men, and that Körner should be at liberty to choose from ten subjects submitted to him. Of these, Körner said that he preferred Locke, Leibnitz, Peter the Great, Newton, Herrnhut, but suggested the following further subjects as specially interesting:—"The Rise of Prussian Power," "The Flourishing Period of English Poetry at the Beginning of the Century," and "The Completion of the English Constitution." Finally he announced his choice of the "War of Succession." The enumeration of the various topics which Körner was prepared to treat, strikingly exhibits the breadth of his reading, and the

style of subjects, including English poetry, which appealed to his remarkable idiosyncrasies.

Two months had now passed since the commencement of Körner's request for work. Four months afterwards, in March (1793), he wrote to the publisher that he was seriously at work,—in September that he had arranged the whole, but that he was not succeeding in the execution. Would Goschen let him off? At last a substitute was found, one Mauvillon. The correspondence on the subject closes with Körner's exclamation: "Hurrah for Mauvillon! He helps me out of a great embarrassment."

Thus for the time ended Körner's efforts to harness himself to some paying literary work!

The relations between Schiller and Goschen during the year 1793 continued on the most friendly and intimate footing. Towards the close of the previous year Schiller, crippled by his illness for the production of new works, had again felt much financial discomfort, and Goschen, at his instance, had sent money and a statement of his account. Once more the publisher appears to have been spontaneously liberal. Schiller acknowledged the remittance thus—

"You have surprised me most pleasantly, and laid me under an obligation by the considerable honorarium for the *Geister-seher;* but, though you have considered me so kindly in your account, and though your arrangements, too, about the *Thalia* have not cut me down by a single groschen for this year, yet your account has startled me, because—I am sure I don't know how—I have made a terrible mistake in my calculations, and expected to receive a much larger sum. But pray do not laugh at my bad arithmetic. Last year, when I was so seldom

well, there was a great deal of muddle in my receipts and outgoings, and I clean forgot your payment to me of 150 thalers in the summer of 1791."

If the Danish remittance did not turn up in time, he should seek refuge in Goschen's purse. The appeal had probably to be made, for in his next letter (February 25, 1793) Schiller sent Goschen thanks for money received, and promised that he would not bother him again before the next Fair. But he had soon to report that he was again unwell. "The opening of spring, which is a friend of the poets, but not of sick poets, has once more fastened me to my old complaint."

A little later (March 15), the poet, for the first time in his correspondence with my grandfather, expressed anxiety as to the effects of the war then raging, though at the moment the first campaign of the year, undertaken by the now united Powers of Europe, had opened disastrously for the French.

"This vexatious war! It will compel us authors to write nothing except news. But I hope we shan't come to that! The French have been beaten back out of Aix and Liège, and a hundred cannon have been captured in a few weeks; and it is in this that the French have their greatest and only superiority. Let us hope that our German bread will be quite spoilt to them.

"Be sure to let the Wieland business rest, till the worst of the war-storm has passed."

In May Goschen and Jette paid the Schillers a visit in Jena. My grandmother again proved herself a very winning woman. Schiller wrote after the departure of his guests—

"I am delighted that your visit was so agreeable to you and your dear Jette. Your visit has given us

a right hearty pleasure, and my wife never ceases to assure me how cordially she loves your Jette, and how much she would like to live in the same place with such a friend."

In the summer the *New Thalia* was honoured by one of Schiller's most noteworthy prose productions, an Essay on *Grace and Dignity* (*Anmuth und Würde*). We have seen how Schiller, poet, dramatist, historian, plunged also with equally enthusiastic *verve* into the vortex of metaphysics, and especially into æsthetics; and how he sported among the speculations of Kant during his convalescence from illness, and during his midday meals. Schiller was exceptionally delighted with this essay, which was "the outcome of deep reflection and of ideas carefully matured, though dashed off in six weeks"—a proof of much industry, he thought, for a sick man. His satisfaction found expression in many letters to friends, amongst others to Goschen, to whom he wrote that he had filled the second part of the *Thalia* with an essay of which he would only say that he was very proud of it. He had ordered 150 copies to be separately struck off, and had dedicated the essay to the Coadjutor with a separate title.* And Schiller was engaged on further work in æsthetics. In the same letter he added that he was much inclined to have another essay "On the Beautiful," which he had worked out in a series of letters to the Duke of Augustenburg, printed in the most elegant style: would Goschen have a press free for it in the coming winter?

* The separate title was as follows:—

"On Grace and Dignity,
"To Carl von Dalberg in Erfurt.
"What thou beholdest here, noble spirit, is thyself."

To C. G. Schütz, who had been much pleased with *Grace and Dignity*, he wrote—

"It cheers and encourages me much to hear such a voice as yours in my favour on my first excursion into philosophy. Indeed, I required such a friendly strengthening dose for my heart, for this branch of study is still new to me, and, between ourselves, I fear I may scarcely have learnt to *walk* while only thinking of *flying*. I heard from Gross that the idea had occurred to you of translating the essay into Latin. Would that you were inclined to carry this out! It would not be the first time that the coat had made the man."

Naturally Schiller informed Goschen at once of the suggested translation.

"Pray let me know whether you will soon issue a fresh edition of my '*Grace and Dignity*.' Hofrath Schütz will translate it into Ciceronian Latin. If it comes to this, I should wish you to publish his work. We may expect something excellent from his pen, and a Latin translation would be sure to be soon sold out outside of Germany! At the same time, let me ask you to advertise the existence of this essay in one or two literary newspapers, and also in a political one, with a mention of the Coadjutor. It is right and proper that I should give some publicity to the honour I was anxious to pay him by the dedication."

A playful allusion to a domestic detail closes this letter. "Next month I shall journey to Swabia, where perhaps I shall spend the whole of the winter. From thence I intend to ask you to be my gossip, as I am only travelling thither to give a better Vaterland to a son or daughter who is now on the road." On the 15th of September, Schiller, to his intense delight, had a son born to him at Ludwigsburg, a Swabian town, the home of his family, which he had just reached. "Wish me joy, dear Goschen," he wrote. "A little Carl Friedrich Schiller has arrived, big and

strong." But he did not ask Goschen to stand as one of the godfathers.

Schiller's journey to Swabia, momentous in its consequences to my grandfather, was the outcome of a plan he had long cherished to revisit his own country, and once more to see his aged father, now seventy years old. He started for his long holiday in August, having provided himself with a new equipment, for part of which he gave sundry commissions to his friend in Leipzig, the best centre for shopping in all those parts.* As we have seen, he was at Ludwigsburg by the middle of September. Distracted by a throng of new friends and new objects of interest, he nevertheless did not entirely lose sight of business. He was genuinely anxious, too, as to how my grandfather was faring. Thus he wrote—

"I am very eager to have news of you and yours, and of the progress of your undertakings.

"First of all, how do you stand with the *Kalender?* This question struck me suddenly a little time ago, and I should like to know whether you still reckon on me for it. I have done no work for it yet; but if you should have absolutely relied on me, perhaps there would be still time to devise something. Let me have an answer soon.

"How do you stand with Wieland? I hear in this place that eight volumes are to be ready by next Jubilate Fair. That would be a big business for one start off.

* Goschen executed his orders.

"Heaven grant that I have hit your taste in cloth and buttons. The cloth, three and a half ells, cost four thalers sixteen groschens (14*s.*); the dozen buttons cost thirteen thalers (nearly £2). The colour of the cloth is called *couleur de pensée.* I can get you a shooting belt (*Wildschnur*) for fifteen thalers, and a superior one for thirty thalers. A fur of black Hungarian genotte would cost from eighteen to thirty thalers. Write to me how much you will spend on it. You ought to have a good one."

"It is astonishing how the whole place here swarms with pirated editions. Everybody buys them, and I am no longer surprised at the luck of these literary corsairs. Be sure to protect your Wieland against such vermin.

"Farewell, dear friend. Would it be a heavy pull on you to send me forty louis d'ors in October? My expenses are quite horrible here, because short crops, war, and strangers send up all prices."

This is the last suggestion in the correspondence as to Schiller's continued co-operation on the famous *Damen-Kalender*. What Goschen replied I do not know. But in the next issue Schiller's name did not appear.

In October, Schiller was still full of æsthetic ideas, and contemplated another "little essay, written in the same manner as *Grace and Dignity*, but in a still more popular and graceful style." He told Goschen it would contain "A Philosophy of Refined Intercourse" (*Schöner Umgang*), in which the laws of good manners (*Guter Ton*) would be developed from first principles.

"On this subject-matter, no one, as far as I know, has ever philosophized, and I can promise that it will command general interest. Let me know, dear friend, whether, without prejudice to your Wieland, you can engage in this piece of work this winter. As to *Callias*, it will have to stand over at least a year. I have decided to develop the *Theory of the Beautiful*, which is to form its chief contents, in a series of letters to the Duke of Augustenburg. This shall be my chief work in this department, and we will lay in a stock of honour with it."

This *Callias*, by which honour was to be gained, and which was to be Schiller's chief work in his enthusiastic excursion into æsthetics, was shortly

to play an unhappy part in a coming painful drama. Finally, Schiller told Goschen that the *Thalia* could go slowly forward at the rate of about four or three numbers a year.

Goschen acknowledged Schiller's announcement with vehement alacrity. He would be down on the manuscripts at once. They should be treated most handsomely. But the manuscripts never reached Goschen's hands. At this very moment Schiller had been approached with offers of service by an intermediary of the great and rising publisher, Cotta. A siren voice whispered in his ear; visions of golden promise floated before him. The shadow of a great change in the relations between the two old friends of Gohlis was at hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERSONAL.

The preceding chapters have mainly exhibited my grandfather in the bustle and stir of his publishing business, but here and there the reader has already had glimpses of his home and family life, and his views on politics and religion. It has already appeared that he was domestic in the highest degree. The keenness of his joys and sorrows as a husband and father was never blunted by his business cares, and no mercantile considerations were ever allowed to interfere with his pure enjoyment of his home. He dreaded becoming so absorbed by what he called *mercantilia*, that the finer feelings of humanity might become numbed. Closely as he stuck to the publisher's desk, no one on occasion longed more than he, as he wrote to Wieland, to "escape from this commercial atmosphere."

My grandfather had his full share of family sorrows, for many of his children died young. His first son, on whose birth Schiller congratulated him in a letter already quoted, died when little more than a year old.

Goschen, often reticent in business—never, as he wrote of himself, in matters which concerned the heart—always made his best friends the confidants of

his paternal hopes, just as Wieland, with the most candid loquacity, related every incident touching his family or his own health in his friendly correspondence.

When Goschen was awaiting the birth of his second child, he wrote to Wieland in his usual spirited style—

"The expected arrival is playing the fool with grandparents, parents, and friends. What a publisher he will be some day! Before he has appeared in the world, he is already causing annoyance to authors!"

When at last a son was born, his delight knew no bounds. He wrote—

"At last I am rewarded for the two burdensome months, May and June, by the sweetest delight. A healthy boy—the true copy of his brother whom we lost—and the happy confinement of my dear Jette, have given my heart new life. My feet, now nearly forty years old, have recovered the steel springs which twenty-five years ago used to carry me over hedges and ditches. You should have seen me caper round the dear creatures!"

My grandfather ultimately had a numerous family. This second son, Carl Friedrich, known to me as Uncle Fritz, was soon followed by a third, Georg Joachim. The fourth, Wilhelm Heinrich, born July, 1793, was my father. Wieland sent the following note of congratulation on his birth:—

"Health and happiness and my best blessing on the new-born son of my friend Goschen! May he live and thrive, grow and prosper, and some day unite in himself the spirit, activity, and ability of his father, with all the graces and virtues of his mother! If so, he will certainly be one of the most excellent and enviable beings under the sun, whatever his fate may be. *Ainsi soit-il.*"

The fifth son, August Robert, born in 1794, died in infancy, as did two children who followed him. The youngest, Hermann Julius, arrived at man's estate. Fritz and Hermann took their part in the printing and publishing business, but neither showed the capacity of their father. Georg Joachim, on the other hand, and Wilhelm Heinrich, inherited many of his qualities. They were both brought up to commerce, but both had highly developed literary tastes, possessed a very original style, were eager readers, and devoted friends of culture. My father resembled the publisher in the intensity with which he approached any task to which he applied himself, in an ambition to bring honour and intellectual interest to bear on matters of trade; and he further inherited his creed of simplicity and domesticity as the best rule of life.

My uncle, Georg Joachim, a man of enthusiastic, gallant temperament, we shall find fighting against the French in 1813, by the side of Theodor Körner, in Lutzow's Free Corps amid many stirring scenes.

Two daughters, Henriette and Charlotte, completed the number of my grandfather's children. Both lived to a good old age, remaining fresh and enjoying all their faculties to the last, and were able to tell me of many interesting incidents in my grandfather's career.

Never was there a more united family than lived under his loving sway and felt the influence of his essentially God-fearing character. Flashes of his simple and unaffected piety lit up, as we have seen, many of his letters to his intimates. Undogmatic and tolerant, he was able to gauge both the strength and the weakness of the *Aufklärung* which swept most of

the *illuminati* away from the moorings of Christianity, but he was not drawn down into the whirlpool himself. When established in his country home, he did not fail to take a steady interest in his parish church and its minister, while in his younger days at Leipzig, as has been told,* he sat at the feet of the honoured preacher, Zollikofer. On the latter's death (1788) he wrote to Bertuch—

"We have become orphans as regards our souls! Zollikofer is dead. I have followed him to the grave with two hundred of his faithful listeners. He has passed away, and no one will be able to replace him."

Of his intellectual gifts the reader must form his own judgment. Possibly his many striking letters, even more than contemporary testimony—which, however, is universally favourable—give the best evidence to the measure of his mental equipment. His own allusion to his intelligence in his pitiless analysis of his own self, made for the benefit of his future wife, may possibly not have been forgotten. Providence, he wrote to Jette, had "indeed endowed him with a good share of common sense and intelligence, deep feelings, and a benevolent regard for humanity; but Nature had given him no single talent. He spoke no language but his mother tongue." I think this view of his own mental powers was modest, for they clearly went beyond common sense and intelligence, and his knowledge was wide. As to languages, he certainly read English with comfort. There are many traces of his familiarity with it. But the following curious letter to an English correspondent shows, I fear, that his skill in writing English left much to be desired:—

* Chapter II. p. 37.

"Leipzig, August 7, 1789.

"Sir,

"I beg your pardon that I have, detained by some Indispositions and Illness of my Bodie, not sooner send the Book, which you have comitted from and payd to me. *Rumpf's Sprach-meister* I could not get, I have searched for it with every Bookseller and Antiquarius. It is intirely sold.

"You have payd me Klopstock's *Odes*. But I can't send it, because a friend of mine has taken it out of my Bibliotheca and has lost it. Mr. Klopstock will publish in some time a new Edition elegantly printed, which I'll send as soon as it is out of the Press. I have taken the Libberty to send some other pieces by Mr. Meissner. You will find that I have put these pieces on the Account to your Debet, and Klopstock's *Odes* on your credit.

"The Book which in *belles Lettres* is received with the most Applause in Germany is Schiller's *Geschichte der Oestreichischen Niederlande*, which is written in the manner of Robertson with a greet fond of Philosophie, with historical thruth, and with much elegance.

"Bürger has published a new edition of his poesies. This is the only national or Volcks-Dichter who we have. His manner is humouristical with great energie and a beautiful versification.

"*Voyage of the jeune Anarcharsis*, by Mr. Barthelmy at Paris, which contained the learnest Description of Greece during the life of the greatest Men, the opinions on the most importante subjects among that inlightened and cultivated people, the description of the Works of art, etc., is the most important Book that the World has got in this year.

"Excuse, Sir, the barbareous manner in which I writte the english Language. If you can understand this letter, then it is more as I dare to expect.

"I am, with the greatest Respect, Sir,

"Your humbel and most obedient Servt.,

"Georg Joachim Goschen.

"To Mr. Tho. F. Hill, Esq.,
by the address of Mr. Isaac Walker, Esq.,
West side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London."

In German he wielded his pen with vigour and great ease, and ventured himself on the hazardous experiment of authorship. But his curious little book, *Johann's Travels*, written, so he told his friends, by way of pastime, interests less as a literary product than for the insight which it gives into his mental attitude towards a variety of subjects. The occasion of the writing of the book was his journey into Switzerland in the year 1792. It is said to have been inspired by *Sterne's Sentimental Journey*. The story is supposed to be told by a young man, Johann, who, when his father had lost all his fortune in business, became secretary and servant (*Schreiber und Bediente*) to a gentleman who treated him as a son. On the death of his master soon afterwards, his widow placed in Johann's hands the letters which he had written on his travels. Johann describes the journey on which he accompanied his master in a comic vein; but the supposed letters of the master himself are incorporated in the book, and it is in these that my grandfather speaks and pours out his heart. Indeed, many of them are almost verbatim the letters which Goschen wrote to his wife. And, side by side with comic or other adventures told as having befallen the servant, the names of real persons whom my grandfather visited—learned men and others—are introduced. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between real and imaginary incidents, but the colouring is evidently true to nature throughout. The book is full of vivid accounts of men and manners, poetical, sentimental, yet withal very shrewd. The corruption of many of the larger cities filled my grandfather with despair for the future of Germany. He saw physical and moral evils threatening to sap its domestic life.

He implored the upper classes to look more carefully to the morals of their sons. The spirit of the revolution was abroad.

"People speak much in our days of civic freedom. Would that the people would rather begin, and the sooner the better, to be morally free! but they are becoming from day to day more miserable slaves of their passions, of luxury and selfishness—their own egotism is their real tyrant."

The conditions under which the mass of the workmen and workwomen lived filled him with horror. The traveller's servant is made to eulogize great towns; but an old guide who is showing him the lions, invites him to visit the poorer quarters, to step up to the attics, and creep up the corners of the small streets, and the result is that the miserable state of the population is revealed in scathing words.

My grandfather's tone was that of the philanthropic, sensible, social reformer—the champion of the diffusion of light, as we have repeatedly seen—but alarmed lest the growing luxuriousness of the towns, coupled with the removal of religious landmarks and the subversion of time-honoured principles of ethics, should undermine the ancient German character.

Goschen journeyed with his eyes open, and repeatedly scoffed at books of travel which were mere handbooks. In one passage he girds at the way in which young Englishmen, who till recent years had a very doubtful reputation abroad as intelligent or interested travellers, scampered through the places they visited.

"But as for the young Englishmen who do not think it worth while to pay a *valet-de-place*, but who rush through the German towns treating the inhabitants as though they were dirt, who ask for the

cathedral, and if the common man in the street does not know what a cathedral* may be, fly into a rage at German stupidity;—as for these Englishmen, who rap out a 'God damn' at mine host's modest reckoning, leap madly into their carriage and dash away,—let them race to the world's end with their cards of patterns; I will not detain them."

Of his descriptions of towns, that of Augsburg, with her lost prestige, but wonderful historical associations, is the one most worth recording. The passages relating to the Reformation and "enlightenment" bring out clearly Goschen's straining after reasonable belief, and illustrate one notable side of his spiritual nature.

"Augsburg is still a queen amongst German cities. Her glory is dimmed, but not extinguished,—she has retained the dignity of nobility and grandeur. Though she no longer numbers 100,000 inhabitants, she has still a third of that number as busy workers in her many factories and workshops. Her mighty bankers whom wealth and splendour brought within her walls; her painters who with their brush lent glory to her fame, are no more. But many noble families still flourish in evergreen youth before her eyes, a manufacturer still supports two thousand souls by his factory, and some good artists still thrive under her protection. And although she can no longer scatter gold on all sides with liberal hand as of yore, yet still she sees with satisfaction how merchants from distant centres of trade steal a march upon time through the excellent arrangements of her banks of exchange. It is true that she cannot now claim the honour of being visited by emperors and princes to decide beneath her shadow the fate of nations and their rulers. The age has passed when Luther raised the torch within her walls and, despite the wrath of temporal and spiritual powers, lit up faith with its blaze. Here it was where that daring man struck off the shameful fetters from the spirit, and gave an

* The Germans generally call a cathedral "Der Dom."

impetus to the power of thought which no force may dare to check; where he raised humanity a step higher towards the kindly daughter of heaven, to that enlightenment near which alone the reasoning man feels at ease—to that enlightenment which, even as John went before Christ, marches in advance of the bright light of truth which may perhaps not show its light to man save on the other side of the grave. These days are gone by, but their memory still sheds a fair ray upon Augsburg, which gladdens man as the tender radiance of sunset after a brilliant day."

Speaking of the effect of Roman Catholicism on the town, he laments that "Catholic policy (not religion) of yore shed so much misery and lamentation over Augsburg, that it still keeps up distrust and cabals between the leaders of the religious parties, and would fain burn Seiler's prayer-book on the market-place before the eyes of the whole of enlightened Germany." He bewails the reserve which this state of things imposed on a people whose national character brought their heart so easily to their lips. It seemed wonderful to him that the soundness of their nature had not been more affected.

Goschen illustrates by the names of their painters and sculptors the aptitude of the Bavarians for the fine arts, and their capacities in the direction of science. But for the bread-winning arts, for agriculture, commerce, manufacture, their forces had not been sufficiently awakened; they had not been led up to what required industry and activity.

"Love of work and industry are the safest means to lead a people to a harmless enlightenment. While men meditate on the perfection of their various crafts, their understandings are exercised; they learn by degrees to think reasonably on other subjects also, and their powers of thought being continually drawn again to their callings, they cease from tormenting

their brains with speculative meditation. Want of industry was the cause why this good people exhausted its power in mere sensuousness, and why its easy disposition turned to credulity, a tendency which five thousand monks in Bavaria knew how to turn to good account. The soft character of their rulers was more favourable to the development of the Beautiful than of the Useful. These rulers, too, were easily influenced, and thus it came about that the only means to elevate the nation to thoughtfulness and industry—*namely, better education*—remained in hands where it was not well cared for, and which drew their swords against Thought as against the arch-enemy."

The account of Bavaria concludes with a very curious statement:—

"The English appear to wish to render services to the Bavarians. In the olden days a certain Winthir (*sic*) came to the neighbourhood of Munich with this intention, put on a peasant's smock, and won the love and trust of the country folk by tilling the ground with them. In our days one Thomson has come to the court and gained considerable influence. The former wished to humanize the Bavarians, the other appears to wish to Anglicize them."

While Goschen thought the public authorities of Bavaria remiss in real care for the people, he ingeniously invented an imaginary conversation between a Saxon and a Bavarian, in order to give his opinions as to the rulers of his own country. The Elector of Saxony, Friedrich August the Just—afterwards created first King of Saxony by Napoleon—was a prince who won the deepest affection from his subjects. Few sovereigns passed through more extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune or had to play a more delicate part, but he never forfeited the love or respect of his people. Goschen shared the national sentiment to the full.

The plan of the little book enabled Goschen to introduce any topic he wished to develop. Thus he had a fling at "the pirates" in the middle of his compliments to the Saxon authorities. The traveller, passing in a carriage, overtakes a Saxon publisher trudging along on foot.

"What!" he exclaims, "do the Muses allow *you* to go on foot?"

"No, not the Muses," is the reply, "but Schmieder, Schramm and their fellows!"

(These were the pirates who had chiefly plundered Goschen.)

The traveller then offers the Saxon publisher a seat in his carriage, and the latter, pointing to the fertile Bavarian fields through which their road lay, laments the miserable fact that this land, capable of every kind of cultivation, was so little utilized. Six thousand farms were said to be derelict!

"The consequence of the last war," said Johann's master, "which has ruined land and morals."

The Saxon at once contrasts the state of his own country which "the luxuriant laurels of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War had not only drained dry, but had charged with loans for half a century to come."

"But how quickly," he adds, "has our country raised itself again! This we owe to our good Elector, to whom posterity need erect no monumental column. A whole country blooming once more, is the fine monument of his wisdom and goodness."

"By what means has the Elector achieved this result?"

"By the simplest and most unfailing means in the world—namely, by generous thrift. Saxony was

bound, if she desired to rescue herself from general bankruptcy, to give a new impetus to her commerce and her manufactures; but having no money for these purposes, she required credit. The diminished expenditure of the Court made it possible to redeem the treasures which had been pledged, and thus we acquired credit everywhere. Thus the Elector, by voluntary sacrifices and diminished expenses, as a true father of his people, has saved his country from ruin."

To the suggestion that the Sovereign might spend more in order to put more money into circulation, the Saxon replies—

"Nay, our excellent master cares for the future. How easily might Saxony, in consequence of her geographical situation, find herself once more in circumstances when she might require the treasure which is now being stored up as a last reserve."

This individual and contemporary testimony to the financial wisdom of the Elector is surely not without some historical interest. The dialogue continues—

"But how comes it that the Elector's subjects are content with those authorities who stand between the father and his children?"

"The authorities of my town suppress what is bad through the agency of a good police, and by the encouragement of industry; they promote what is good through the improvement of the education of the lower orders, and help the miserable through the erection of workhouses and other good institutions."

And this is Goschen's aspiration for the happiness of these men who were so wisely serving his country: "May God bless these men! May a good angel, when they lay their careworn heads on their pillows to-night, bring them refreshing sleep, and

some day—for the sake of all of us, as late as possible —sleep's more solemn brother!" Many ministers of state would wish such a blessing to be invoked on their behalf by the public whom they serve!

But the phantom of the pirate publishers still lingered in my grandfather's mind in the midst of his municipal enthusiasm. The following passage is very characteristic in more than one respect:—

"When the horses were changed at Augsburg my master took a glass in his hands and drank a parting toast to the patriotic Saxon. 'A heaven on earth to our good Elector, the wise and beneficent father of his people!' We had doffed our hats, and the publisher had folded his hands beneath his. Then he asks—

"'Whither are you travelling?'

"'Further on into Swabia.'

"'Won't you take me with you? I should like to make the personal acquaintance of the rascals who honour the books which issue from my press with such close intimacy. Perhaps some day I will have them all engraved on copper-plate, so as to immortalize their deeds for posterity, and for their children and grandchildren.'"

Then follows a long and spirited discussion on piracy, with which I must not trouble my readers. It is enough to state that the publisher is made to declare that in three years he had not yet sold a small edition of the work of one of the first authors of the nation, whilst three thousand pirated copies had been sold in Swabia alone.

Johann and his master, like Goschen himself, visited the country where Wieland had dwelt in his youth. A letter, supposed to have been written by Johann's master to his wife, is headed "Wieland." It might have been, and probably was, written direct

to my grandmother—it represents so fully my grandfather's tone towards her. It is dated from Tübingen, which overlooks the fair Neckar Valley—

"The man who could stop me now, on my return to my household gods, while every thought of thee, thou long-missed happiness of my heart, quickens the blood in my veins, must most certainly be an excellent man. And such is Professor Schnurrer, of Tübingen, to be revered not less for his heart than for his learning; beloved for his unaffected courtliness, and fascinating from his cultivated manner. He showed me the unspeakable beauties of the Neckar Valley. 'But,' he said, 'more noteworthy than all the rest is yonder Osterburg. There the singer of Oberon dwelt, a solitary youth; there he feasted on the rapturous sight of this great and charming effort of Nature; here he sacrificed the earliest blossoms of his soul to the Muses. There lies the cradle of his beautiful spirit. The spot will be sacred to every cultivated traveller, and every Swabian will be proud of it.' I laid my hand softly on the arm of my friend. 'Heaven grant that your prophecy may soon come true! It would be a certain sign of true culture; but I have my doubts. It is true that when our dear fellow-countrymen ship to England, they visit the memorials of Shakespeare; and when they pass by Ferney, gape at the house where once the great Voltaire dwelt, that they may be able to talk about it at home.'"

Truly my grandfather did not mince his words when his feelings were aroused. This is how the publisher scourged his customers—

"When the German public pays a famous author the compliment of reading his book as soon as it appears, or chatters about it like parrots after it has been reviewed in the *Jena Litteratur-Zeitung*,—that is something. But to learn lessons from the author, to appropriate his beautiful ideas, to feel his elegancies, to enrich mind and heart by his aid, to observe in the events of to-day what Nature through his intellect

reveals of her plans in advance, and consequently to feel enthusiasm for him ;—for all this we are not yet ripe, or the times for it are already passed, and we are no longer in need of anything of the kind!"

Such was the ideal standard which the publisher himself set up to gauge the good which readers were to seek and find in the highest forms of literary work!

Thus far I have placed some of Goschen's impressions of his travels before the reader in the guise in which he dressed them up in his book. Much of the same ground is covered by letters to his wife, written under the same emotions, but, of course, often with more personal details and additions. Here is a letter to Jette, written from Switzerland, during a visit to Pestalozzi with whom he had previously been in correspondence. It brings out strongly the imaginative, poetical, exaggerating, and, as we should now call it, gushing side of his nature. But possibly, the violence of his emotions which were characteristic of the period, may be forgiven in view of the innate poetry of the letter.

"Neuenhoff, September 10, 1792.

"My heavenly Jette,

"I am staying here with Pestalozzi at Neuenhoff, at the foot of a range of mountains in the most beautiful solitude, and in air as pure as Paradise. . . . Before my window lies a wide plain encircled by a coronet of mountains. Habsburg, an old castle, the cradle of the reigning German emperor, lies on the left. Two rivers, the Aar and the Reuss—two rapid, furious streams—enclose this plain.

"It was a beautiful morning when I drove away from Lindau. The lake looked like a lovely chrysolite ; then came the dawn, and cast over it a veil of rose-colour threaded with silver, through which the

green water shimmered. The lake stretched away on my right—on the left were towns, villages, and snow mountains. My way lay through a perpetual garden, beneath tall oaks, beeches, and fruit trees, through endless meadows, through herds of cattle. At last I came to the Rhine. Here I got into a ferry, and alighted again in the land of freedom. Inexpressible joy seized my breast. Once more I drove through a garden, with the lake ever on the right, whilst on the left one fair valley after another opened out. There on every spot the Lord has showered His blessing. Fruit, wine, flocks, meadows, corn—all is wealth and blessing. I came to St. Gall. Nowhere have I found a richer town, a more populous region, nature more blooming. All is hill and valley, but on the hills you find no uncultivated spot. Up to the highest peaks nothing is to be seen but smiling verdure, orchards, cornfields, charming dwellings, factories. There is indescribable life and industry, grace, and charm. At St. Gall I could not resist the temptation; I took a Swiss soldier with me, who spoke German, and made a three days' journey on foot in the Swiss Alps. I made the ascent with toil and labour, but with a light heart and glad spirit. The first evening I went in the moonlight through woods and waterfalls as far as Geuss. Here I found an inn, where English and French were going through the whey cure. The whey is of the milk of the goats which feed in the highest mountains on nothing but the most wholesome herbs. I drank the whey for one day only, and noticed an extraordinary effect. From this temple of the god of convalescence I ascended to the summit of the world. Here I found nothing but shepherds, a people living solely on milk and whey, cheese and bread. No poetical shepherds these, but the sons of nature. All passions are untamed, all the good qualities of human nature uncorrupted. Ah, ye Appenzeller shepherds, never shall I forget you! And yet, by some such an Appenzeller, with all that he wears, would not be valued at two groschen. When I was up there on the highest summit of the Alps, and had two Appenzeller children sitting on my knee, I thought of you, my wife, and of my two boys. I was so near to heaven with my physical and moral

being—you were so near to my heart—I felt so light; I had reached such a pinnacle of sensation, that I felt transfigured.

"After a two days' journey, I came to the Lake of Zurich. The Creator would seem to have selected with peculiar care all the charms of nature, all that is lovely and sweet on the whole earth, wherewith to adorn nature at this lake. Every little peep is the most bewitching landscape; no painter can devise a fairer—none, with all his imagination, could dream of a fairer. It was a lovely evening. The sun set in indescribable beauty behind the mountains, and then the moon shone above the lake; anon I saw her over a church, anon she cast broken rays athwart high trees upon the water, anon she gleamed on the sails of ships or silvered the waves. The houses, too, on the lake, which form an uninterrupted line on each side twenty-four miles in length, were lit up. My breast expanded perforce. Involuntarily I sang songs, and tears of joy gushed from my eyes. Enjoyment was so strong that my heart needed an utterance."

Johann's master is made to describe the same scenery with the same poetical feeling. At times the language is almost identical, but the close is different—

"I gaze at the ancient mountain-chain, round whose brow light clouds are frolicking, while, below, the waves are raging and the storm is furiously careering round! The cuirass of its ice is bidding defiance to the sunrays, while the apple tree is calmly mirroring itself in the lake at its feet. Thus all seasons of the year are playing and fighting together around me.

"I sat and revelled in the sight with almost intoxicated glances. And then my soul felt in those sublime shapes the greatness, in the sweet soft scenes the beauty, and in the whispering of the leaves the nearness, of the deity. My whole being became rapture, nature a temple, every thought a song of praise. I was leaning over the railing, and a tear of joy fell into the lake!"

The twentieth-century reader must not scoff at this emotional tear. Men wept in those days with little restraint. The fount of tears was not yet sealed by fashion or self-control, as it is in these arid times.

The quaint humour of Johann himself is more difficult to bring out in single passages, but Wieland and others were much struck with it. He calls the little book "the true pendant to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*." Böttiger wrote that the droll humour of the hero of the journey had been mainly praised, and that no doubt it had its merits. Indeed—

"Goschen's favourite reading was *Tristram Shandy*, the style of which had been adopted by him; but the critics have missed his chief object, namely to make domestic happiness the pivot of all his observations as a traveller, and yet it was just this side of the work which the author himself liked best. In fact they were letters to his wife!"

Yet some reviewers saw in the more serious parts a revelation of the character of the author. Two passages are quoted by Lorenz. One review declared that "the author must be a man full of noble and lofty feeling, a man of straight and simple modes of thought —in one word, a good man." Another was to the effect that—

"Almost every page shows the author as a man of head and heart endowed with an active imagination, with wit and humour, and with genuine benevolence, with a delicate feeling for humanity, and an extremely lively sensibility for all that is good and beautiful, which frequently approaches enthusiasm. At the same time, he appears as a man who has accumulated no small stock of information and observation on the world and mankind."

Goschen himself wrote, as was natural, with great modesty of this attempt at authorship, undertaken to

while away an idle hour snatched from business. As to his idealist friends, Schiller and Körner, the book was totally alien to them in spirit. I cannot find any allusion to it by the latter. The former, on receiving the manuscript from Goschen, replied that he had laughed heartily at some passages, but that he had no time to send him any criticisms as requested. The book subsequently suggested to Schiller that Goschen should be chastised in the *Xenia*.

If my grandfather's eloquent emotion over the beauties of scenery savoured of some hyperbole, though I believe it to have been perfectly sincere, an actual letter to his wife, written on this journey, contains a burst of feeling with reference to a matter of human interest which certainly came straight from the depths of his grateful heart. He appears to have found and sent home a portrait of Rulffs, his foster-father, the benefactor who had rescued the orphan boy from beggary. Jette writes—

"The portrait of the good Rulffs gives me great delight. Little Fritz at once cried 'Grandfather,' knelt down before the picture and stroked it, and for a whole hour he made me kiss and stroke 'grandfather,' he mimicking me all the while to his intense joy. Rulffs would have been touched had he seen the boy."

Goschen answers with deep feeling—

"Rulffs' portrait is a sacred relic for me and my children. Kiss the boy for his love for it! Oh, you good boy! Some day, when you are able to understand its value, and, as I hope, to feel it also, you will truly love it."

But Goschen's profound gratitude was not confined to words. Rulffs had been officially appointed "Father of the poor" in Mainz. When the French occupied

this fortress in 1792 his position became extremely delicate. The city was divided between the Clubbists, partizans of the French, inflamed with the spirit of the Revolution, and the adherents of the old *régime*. The Clubbists, protected by the French, occupied all the municipal offices in the town. What was Rulffs to do? He was the administrator of the funds for the relief of the poor,—the orphanages were under his care. When the swarms of soldiers who entered the town brought scarcity in their wake, and even more when the place was besieged, he had still to see that his orphans were cared for, and his paupers fed. He had no alternative but to act under the authorities of the town, and to stand in friendly relations with the Clubbists. Some say that he was not a member of the Club at all, but, however that may be, he occasionally attended their meetings, where he made collections for his poor! His whole mind was concentrated on this task. He had to pay a heavy penalty for his devotion when, in the following year, the Germans recaptured the town. Amidst the execrations of the fickle mob, the Clubbists and their sympathizers were seized and thrown into prison, and among them Rulffs, charged with treason as a frequenter of the Club, and further denounced on the charge of having embezzled part of the funds of the poor! What a fate for the man whose whole life had been a continuous course of philanthropy!

Goschen heard of the arrest with profound dismay. Now was the time for him to repay the debt of gratitude he owed! Every channel of influence must be utilized. He must be off to the prison himself, if necessary. He wrote most urgently to invoke Wieland's help (July 28, 1792)—

"This time I write to you on an important affair of the heart. To save a man one leaves no stone unturned. A certain Rulffs, who was appointed to be supervisor and director of the poor-law administration by the Elector of Mainz, is my foster-father. He took me up when I was a luckless boy, maintained and educated me, and turned a beggar boy into a useful man. He was at that time a merchant in Bremen; an irresistible impulse to do good caused him to devote half his fortune to the suffering! His life has been one long chain of charity, and he is rectitude itself. Such a man has much enthusiasm. Now, whether it was in consequence of this enthusiasm or from the necessity to keep his poor alive after the departure of the wealthy, I cannot say—at any rate, he has frequented the Club and has collected there for his poor, and for this reason he kept touch with the French. It is certain that this unhappy man, now in his seventieth year, must expect a terrible fate. He himself is so simple-minded that he hopes the Elector, instead of punishing him, will reward him. But I hear that in all quarters this noble man is spoken of as the seducer of the people. What can I do for him? Thinking over everything, it strikes me that the Dowager Duchess in Weimar might take some step with the Elector of Mainz in Rulffs' favour, and so I write to beg you to try whether by these means something could be done. If you can make this attempt, you will oblige me more than I can express in words; you will relieve this dreadful oppression on my heart, and help perhaps the noblest man on whom the sun has ever shone!"

How Wieland answered this first letter I do not know. There is a gap in the correspondence, for Wieland's next extant letter alludes to one from Goschen of the 12th of August. Goschen must have declared that he should go himself to look after Rulffs. Wieland replied in a letter (August 18) in which I miss his usual effusiveness, and for once there is not a single mythological allusion—

"I was in Jena when your letter of the 12th arrived. I spoke some days ago with the Coadjutor of Mainz about, and on behalf of, the unhappy R. I found him accurately informed about everything. He admitted that R.'s fate was all the more to be pitied, as he had formerly enjoyed the reputation of a good and honest man, but he appeared strongly to accentuate the fact of R. having enjoyed an annual salary of 2200 gulden from the Elector. The Elector, he thought, might fairly have expected more gratitude and fidelity from such a man, and therefore it could not be hoped that an exception would be made in his favour. Besides, the worst was over, as the mob in its first rage had treated poor R. very cruelly. In short, dear Goschen, all that one can say in excuse of this unhappy man really excuses nothing. He just was a Clubbist, and now fares as his brothers fare. You, my friend, know the world too well to be shocked if neither dear dame Justice, nor the servants of an offended prince, and least of all a populace burning with revenge on account of all their sufferings at the hands of, and through the fault of, the French and Mainz republicans,—can easily be induced to make fine distinctions in favour of a man, against whom appearances, and even undeniable facts, testify, and to look upon what is an inexcusable crime in their eyes, in the indulgent light of an error into which he was only betrayed by the goodness of his heart! Heaven preserve me from putting the drag on your heart in this matter; but I cannot help entreating you to reflect more than once on every step which you propose to take. Is it necessary that you yourself should travel to Frankfurt in order to relieve R.'s wife and children? Why, even the cost of such a journey would be a considerable contribution to the maintenance of those unhappy people!"

Körner, himself ready for every noble deed, was on this occasion equally unsympathetic. Anxious that Goschen should not compromise himself, he wrote to him from Dresden—

"That you interest yourself for Rulffs is much to be commended, but I beg you to observe the utmost caution. Up till now I think you cannot well complain of our government, and your sojourn in Leipzig has certainly many advantages for you. Please try not to spoil your position as regards the police, whose suspicions in these times are easily aroused by such connections."

It is easy to imagine how the terrible events of the French Revolution were trying the nerves of the authorities, and especially the police, in the year 1792. Goschen, however, was not to be frightened out of his purpose. What care would he take as regards his own "position" if the fortunes of "perhaps the noblest man on whom the sun ever shone" were at stake? By what means he was successful in accomplishing Rulffs' liberation, beyond the fact that he was successful, I have not been able to discover. In the story, *The Ways of the Lord with Deserted Children*, the incidents of which, as the reader may remember, were declared to have been related by Goschen's own lips, it is told that "Georg" (the name of the orphan boy), now grown into manhood, and at the head of a flourishing business, heard of his foster-father's imprisonment, at once started for the Rhine with a considerable sum of money, negotiated his release with the authorities, and himself carried the order giving effect to it to the gaol, where the astonished and delighted prisoner recognized his adopted son whom he had not seen for many years, and received at his hands the document by which he was set free.

This was clearly the journey which Wieland advised him not to undertake. The details are not

mentioned in any letters, only the fact that Rulffs was saved by Goschen.

But this was not all. Apparently all that Rulffs possessed was confiscated, and my grandfather made provision for his wife and children, whilst some suit, by which Rulffs sought redress, was going on. Böttiger writes as late as 1796 that this unfortunate family was being maintained at that time at Goschen's expense. Allusions occur in many letters to Rulffs' health and anxieties and to the prospect of his gaining his cause. At last in 1798, more than five years after his imprisonment, he obtained final justice in the highest Court of Appeal for Germany, in Wetzlar. Goschen's energy had been as continuous as his gratitude and benevolence.

The story of Rulffs, Körner's warnings as to the police, "whose suspicions in these days are easily aroused," and many allusions in Goschen's own letters to the troubles of the times, must be read in connection with the distracted condition of Germany between the years 1792 and 1797. Not only were wars and rumours of wars, campaigns and revisions of the map of Europe, disorganizing all the ordinary conditions under which government and administration were being carried on, but the infection of the French revolutionary spirit, both in its reforming and in its destructive shape, was utterly unsettling the minds of men, and creating in all directions a feeling of unrest and the anticipation of many dangers to come. Goschen was certainly not a reactionary; he loved moderate reform; he was, as we have seen, always in favour of light; but he dreaded the removal of moral land-marks, the

loosening of the ties of authority, the unchaining of fierce and unbridled forces amongst men and nations.

Here is a characteristic passage from one of his letters to Becker—

"Nevertheless, I sometimes meditate on politics, and it appears to me as if the genius of the eighteenth century had become an old man who *plays* with liberty and equality. I ask you, is the spirit of strength, of moderation, of simplicity in life, of virtue, no longer in us—that spirit which alone can expect, preserve, and endure liberty? Those below desire to pull down those above, but none to raise others up to themselves! That is the spirit of our age! I don't expect much from it!"

That Goschen showed a fine courage and a high spirit under the most adverse circumstances has appeared, and will further appear in the course of his life's history, but, like all men of his sensitive nature, he was liable to occasional fits of depression. The following was wrung from him (in a letter to Böttiger, in July, 1796) under a feeling of despair as to the effects of the apparently interminable wars, and the fierce passions which were convulsing Europe:—

"The future may turn out as it likes; I don't yearn to live to see it; for the battle of man against humanity, the tension of nerves, the growth of irritability, the rapid development of disease in those life-forces which have heretofore maintained a happy equilibrium between activity and rest,—give little hope of what is good. Bloody heads, a gradual transition to barbarism, bestial sensuality;—for all these the ground seems prepared. God grant that I may be a false prophet! A man who has some feeling for the dignity of man, who has a soft heart and an idealizing fancy, is not likely to feel comfortable in such times as these. But away with this yellow telescope!"

Yes, my grandfather himself, the shrewd man of business, had a real sense for the dignity of man, a soft heart, and an idealizing fancy. His whole temperament was in revolt against that moral breakdown of all the civilizing influences, which he feared from the spirit which was abroad.

Wieland, in the same year, writing to Goschen about a visit he projected to Switzerland, exhibited a similar distrust and anxiety as to the future—

"So much is written and talked about the danger of the roads in Franconia and Swabia, where numerous bands of robbers have made their home, that I really don't know whether I am doing right to venture on so perilous a journey with my wife and children. Indeed, all Germany seems to me in not much better case than in the times of the Thirty Years' War, and I confess that I have lost all confidence in the men amongst whom the sieve of destiny has dropped me."

Wieland himself suggested that this ebullition was due partly to hypochondria; but the passage exhibits the miserable discouragement which was clouding men's minds in those dark days. Historians deal with the striking events of the period known to most of us chiefly in their bearing on the balance of power and reconstructions of the map of Europe, but the private letters throw interesting side-lights on the way in which they came home to simple citizens and affected their domestic and private life.

On the whole, my grandfather himself was not an alarmist or pessimist. He will be seen carrying through most costly undertakings in the midst of the convulsions which were shaking the very foundations of constitutions, and changing the boundaries of nations; but except in the case of his own beloved Elector, whose rule he had praised so warmly in his

little book, he saw no strength, no grip, no foresight in the men who swayed the destinies of Germany, and no sound public opinion to influence events.

In the last month of 1795 Goschen took a step which brought him a large addition of happiness, and gave fresh and invigorating interests to his whole existence. He bought a little country home which he described to Wieland with exuberant joy in the following terms (December, 1795):—

"I think I have purchased an increase of health and life in the shape of a pleasant house and a garden in one of the finest landscapes of the world. My house is on a hill; below me flows the river Mulde, and on its bank lies the town of Grimma. All is park-like, though Nature's own creation. My view commands innumerable villages, countless country seats. All is charm and life, and on my hill I breathe the purest air. It is true that it is fifteen miles from Leipzig, but, as I am a good pedestrian, I shall spend all the future Sundays of my life there, and, when I am worn out, I shall go there altogether. Perhaps some day the town of Grimma will choose me their consul, and fetch me from my field of turnips. Perhaps I shall bring my printing-presses on to this hill, where no envious printer can prevent my using German type. So you see I have a new hobby-horse on which I can career about for my recreation till I have finished what I have got to finish, and need no longer work for my bread, but only for pleasure. For this, it is true, five years are necessary."

Vain hopes! My grandfather, though he lived more than thirty years longer, never reached that happy goal.

The hamlet of Hohenstädt, in which my grandfather made his rural home, consisted of a group of houses on a hill, distant about half an hour's walk

DISTANT VIEW FROM HOHENSTAEDT.

[*To face p.* 460, *Vol. I.*

from Grimma, a quaint little country town, overlooking the valley of the Mulde, a tributary of the Elbe, a stream of varying depth, running through prettily wooded hills in a winding course. The cost of the house and the land attached to it was 2000 thalers, and no investment could have been more successful. Goschen loved nature with an overflowing enthusiasm which broke out in many directions, and the country round Leipzig, to which his eyes were accustomed, is so dull, flat, and monotonous, that the contrast of beautiful views from tree-covered hills over varied landscapes with park-like scenery, seemed a paradise in the sight of the citizen. I have several times been to Hohenstädt myself, and the views are certainly charming and attractive, but when my grandfather wrote that his eye commanded one of the finest landscapes in the world, his delightful and simple enthusiasm lent some enchantment to the view!

When he bought the place he had the old house enlarged to meet the wants of his growing family.* It is still inhabited by some of his descendants, and presents the most modest and simple appearance. Like many country houses great and small in Saxony, it lines one side of a large farmyard; while on two others are stables for horses and cows, barns and other farm buildings. On the fourth side the farmyard is divided from the garden by a belt of shrubs and trees. The garden consists of a series of terraces sloping down steeply, with many pretty nooks and rough arbours at the best points of view. The house,

* The purchase money which Goschen paid for Hohenstädt was 2000 thalers. The cost of rebuilding the house and laying out the gardens cost him a considerable further amount.

even when enlarged, was too small for the hospitable ways of my grandfather, and rooms were arranged over the stables for the accommodation of any overflow of guests. One of these was called the "Kuhstube" (the Cow-room), and the other the "Pferdestube" (the Horse-room).

I remember that, when as quite a small boy, on a visit to Hohenstädt, I developed whooping-cough, I was quartered in the Cow-room, in the belief that the atmosphere of the stable beneath, penetrating the building, was health-giving to such an invalid.

The whole place was very rural, very primitive; but many distinguished men of letters, Schiller and his wife among them, did not disdain to visit the publisher in his favourite retreat, there to be entertained in that simple frugal German fashion, to which my grandfather in his growing prosperity clung as one of the best rules for a happy life.

The purchase of Hohenstädt led to another important step in Goschen's career—the transfer to Grimma of the printing-presses which he had erected in Leipzig. His noble and successful efforts in the cause of typography will be told elsewhere in this biography. It will suffice for the moment to state, that when he established presses in Leipzig in order to be more independent of printers, he only acquired permission to employ Latin type—a most harassing limitation. So when he came to the neighbourhood of Grimma he applied to the authorities for a concession of the privilege to print in that town without such a restriction. Sanguine that his petition would be granted, he bought a house, in 1796, in the market-place, close to the fine old Rathhaus, and when in

"GOESCHENS LANDHAUS IN HOHENSTAEDT BEI GRIMMA." [*To face p.* 462, *Vol. I.*

From an old Print.

1797 he obtained the necessary permission, his presses were brought from Leipzig. His printing establishment at this time consisted of six presses, soon to be increased to eight, and employed from thirty to forty hands.

It was thus that Goschen's connection with Grimma came about. For a considerable time after the transfer of the printing-presses, his publishing business was continued at Leipzig, but, at a later date, when under the pressure of the times, the expense of the three establishments, at Leipzig, Grimma, and Hohenstädt, became too great, he made Grimma his head-quarters, and the affairs which had to be conducted at Leipzig were managed through an agent.

Grimma and its environs, like so many Saxon towns, has over and over again passed under the harrow of all the calamities which accompany war. Conflicts in many a century were fought out in that unfortunate region, and, towards the close of the Napoleonic campaigns, huge armies of various nationalities camped successively in the neighbourhood of Grimma. Its fine bridge across the Mulde was the scene of fierce encounters between French and Germans, of which my grandfather was an eye-witness. But in the particular period with which we are now dealing, the tide of war did not roll up to Saxony, and Grimma seemed to Goschen, when settled at Hohenstädt, a very convenient place for the erection of his printing-presses, offering a great relief from the noise and turmoil of Leipzig.

The conception of a business man, steeping his

mercantile spirit in idyllic rustic pleasures, presented a fascinating picture to others besides my grandfather. Possibly the combination was not so general in those days as in ours. F. A. Müller, an old friend, writing from Erlangen, thought he traced a new spirit in his letters since he was recruiting in rural air.

"I owe you very many thanks for your last letter. I wonder whether you wrote it just after coming back from your little estate? At least, it gives the impression of a man who, with cheerful smile and bright looks, returns to ply the oar in his urban galley, still penetrated through and through with the blissful influence of beautiful nature, blue sky and green landscape, and who speaks even of his sufferings as of a bad dream from which he has just awaked. I thank you cordially for the exhilarating glimpse which you have allowed me to have into your heart and situation. I esteemed the learned publisher; but the friend of nature on his little country farm, the happy husband, and honest father and citizen who is labouring and struggling in order to bring up, in his hopeful sons, other noble fathers and good citizens for the Fatherland, is much dearer to me and more worthy of respect. If with all my heart I wish you the best success for your undertakings and the most unlimited fulfilment of your hopes, both of which have so noble an aim, you are convinced, I am sure, of my sincerity."

Other friends—Wieland first among them—congratulated Goschen on the new promises of happiness which were opening out to him in his rural retreat. Life hereafter afforded him new interests, essentially akin to the romantic side of his temperament. But if in this chapter we have seen him as the family man, the passionate friend of nature, the sentimental traveller, the poetical moralizing author, indulging in

hyperboles both of feeling and language, we shall soon see him in a very different part—that of a man of business with an iron will, carrying through, with unflagging energy and unflinching courage, the Wieland undertaking which was the crowning achievement of his publishing career.

END OF VOL. I.

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